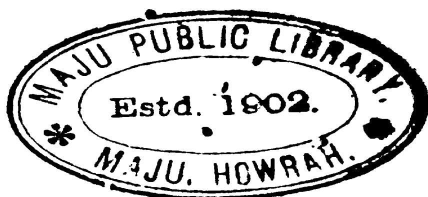
The World's Classics



LXXIX

DRAMATIC WORKS OF R. B. SHERIDAN

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY JOSEPH KNIGHT



HENRY FROWDE
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Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Born, Dublin, October 30, 1751.
Died, London, July 7, 1816.

The plays in this volume were acted or published between the years 1775 *and* 1799. *In 'The World's Classics' they were first published in* 1906.

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INTRODUCTION

At the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one of the most conspicuous figures in England. The most successful dramatist of his day; among the first of parliamentary orators; one of the last surviving members of the Literary Club, to which he was elected on the nomination of Dr. Johnson; the most brilliant of conversationalists, the trusted friend of the Prince of Wales, the ally of Fox, the associate of Burke, the successor of Garrick in the management of Drury Lane, he filled the public eye as did scarcely a man of his epoch. His family was eminent and has remained illustrious, and his personal adventures were romantic enough to have supplied the materials for his dramas. Among those who paid him extravagant eulogy was Byron, who recorded in an often quoted passage of his diary: 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy (*School for Scandal*); the *best* opera (*The Duenna*—in my mind far before that St. Giles's lampoon, *The Beggar's Opera*), the best farce (*The Critic*—it is only too good for an afterpiece), and the *best* address (Monologue on Garrick),—and to crown all, delivered the very *best* oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' In a vein of similar exaggeration it was popularly but erroneously affirmed that the same evening that heard him deliver the famous Begum Speech witnessed the performance at Covent Garden and Drury Lane respectively of two of his dramatic masterpieces.

Of the aspects in which he presented himself to his contemporaries, several remain unobscured. As a dramatist he still ranks in popularity second only to Shakespeare,

and his reputation as an orator is only eclipsed because none but maimed and inaccurate records of his speeches survive. As a lyrist he does not approach the first rank, and what Byron calls the best of operas is now a stranger to the boards. As a master of artificial comedy he is unequalled in this country, and in France even it is only in the author of *Le Barbier de Séville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro* that one finds a contemporary who is also a rival. It is curious that Beaumarchais, the date of whose masterpieces coincides almost exactly with that of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, should occupy an eminence kindred with that of Sheridan as an orator.

Dismissing the somewhat legendary account that carries back the Sheridan pedigree to days preceding the Norman conquest of England, and links them with Princes of Leitrim, of Sligo, and of Cavan, it may be said that William Sheridan, who died in 1711, was Bishop of Kilmore, but was deprived of his bishopric on account of his Jacobite tendencies. His nephew, Thomas Sheridan, became the intimate friend of Swift, who procured for him a schoolmastership in Dublin and ecclesiastical preferment. The story is familiar how when presented by Carteret, the Lord Lieutenant, to a living in the County of Cork, he preached his first sermon on the text 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'. As the day in question was the first of August, the anniversary of the death of Queen Anne, the choice of a text aroused the suspicion of Jacobite tendencies and led to the dispossession of his living, the striking of his name off the list of chaplains, and the prohibition of his appearance at the viceregal court. His candour with Swift, to whom he undertook and discharged a service analogous to that entrusted to Gil Blas by the Bishop, led to an estrangement subsequently regretted but never repaired. This indiscreet ecclesiastic was the grandfather of the dramatist. Orphaned, and all but penniless, Thomas, his son, cast his eye upon the stage. While an undergraduate he wrote *Captain O'Blunder, or the Brave Irishman* (12mo, 1754), in which the Monsieur de Pour-

ceaugnac of Molière was turned into an Irishman. The success of this, first played presumably in Dublin but given on the 31st January, 1746, in London at Goodman's Fields, was preceded by that he personally made at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, where on the 29th January, 1743, as 'a young gentleman' first, and afterwards under his own name, he appeared as Richard the Third and was at once promoted to a rivalry with Garrick. In the disputes by which the management of the Smock Alley house (to which he was raised in 1745-6) was accompanied, his interests were espoused by Miss Frances Chamberlaine, daughter of the Archdeacon of Glendalough, with a warmth that led to an acquaintance and ripened into a union. This lady had written at the age of fifteen *Eugenia and Adelaide*, subsequently printed and converted into a comic opera by her daughter, Mrs. Lefanu. After her marriage she wrote, on the advice of Richardson, a second novel, *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph*, published anonymously with a dedication to Richardson (3 vols. 12mo, 1761). This was praised by Johnson and by statesmen such as Fox and Lord North, was translated into French and German, and enjoyed the singular honour of being adapted by l'Abbé Prevost, the author of *Manon Lescaut*, by whom it was entitled *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la Vertu. Extraits du Journal d'une Dame.* Among other works for which she is responsible some are dramatic. After being read by Garrick, *The Discovery* was produced by that actor at Drury Lane on the 3rd February, 1763, with Garrick and Thomas Sheridan in two principal parts. Sufficient of a triumph was gained to justify further experiments. *The Dupe* was given on the 10th December of the same year, with Mrs. Pritchard and 'Kitty' Clive in the chief female characters, and failed, the victim of an alleged cabal. The next comedy she attempted, *A Journey to Bath*, and a tragedy on which she ventured, were not produced. Twyfort in *A Journey to Bath* was the prototype of her son's Mrs. Malaprop.

By his union with this clever woman, Thomas Sheridan had four children, Charles Francis, Richard Brinsley

Elizabeth, and Alicia (Mrs. Lefanu). He was himself a prolific, though scarcely a distinguished writer. From both his parents, then, Sheridan derived his taste for the theatre. It is perhaps fair to suppose that the maternal was the stronger influence. His father's work was scarcely of a kind greatly to impress him, nor were their relations, though respectful and attentive on the part of the son, uniformly close and cordial. Other and stronger influences were brought to bear. The elopement, for to this it amounted, with Elizabeth Ann Linley, the daughter of Thomas Linley, the well-known composer, herself distinguished as a vocalist and renowned as a beauty, and the two duels with Major Mathews, a married admirer and persecutor, introduced into Sheridan's life a strong flavour of romance, and were in part responsible for his overwhelming popularity. With his literary career, with which alone we are concerned, these things, like his parliamentary triumphs, are but indirectly related, though the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals* may perhaps be regarded as a direct outcome of his experiences as a duellist.

To the beauty and distinction of the first wife, testimony is borne from many quarters. Horace Walpole describes her as handsome 'in the superlative degree,' and adds that the King (George III) 'ogles her as much as he dares to do in so holy a place as an oratorio' (*Letters*, vol. viii, p. 255, ed. Toynbee). John Wilkes speaks of her as the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower he had seen for a long time; and Fanny Burney, no friend politically of her husband, says 'the elegance of Mrs. Sheridan's beauty is unequalled by any I ever saw, except Mrs. Crewe'. (*Diary and Letters*, i. 187, ed. 1904). Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her as St. Cecilia and as the Virgin in his 'Nativity'. By her Sheridan had one son, Tom, among whose progeny were three daughters—Helen, who married Lord Dufferin; Caroline, the wife, first of George Chappel Norton, Recorder of Guildford, by whom she had three children (the second son of whom, Thomas Brinsley, became Lord Grantley), and afterwards of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, of Keir; and

Jane Georgina, who espoused the twelfth Duke of Somerset, and became the queen of love and beauty of the Eglinton tournament. To describe the ramifications of the distinguished Sheridan pedigree is a task pleasant but superfluous, having been already accomplished. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan's second wife, Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester, he had one daughter who died in infancy.

Little in Sheridan's early days gave promise of the distinction he was subsequently to attain. A certain Hibernian recklessness and indolence not inherited from his father commended him to his fellows and was condoned by his tutors. Dr. Parr, one of his masters at Harrow, found him slovenly in construing and unusually defective in his Greek grammar. The most that can be said by him of the lad is that he was a great reader of English poetry, while his exercises afforded no proof of his proficiency, and he was quite careless about literary fame. The indifference last named seems speedily to have been abandoned, and he had not long left Harrow before he was engaged with his schoolfellow and associate in the rendering of *Aristaenetus*, published in 1771, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, in translating *Theocritus*. More significant was their jointly writing a farce entitled *Jupiter*, which, after raising sanguine hopes in the minds of the youthful authors failed to impress either Garrick or Foote. This piece, suggested by the popularity of the *Midas* of Kane O'Hara, reveals distinctly the future dramatist. It is cast in the shape of *The Rehearsal*, soon to be more directly copied in *The Critic*; its language is inspired by Vanbrugh, and it contains one character called Simile in whom it is possible to trace a precursor of Puff. Another scheme of the pair of friends was the publication of a weekly periodical entitled *Hernans Miscellany*, one number of which, written by Sheridan, was found among his papers. To this period belong a few amorous poems, some of them dedicated to Miss Linley, shortly to become his wife, and occasional verses chiefly connected with Bath subjects. In one of the latter occur, it is

said, his familiar lines, the authorship of which is not generally known :—

'You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing 's curst hard reading.'

Before the production at Covent Garden on the 17th January, 1775, of *The Rivals*, Sheridan had married Elizabeth Ann Linley and fought his two duels with her unprincipled admirer, Mathews. It was natural that the contest in which he had been engaged should be supposed to have been indicated in his title, *The Rivals*. Writing from Bath Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Tickell, says to her sister, Mrs. Sheridan : 'I was told last night that it was his (Sheridan's) own story and therefore called *The Rivals*,' and adds very sensibly, 'but I do not give any credit to the intelligence.' It is, in fact, impossible to fit any of the characters of the real into the mimic drama. Neither Lydia Languish nor Julia bears any more resemblance to Miss Linley than does Captain Absolute or Faulkland to Sheridan. Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop have no one to correspond with them in the surrounding circle, and it would be complimenting Mathews too far to find in him a prototype of the chivalrous Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

At the suggestion of Harris, the manager, *The Rivals* was written for Covent Garden. Owing principally to the selection for the part of Sir Lucius of John Lee, a capable though old-fashioned and mannered actor, the favourable expectations generally formed were defeated, and the early performances were not a success. On Jan. 28th the obnoxious actor yielded his part to Clinch, and the piece, with a new prologue by the author, sprang into a popularity subsequently maintained in London, and was given during the season in Bath, Southampton, Bristol, and Liverpool. It would have been strange had matters been otherwise. As a comedy of manners nothing equal to it had been seen since 'Restoration' days, and *She Stoops to Conquer* by Goldsmith, given at the same house two years previously, was the only attempt at rivalry to which it was possible to point. Fault

might of course be found. The characters of Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop were caricature; but what caricature! The unreasonable and extravagant jealousy of Faulkland went virtually unpunished. One may find, moreover, in the dialogue, brilliant as this is, an employment of sentimental speeches such as in *The School for Scandal* awoke, in the mouth of Joseph Surface, the admiration of Sir Peter Teazle. In the scenes between Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute, however, an amount of comic vivacity is reached, which nothing in the comedy of Congreve or Vanbrugh can surpass. The excessive length of the work on its first production seems to have exercised over its early fortunes an influence at least as sinister as that of the choice of an exponent of Sir Lucius. It is probable, though nothing is known on the subject, that the Faulkland and Julia interest, since reduced into an episode, and sometimes suppressed in representation, occupied at first a more prominent place than was expedient with regard to the fortunes of the piece. The female exponents, though good, were scarcely the best obtainable, and before the end of the season Miss Barsanti surrendered to Mrs. Mattocks the part of Lydia Languish, in which character she was subsequently seen in Bristol. In its amended shape *The Rivals* has enjoyed a vogue unequalled except by that of *The School for Scandal*, and 'the nice derangement of epitaphs', though in a sense anticipated by honest Dogberry, has enriched the language with a term, 'Malapropism,' still constantly employed.

For the second contribution of Sheridan to the stage the service rendered by Clinch in coming to the rescue in the character of Sir Lucius was responsible. *St. Patrick's Day, or, The Scheming Lieutenant* was given at Covent Garden on the 2nd May, 1775, for the benefit of that actor, who played in it the part of Lieutenant O'Connor. It is a trifle in two acts, showing the imposition practised by the Lieutenant upon a Justice of the Peace with whose daughter he is in love. Persuading the Justice that he is poisoned, the Lieutenant personates a German quack doctor and exacts the promise

of his daughter's hand as the price of a cure. Presumably an early sketch, this work shows little either of wit or comic invention. On the stage it enjoyed a certain measure of success, was played several times, and was revived so late as 1821, when it was given at Covent Garden with 'Gentleman' Jones as the Lieutenant, William Farren as Dr. Rosey, and Liston as Justice Credulous. Since then it has slept.

By this time the stage had taken full possession of Sheridan's mind, and the holy-day period of the year that witnessed the production of *The Rivals* was devoted to writing *The Duenna*. For the story of this, slight as it is, Sheridan is said to have had recourse to some famous authors, among whom are mentioned Molière, Wycherley, and Mrs. Centlivre. Very slight is, however, his indebtedness to any of them, and the obligation to an incident in the *Country Wife* which Moore in his *Life of Sheridan* points out may be dismissed as all but imaginary. Neither upon plot nor dialogue has much pains been lavished, and the comparison by Donna Louisa of the position of her converted Jewish lover Isaac to the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament is the one brilliant conceit in the work. As in the comedies of Colley Cibber, however, and some of those of Garrick, the dialogue has briskness and animation that almost do duty for wit. Like the nymph after whom Isaac sighed, Sheridan's language

'no beauty can boast
But health and good humour to make her his toast.'

Some of the lyrics, notably the song of Don Carlos:

'Had I a heart for falsehood framed
I ne'er could injure you,'

survive, but the verse as a rule can claim no merit beyond facility. For the success of the whole—which was conspicuous, eclipsing that of *The Beggar's Opera*, or any other work of the same class—the collaboration of Linley, to whom was entrusted the choice of the music

and who admirably executed his task, must be held largely responsible.

While *The Duenna* still held possession of Covent Garden, Sheridan took the most important step of his life by succeeding Garrick as patentee and manager of Drury Lane. How he acquired the £10,000—which constituted his share in a purchase in which he was associated with Linley his father-in-law and Dr. Ford—remains yet a subject of debate. At any rate, Drury Lane opened under Sheridan's management on the 21st September, 1776.

Sheridan's first contribution to the house now his own consisted of *A Trip to Scarborough*—a workmanlike adaptation of Vanbrugh's ingenious but highly indecent comedy *The Relapse*. In spite of the freedom with which are drawn the characters of Amanda and Berinthia, the original still held possession of the stage, from which, however, it was finally displaced by Sheridan's brilliant, though in its day much condemned, alteration. *A Trip to Scarborough* was produced on the 24th February, 1777, with Dodd as Lord Foppington. On the 8th of May of the same year was given for the first time *The School for Scandal*, which is not only the greatest work of the dramatist but the confessed masterpiece of artificial comedy. All circumstances attendant upon the production were favourable. From the fine company bequeathed him by Garrick, Sheridan was enabled to select a cast so exemplary that Genest, the historian of the stage, writing presumably half a century or more later, is able to affirm that though the piece 'has continued on the acting list at Drury Lane from that time (1777) to this, and been several times represented at Covent Garden and the Haymarket, yet no new performer has ever appeared in any one of the principal characters that was not inferior to the person who acted it originally'. The same holds good to the present time. A picture in the Garrick Club of the original cast in the screen scene at the moment of the disclosure of Lady Teazle reveals a formalism in grouping from which, though it is still observed at the Comédie Française, our

stage is now fortunately free. The formalism in question is, however, characteristic of the epoch, and lasted until the invasion of realism. The reception of the work was triumphant, and the consensus of praise universal. An attempt to deprive Sheridan of the honours of authorship by assigning them to a young lady, the daughter of a merchant in Thames Street, who afterwards died at Bristol of pectoral decay, was as transparent a lie with a circumstance as Crabtree's account of the ball from the pistol of Sir Peter, which missing its object struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, glanced out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire. A certain amount of indebtedness to the author's predecessors there is, but even this has been exaggerated. In the heartlessness of Charles Surface, who finds in the troubles of Sir Peter matter of mirth, there is most trace of the influence of the Restoration drama, though the charge brought against Sheridan of making the conversation of his lackeys as brilliant as that of his gentlefolk was incurred by Congreve.

Writing in 1812, Baker, Reed, and Jones, the authors of the *Biographia Dramatica*, are able to speak of *The School for Scandal* as still unprinted, and stress has been laid on the fact that a surreptitious edition published in 1788 in Dublin has as much right as any to be regarded as the *editio princeps*. It might have been thought that, considering the state of Sheridan's finances, the offer by Ridgway of £500 for the copyright of *The School for Scandal* would have proved tempting, yet at the author's death the work was still unpublished in any authorized edition. In the case of few dramas of equal importance, however, are we so familiar with methods of workmanship, and it is difficult to resist the wish that as bright a light as is cast upon the conversion into *The School for Scandal* of the sketches known as *The Teazles* and *The Slanderers, a Pump Room Scene* were available in the case of masterpieces of the Tudor drama. Idle as Sheridan represented himself and

was, he was not sparing of the *limae labor et mora*—counselled by Horace—and the polish assigned to characters and expression is the work of a thorough artist.

One more masterpiece Sheridan was to contribute to Drury Lane. On the 30th October, 1779, *The Critic, or, A Tragedy Rehearsed*, a dramatic piece in three acts, was shuffled on to the stage, the last act being written by Sheridan in confinement on the eve of the day of production. In the composition of this, Sheridan was directly inspired by *The Rehearsal* of the Duke of Buckingham, which, though produced in 1671, was still occasionally revived, and was influenced in a less degree by Fielding's *The Tragedy of Tragedies, or The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great.* In its way each of these satires is a masterpiece, and if all are now banished from the stage, the cause is found in the disappearance of the class of tragedies against which their shafts are directed. The wittiest as well as the most modern of all, *The Critic*, has been once or twice revived in days comparatively recent, though generally for a single occasion and for a benefit. The younger Charles Mathews even obtained a measure of reputation in the part of Puff. On such occasions no attempt was made to respect the text of the author. The wildest gags were permitted, and the whole was ordinarily a burlesque of a burlesque. In the number of stock quotations it supplies *The Critic* is inferior to neither *The Rivals* nor *The School for Scandal*, and it comes behind neither in style. Some resemblance in dialogue is traceable between it and *The School for Scandal.* Where Sneer objects to Puff: 'But, Mr. Puff, I think not only the Justice but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them,' Sheridan uses a reproach that had often doubtless been directed against his own previous works. The language of Puff when he boasts himself 'a practitioner in panegyric' is as florid as that of Sir Benjamin Backbite. The character of Cumberland as depicted in Sir Fretful Plagiary is perhaps the best drawn in Sheridan.

This was the last original work that the popular dramatist contributed to his own theatre. Little trouble

was taken to deny the reports that ascribed to him *The Camp*, a musical entertainment, the scene of action in which was the camp at Coxheath. This piece, which during a couple of seasons enjoyed a considerable measure of success, had not, says Tate Wilkinson, who was likely to know, a line of Sheridan's. It was, however, printed as his in the collected edition of his works, but was in fact by his brother-in-law Richard Tickell. In other pieces Sheridan had a share. In *The Glorious First of June*, written to celebrate the victory of Lord Howe over the French Fleet and ascribed to Cobb, he had a hand. The production of this trifle, which included songs by the Duke of Leeds, Lord Mulgrave, and others, is unmentioned by Genest. Of the translation of *The Stranger* of Kotzebue, ascribed to Benjamin Thompson, included in the German theatre which he published and produced at Drury Lane, 24th March, 1798, Sheridan claimed to have written every word. *Pizarro*, also by Kotzebue, was avowedly written by Sheridan, and is still included in his dramatic works. It was a marvellous success, was translated back into German, and had the singular good fortune to have its two principal female characters played by Mrs. Siddons (Elvira) and Mrs. Jordan (Cora). For the period this must be regarded as a good melodrama. The merit of invention must be ascribed to the German original. Sheridan's share in the success obtained is confined to portions of the dialogue, the patriotic tone of which appealed to a public then stirred by French preparations and menaces to the dread of an invasion. In the rhetorical speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the most effective passages were taken from Sheridan's political addresses. Among dramatic works attributed to Sheridan by the *Biographia Dramatica* are an unprinted alteration of *The Tempest*, produced at Drury Lane, 4th January, 1777, and a pantomime on the subject of Robinson Crusoe, played at the same house in 1781, and printed in 1797.

PRINCIPAL DATES IN THE LIFE OF SHERIDAN

1751. Richard Brinsley Sheridan b. at 12, Dorset Street, Dublin, Oct. 30; second s. of Thomas Sheridan the younger (actor and elocutionist) and Frances Chamberlaine his wife (author of plays and novels); grandson of the Rev. Thos. Sheridan, D.D., friend and biographer of Swift (d. 1766).

1762-8. R. B. S. at Harrow School.

1771. Thomas Sheridan (father of R. B. S.) settles in Bath.

1771-3. R. B. S. in London.

1771. Published, with N. B. Halhed, verse translation of *Epistles* of Aristaenetus (ed. 2, 1773); later, contributed verses to *Bath Chronicle*.

1772. Accompanies Miss Elizabeth Ann Linley to Calais.

1772. Fights duels with Capt. Mathews (March); in the second is severely wounded.

1773. At Waltham Abbey; studies mathematics, astronomy, &c.

1773. Enters Middle Temple (April 6).

1773. Marries Miss Linley (April 13).

1773-4. At East Burnham and London.

1775. *The Rivals* brought out at Covent Garden Theatre (Jan. 17); improved version (Jan. 28).

1775. *St. Patrick's Day* performed at Covent Garden (May 2).

1776. Buys Garrick's share in Drury Lane Theatre [see Brander Matthews, 28-31]; it opens under his direction Sept. 21.

1777. Gives *The Rivals* at Drury Lane (Jan. 16).
A Trip to Scarborough (Feb. 24).
The School for Scandal (May 8).

1779. *The Critic* (Oct. 30).

1777. Elected member of the Literary Club on proposal of Dr. Johnson (March).

1780. M.P. for Stafford (maiden speech Nov. 20). Opposes the war in America.
1782. Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Rockingham's second Ministry.
1783. Refuses to serve under Lord Shelburne; Secretary to the Treasury (Feb 21) under Duke of Portland.
1783. Portland Ministry dismissed (December).
1787. Speech in Parliament on the Begums of Oude (Feb. 7); replies to defence, 1794.
1788. Confidential adviser to Prince of Wales.
1788. Upholds right of the Prince to assume Regency without sanction of Parliament.
1788. Speech as Manager of the impeachment of Warren Hastings before the High Court of Parliament in Westminster Hall (June 3, 6, 10).
1788. Death of Sheridan's father (Aug. 14).
1791. Old Drury Theatre ordered to be pulled down and rebuilt.
1792. Death of Mrs. R. B. Sheridan (June 28).
1794. First performance at New Drury (April 21).
1794. Sheridan marries Miss Elizabeth Jane Ogle, of Winchester.
1794. Speech in Parliament against French War.
1797. Speech on Mutiny at the Nore.
1798. Defends freedom of the Press in Parliament.
1799. Opposes the Union (Jan. 23).
1799. *Pizarro* produced (May 29).
1803. Speech urging resistance to Bonaparte.
1806. Treasurer of the Navy in 'Ministry of all the Talents'; M.P. for Westminster.
1807-12. Loses seat for Stafford; defeated at General Election; M.P. for Ilchester 1807-12; again defeated at Stafford 1812. Last Speech (June 21).
1809. Drury Lane Theatre burnt (Feb. 24).
1813. Arrested for debt (? August).
1816. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN dies at 17 Savile Row (July 7).
1816. Buried in Westminster Abbey (July 13).
1817. Death of his son Thomas at the Cape (Sept. 12).

*** Many biographies of Sheridan have been written. Among them may be mentioned those by Thomas Moore (1825); Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (1887); 'An Octogenarian'

(1859); Prof. W. Smyth of Cambridge (Leeds, 1840, privately printed); Mrs. Oliphant (1883); Mr. L. C. Sanders (n.d.), with full bibliography; Mr. Fraser Rae (who also contributes the Life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*); and Mr. Brander Matthews in his edition of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* (1885).

It is impossible to pass over an article published in *The Ancestor*, No. 9 (April, 1904), by Mr. Wilfred Sheridan, which is important for its brilliant and amusing sketch of the family, as well as for several admirable illustrations. The writer mentions that, in the wedding which closes the long list of Gretna Green marriages, the bridegroom was a Sheridan; and calls attention to recent facts which add fresh confirmation to the well-known remarks of Leigh Hunt now two generations old:—

'The Sheridans indeed may be added to the list of Boyles, Bernouillis, and other families, as one in which intellect has been hereditary; for Dr. Sheridan, the grandfather, though he preferred his jest and his fiddle, and his stockings down at heel, to a more solid reputation and prosperity (first germ, perhaps, and excuse of his grandson), was a really learned and able man. The father (the actor and elocutionist) was a man of abilities also, in spite of his pedantry and pragmaticalness; and what he wanted towards augmenting the intellectual celebrity of his race was abundantly supplied by his wife. Their son was the author of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*. He married a charmer for beauty and for song; and to say nothing of the collateral branches, all clever and witty, seldom indeed have "God Almighty's nobility" come in a cluster so dazzling as in the present fair representatives of the direct Linley and Sheridan line—the three graces of Dufferin, Norton, and Seymour.'

PLAYS

THE RIVALS

A COMEDY

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN

[The Sixth Edition. London: Printed for G. Wilkie,
No. 57 Paternoster Row. 1798.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN 1775

MEN.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE .	Mr. Shuter.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE . .	Mr. Woodward.
FAULKLAND	Mr. Lewis.
ACRES	Mr. Quick.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER .	Mr. Clinch.
FAG	Mr. Lee Lewes.
DAVID	Mr. Dunstall.
COACHMAN	Mr. Fearon.

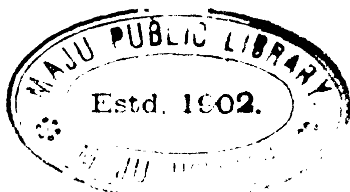
WOMEN.

MRS. MALAPROP . . .	Mrs. Green.
LYDIA LANGUISH . . .	Miss Barsanti.
JULIA	Mrs. Bulkley.
LUCY	Mrs. Lessingham.

Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

SCENE.—*Bath.*

Time of Action, within One Day.



PROLOGUE

BY THE AUTHOR

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD AND MR. QUICK

Enter SERJEANT-AT-LAW, *and* ATTORNEY *following, and giving a Paper.*

Serj. What 's here—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles.
Att. He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again. [*Gives money.*
Serj. The scrawl improves! [*more*] Oh come, 'tis pretty plain.
Hey! how 's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! A poet and a fee!
Att. Yea, sir!—tho' *you* without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the Muse's cause—
Serj. So—so!
Att. And if the fee offends—your wrath should fall
On me—
Serj. Dear Dibble, no offence at all—
Att. Some sons of Phœbus—in the courts we meet,
Serj. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.
Serj. Full-bottomed heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.
Att. Do you then, sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie——
Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. [*Exit.*

Serj. For practice then suppose—this brief will show
it——
Me, Serjeant Woodward,—counsel for the poet
Used to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread court, from whence there 's no appeal
No tricking here, to blunt the edge of law,
Or, damned in equity—escape by flaw:
But judgement given—your sentence must remain;
—No writ of error lies—to Drury Lane!
Yet when so kind you seem—'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not costs of suit.
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
—I think I never faced a milder jury!
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,
A hiss the gallows—and a groan, damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My client waives all right of challenge here.
No newsman from our session is dismissed,
Nor wit nor critic we scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worst—a bad attempt to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will stand or fall.

PROLOGUE

By the Author

SPOKEN ON THE TENTH NIGHT BY MRS. BULKLEY

Granted our cause, our suit and trial o'er,
The worthy serjeant need appear no more:
In pleasing I a different client choose,
He served the Poet—I would serve the Muse:
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause,
A female counsel in a female's cause.
Look on this form [1]—where humour, quaint and sly,
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye;
Where gay invention seems to boast its wiles
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles;
While her light masks or covers satire's strokes,
Or hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.
—Look on her well—does she seem formed to teach?
Should you expect to hear this lady—preach?
Is grey experience suited to her youth?
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth?
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.
Yet thus adorned with every graceful art
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart——
Must we displace her? And instead advance
The goddess of the woful countenance—
The sentimental Muse!—Her emblems view,
The Pilgrim's Progress, and a sprig of rue!
View her—too chaste to look like flesh and blood—
Primly portrayed on emblematic wood!
There fixed in usurpation should she stand,
She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand:
And having made her vot'ries weep a flood,
Good Heaven! she'll end her comedies in blood—

[1] Pointing to the figure of Comedy.

Bid Harry Woodward break poor Dunstall's crown!
Imprison Quick—and knock Ned Shuter down;
While sad Barsanti—weeping o'er the scene—
Shall stab herself—or poison Mrs. Green.——
Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,
Demands the critic's voice—the poet's rhyme.
Can our light scenes add strength to holy laws?
Such puny patronage but hurts the cause:
Fair virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask;
And moral truth disdains the trickster's mask.
For here their fav'rite stands [1], whose brow—severe
And sad—claims youth's respect, and pity's tear;
Who—when oppressed by foes her worth creates—
Can point a poniard at the guilt she hates.

[1] Pointing to Tragedy.

EPILOGUE

By the Author

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY

Ladies, for you—I heard our poet say—
He'd try to coax some moral from his play:
'One moral's plain'—cried I—'without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on us:
Thro' all the drama—whether damned or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
From ev'ry rank, obedience is our due—
D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove it true.'
The Cit—well skilled to shun domestic strife—
Will sup abroad;—but first—he'll ask his wife:
John Trot, his friend for once, will do the same,
But then—he'll just step home to tell his dame.
The surly Squire—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! madam is a fool!
Convinced at night—the vanquished victor says,
Ah! Kate! you women have such coaxing ways!
The jolly toper chides each tardy blade—
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid:
Then with each toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim!
Nay, I have heard that statesmen—great and wise—
Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors—watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.
Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is viewed the mistress, or is heard the wife.
The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil—
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of night:
Dear spark!—that oft thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!

The wand'ring tar—who, not for years, has pressed
The widowed partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck—far from her arms removed—
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.
The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle, should he list her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour steeled to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear!
But ye more cautious—ye nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Tho' friends to love—ye view with deep regret
Our conquests marred—and triumphs incomplete,
Till polished wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgement fix the darts which beauty throws!
—In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Shamed into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of Knowledge at the torch of Love!

THE RIVALS

ACT I

Scene I.—*A Street in Bath.*

Coachman *crosses the Stage. Enter* Fag, *looking after him.*

Fag. What!—Thomas!—Sure 'tis he?—What!—Thomas!—Thomas!

Coach. Hey! Odds life!—Mr. Fag!—give us your hand, my old fellow servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas!—I'm dev'lish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath!

Coach. Sure, master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postilion be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Coach. Aye! Master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit;—so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Aye, aye! hasty in everything, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Coach. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young Master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Coach. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

Coach. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coach. No! why didn't you say you had left young master?

Fag. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you

no farther;—briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coach. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the ensign-half of my master being on guard at present, the Captain has nothing to do with me.

Coach. So, so!—what, this is some freak, I warrant!—Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Coach. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—Love—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coach. Aye, aye;—I guess'd there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your master pass only for Ensign?—now if he had shamm'd General indeed——.

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o' the matter.—Hark'ee, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better as a half-pay ensign, than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

Coach. That is an odd taste indeed!—but has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag; is she rich, hey?

Fag. Rich!—why, I believe she owns half the stocks!—Z—ds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washerwoman!—She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

Coach. Bravo!—faith!—Odd!—I warrant she has a set of thousands at least:—but does she draw kindly with the Captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coach. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough aunt in the way;—though, by the by, she has never seen my master—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coach. Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here 's a mort o' merrymaking—hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the Parades or play a game at billiards; at night we dance: but d—n the place, I'm tired of it; their regular hours stupefy me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—however, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

Coach. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peign—you know his master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag. I had forgot.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must——Here now—this wig!—what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas?—none of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now.

Coach. More 's the pity! more 's the pity, I say—Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the Bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the Box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coach. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of they professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now, thoff Jack Gauge the exciseman has ta'en to his carrots, there 's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his bob, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said, Dick! but hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

Coach. Zooks! 'tis the Captain.—Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy—my master's mistress's maid.—They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

Coach. Odd! he's giving her money!—well, Mr. Fag——

Fag. Good-bye, Thomas.—I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Dressing-room in* MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings.*

LYDIA *sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand.*—LUCY, *as just returned from a message.*

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I travers'd half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could not you get *The Reward of Constancy*?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor *The Fatal Connexion*?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*?

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch'd it away.

Lyd. Heigh-ho! Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress*?

Lucy. ——Or, *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*? Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked everywhere for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb; and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here, ma'am.

[*Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.*

This is *The Gordian Knot*,—and this *Peregrine Pickle.* Here are *The Tears of Sensibility*, and *Humphrey Clinker.* This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself*, and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey.*

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man*, where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

Lyd. Very well—give me the sal volatile.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

Lyd. My smelling bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. Oh, the drops!—here, ma'am.

Lyd. Hold!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is—— [*Exit* LUCY.

Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

Lyd. Is it possible!——

Enter JULIA.

Lyd. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I! [*Embrace.*] How unexpected was this happiness!

Jul. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater;—but what has been the matter?—you were denied to me at first!

Lyd. Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—but first inform me what has conjured you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Jul. He is—we are arrived within this hour—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dressed.

Lyd. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, though your prudence may condemn me! My letters have informed you of my whole connexion with Beverley;—but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has discovered our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since! Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen

absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here at Lady Macshuffle's rout.

Jul. You jest, Lydia!

Lyd. No, upon my word. She really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him;—but it is a Delia or a Celia, I assure you.

Jul. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

Lyd. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague! That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Jul. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lyd. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

Jul. What was his offence?

Lyd. Nothing at all! But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel, and, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity. So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman. I signed it *your friend unknown*, showed it to Beverley, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

Jul. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lyd. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Jul. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lyd. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determined to do, ever since I knew the penalty. Nor could I love the man who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Jul. Nay, this is caprice!

Lyd. What, does Julia tax me with caprice? I thought her lover Faulkland had inured her to it.

Jul. I do not love even *his* faults.

Lyd. But à propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Jul. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath. Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

Lyd. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress (though under the protection of Sir Anthony), yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Jul. Nay, you are wrong entirely. We were contracted before my father's death. That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish. He is too generous to trifle on such a point. And for his character, you wrong him there too. No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackneyed in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his. Yet, though his pride calls for this full return, his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him, which would entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough. This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learned to think myself his debtor,

for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lyd. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him. But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are? Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Jul. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient——

Lyd. Obligation!——Why a water-spaniel would have done as much! Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Jul. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lyd. Nay, I do but jest.—What 's here?

Enter LUCY *in a hurry.*

Lucy. Oh, ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lyd. They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch. [*Exit* LUCY.

Jul. Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously *misapplied*, without being *mispronounced*.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. O Lud! ma'am, they are both coming upstairs.

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.——There, through my room you'll find another staircase.

Jul. Adieu. [*Embrace.*] [*Exit* JULIA.

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick. Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent*

Adultery into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so, now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

Lucy. Oh, burn it, ma'am, the hairdresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride.*

Lyd. Never mind—open at *Sobriety.* Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters.*—Now for 'em.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all. Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to *forget,* if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why sure, she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—aye, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no

preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with *preference* and *aversion*? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little *aversion*. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments:—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say, you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection! let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in their younger days 'twas 'Jack, do this';—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience! nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl;—take my advice—keep a tight hand; if she rejects this proposal—clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [*Exit* SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy! Lucy! [*calls.*] Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned——

Lucy. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

Lucy. No, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are intrusted with (unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality. [*Exit* MRS. MAL.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite—[*altering her manner*].—Let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of silliness, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity lately. [*Looks at a paper.*] For *abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an Ensign!—in money—sundry times—twelve pound twelve—gowns, five—hats, ruffles, caps, &c., &c.—numberless! From the said Ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half.* About a quarter's pay!—Item, *from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her*—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—*two guineas, and a black padusoy.* Item, *from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters*—which I never delivered—*two guineas, and a pair of buckles.* Item, *from Sir Lucius O'Trigger—three crowns—two gold pocket-pieces—and a silver snuffbox!* Well done, *simplicity*!—yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece: for though not over-rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE'S *Lodgings.*

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *and* FAG.

Fag. Sir, while I was there Sir Anthony came in: I told him, you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Abs. And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapped out a dozen interjectural oaths, and asked what the devil had brought you here?

Abs. Well, sir, and what did you say?

Fag. Oh, I lied, sir—I forget the precise lie; but you may depend on't, he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what *has* brought us to Bath: in order that we may lie a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

Abs. You have said nothing to them——?

Fag. Oh, not a word, sir—not a word. Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)——

Abs. 'Sdeath!—you rascal! you have not trusted him!

Fag. Oh, *no*, sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity! He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly! My master (said I), honest Thomas (you know, sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors), is come to Bath to recruit—yes, sir—I said *to recruit*—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Abs. Well—*recruit* will do—let it be so——

Fag. Oh, sir, recruit will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas that your honour had already enlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard-markers.

Abs. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, sir—I beg pardon—but, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir,

whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge endorsements as well as the bill.

Abs. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security.—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

Abs. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down——

Abs. Go, tell him I am here.

Fag. Yes, sir [*going*]—I beg pardon, sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

Abs. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I should esteem it as an obligation; for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [*Exit.*

Abs. Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him.——

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Abs. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Abs. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend. No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay, then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt *in your own character*, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

Abs. Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side: no, no; I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

Faulk. Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Abs. By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover! Do love like a man!

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

Abs. Am not *I* a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry everywhere with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country miss's brain?

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake, and throw again: but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed were to be stript of all.

Abs. But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life! My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health, does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame! If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom

only I value mine. O Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Abs. Aye, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not.—So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

Abs. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Abs. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Abs. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind. Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear friend!—Hollo, Du-Peigne! my hat. —My dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—Fag, show the gentleman up. [*Exit* FAG.

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Abs. Oh, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

Faulk. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Abs. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is of my other self's, for he does not think his friend Captain Absolute ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one Beverley, a concealed skulking rival, who——

Faulk. Hush! He's here.

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived, faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack.—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither.—Give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: sir, I solicit your connexions.—Hey, Jack—what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who——

Abs. Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Odso! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir; I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, sir—never better. Odds blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed! I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick?

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me: yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love. Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Abs. Oh, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then, she has been merry and gay, I suppose? Always in spirits—hey?

Acres. Merry, odds crickets! she has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there.—Oh, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman that nothing can overcome. What! happy, and I away!

Abs. Have done: how foolish this is! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's *spirits.*

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Abs. No, indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Abs. Oh, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Abs. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

Acres. What 's the matter with the gentleman?

Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that 's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

Acres. That she has, indeed: then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this time month—odds minnums and crotchets! how she did chirrup at Mrs. Piano's concert.

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Abs. Pho! man, is not 'music the food of love'?

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr. ——, what 's his d—d name!—Do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I, indeed.

Abs. Stay now, they were some pretty, melancholy purling-stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect; did she sing *When absent from my soul's delight?*

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Abs. Or, *Go, gentle gales! Go, gentle gales!* [*Sings.*

Acres. Oh, no! nothing like it. Odds! now I recollect one of them—*My heart's my own, my will is free.* [*Sings.*

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to soothe her light heart with catches and glees! What can you say to this, sir?

Abs. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick; yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shown itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay; but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Aye, truly, does she—there was at our last race ball——

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there—I told you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence! Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine; I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness. She has been all health! spirit! laugh! song! dance! Oh! d—ned, d—ned levity!

Abs. For Heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so. Suppose she has danced, what then? does not the ceremony of society often oblige——

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake. What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a minuet—hey?

Acres. Oh, I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her country dancing: odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!

Faulk. Now disappointment on her!—defend this, Absolute; why don't you defend this? Country-dances! jigs and reels! am I to blame now? A minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a minuet—but country-dances! Z—ds! had she made one in a cotillion—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies—to show paces like a managed filly! O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a country-dance; and even then the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Abs. Aye, to be sure! grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain! I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it. [*Going.*

Abs. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D—n his news! [*Exit* FAULKLAND.

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—'nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!'

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

Abs. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me—that 's a good joke.

Abs. There 's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has forestalled me. She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and tambours! I shan't take matters so here, now ancient madam has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who 's master: I shall straightway cashier the hunting-frock, and render my leather breeches incapable. My hair has been in training some time.

Abs. Indeed!

Acres. Aye, and thoff the side curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes it very kindly.

Abs. Oh, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so—then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Abs. Spoke like a man—but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing——

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it? I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment—so that to swear with propriety, says my little major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense'; and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Abs. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete. Damns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you. Shall I show him into the parlour?

Abs. Aye, you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone—

Abs. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Abs. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly? [*Exit* FAG.

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony. I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Abs. That I will with all my heart. [*Exit* ACRES. Now for a parental lecture. I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here. I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been consider-

ing that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A *wife*, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Aye, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Oddso! I mustn't forget *her* though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil 's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry—but *business* prevents its waiting on her.

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now, d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by——

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Z—ds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder;

she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please. It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word.

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can passion do! Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, z—ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.

I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again!

[*Exit* SIR ANTHONY.

ABSOLUTE *solus*.

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands. What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth. I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes downstairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I, and the cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master, then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, d—ns us all for a puppy triumvirate! Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present. Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

[*Pushes him aside, and exit.*

FAG *solus*.

Fag. So! Sir Anthony trims my master: he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge oneself on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest——

Enter ERRAND BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well! you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——

[*Exit kicking and beating him.*

SCENE II.—*The North Parade.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. So—I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute. However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed! Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him. Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his *dear Dalia*, as he calls her: I wonder he's not here! I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; though I should not be paid so well if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Luc. Ha! my little ambassadress—upon my conscience I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy. [*Speaking simply.*] O Gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir Luc. Faith!—may-be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir Luc. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir Luc. Oh, faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. [*Gives him a letter.*]

Sir Luc. [Reads.] '*Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*' Very pretty, upon my word. '*Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections.* DELIA.' Upon my conscience, Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Aye, sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir Luc. Experience? what, at seventeen?

Lucy. Oh, true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand!

Sir Luc. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer too, for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Luc. Oh, tell her, I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain! But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do everything fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Luc. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it: I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action. If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure. However, my pretty girl, [*gives her money*] here's a little something to buy you a ribbon; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss beforehand, to put you in mind.
[*Kisses her.*

Lucy. O Lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir Luc. Faith, she will, Lucy—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—*modesty!*—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty, my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir Luc. Ah, then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame, now; here is some one coming.

Sir Luc. Oh, faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[*Sees* FAG. *Exit, humming a tune.*

Enter FAG.

Fag. So, so, madam. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O Lud! now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please. You play false with us, madam. I saw you give the baronet a letter. My master shall know this—and if he don't call him out, I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty. That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton. She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what tastes some people have! Why, I suppose I have walked by her window a hundred times. But what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news! Mr. Fag. A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith. Good-bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well—you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you. [*Going.*] But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. Oh, he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear!—never fear!

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The North Parade.*

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Abs. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. However, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere.*—So, so, here he comes. He looks plaguy gruff. [*Steps aside.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him. *Die,* did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him; he's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

Abs. Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way.

Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abs. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What 's that ?

Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir ?

Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy ?

Abs. Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why now, you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you ! you shall be Jack again.

Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish ?

Abs. Languish ? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire ?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire ! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment ?

Abs. Malaprop ! Languish ! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something. *Languish ! Languish !* She squints, don't she ? A little red-haired girl ?

Sir Anth. Squints ! A red-haired girl ! Z—ds ! no.

Abs. Then I must have forgot ; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack ! Jack ! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen ?

Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but, Jack, such eyes ! such eyes !

so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness!

Abs. That's she indeed. Well done, old gentleman!

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck! Oh, Jack! Jack!

Abs. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *aunt*, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abs. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father! Z—ds! not to please—— Oh, my father—— Oddso!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—— That's quite another matter. Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abs. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Abs. Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind. Now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs and a limited quantity of back: and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile insensible stock.

You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—damn your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey! I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me; I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethian torch to you. Come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—JULIA'S *Dressing-room.*

FAULKLAND *solus.*

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly; I wonder she is not yet come! How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgement! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point: but on this one subject, and to this one subject, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful and madly capricious! I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! How delicate was the warmth of her expressions! I was ashamed to appear less happy—

though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations: yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence. She is coming! Yes! I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Jul. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Jul. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia. I *was* rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health. Sure, I had no cause for coldness?

Jul. Nay, then, I see you have taken something ill. You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then, shall I own to you that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what? For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy: the mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Jul. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice? Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia: no, no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only say, that you did not sing with *mirth*—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

Jul. I never can be happy in your absence. If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that

my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth. If I seemed sad—it were to make malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity. Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me. Oh, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Jul. If ever without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude.

Faulk. Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude*! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for love is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Jul. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

Jul. Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men who, in *this* vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now this is not well from *you*, Julia—I despise person in a man—yet, if you loved me as I wish, though I were an Aethiop, you'd think none so fair.

Jul. I see you are determined to be unkind. The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint. Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact

has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a worthier choice. How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Jul. Then try me now. Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: *my* heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulk. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free! If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose your hold, even though I wished it!

Jul. Oh! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you. If I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment. But hear me. All my fretful doubts arise from this. Women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart. I would not boast—yet let me say that I have neither age, person, nor character to found dislike on; my fortune, such as few ladies could be charged with indiscretion in the match. O Julia! when *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Jul. I know not whither your insinuations would tend: but as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so. I have given you no cause for this! [*Exit in tears.*

Faulk. In tears! stay, Julia: stay but for a moment. The door is fastened!—Julia! my soul—but for one moment!—I hear her sobbing! 'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay. Aye, she is coming now: how little resolution there is in woman! how a few soft words can turn them! No, faith! she is *not* coming either. Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that. Now this is being *too* resentful: stay! she is coming too—I thought she would—no steadiness in anything! her going away must have been a mere trick then—

she shan't see that I was hurt by it. I'll affect indifference. [*Hums a tune; then listens.*] No: Z—ds! she's *not* coming!—nor don't intend it, I suppose. This is not steadiness, but obstinacy! Yet I deserve it. What, after so long an absence to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas barbarous and unmanly! I should be ashamed to see her now. I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day and all the night. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings.*

MRS. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand, and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, you'll be seated. [*Sit.*] Ah! few gentlemen, nowadays, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

Abs. It is but too true indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom. Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very pineapple of politeness!—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of?

Abs. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again; I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Abs. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree. I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abs. Oh, the devil! my last note. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Aye, here it is.

Abs. Aye, my note indeed! Oh, the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*

Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before——

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, captain.

Abs. [Reads.] '*My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*' Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! aye, and profane too, o' my conscience!

Abs. '*I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival——*'

Mrs. Mal. That's *you*, sir.

Abs. '*Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour——*' Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Abs. '*As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you*'—who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mal. Me, sir! *me*—he means *me*! There—what do you think now?—But go on a little further.

Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—'*it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand——*'

Mrs. Mal. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—'*same ridiculous vanity——*'

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, sir.

Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am—'*does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*'—an impudent coxcomb—'*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.*' Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he?—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!—we'll try who can plot best!

Abs. So we will, ma'am—so we will. Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha! Well, but, Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while *I*, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know. I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Abs. O Lord! she won't mind *me*—only tell her Beverley——

Mrs. Mal. Sir!

Abs. Gently, good tongue. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abs. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves—besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here! [*Calling.*] He'll make me a *go-between in their interviews!*—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—*elude my vigilance!* yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

Enter LYDIA.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Abs. Ma'am. [*Turns round.*

Lyd. O heavens! Beverley!

Abs. Hush!—hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

Abs. Briefly—I have deceived your aunt. I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on *her* for Captain Absolute.

Lyd. Oh, charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abs. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over-reached!

Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Abs. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness. Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him!

Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live? Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me—but here. [*Embracing her.*] If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [*Aside.*

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, *listening.*

Mrs. Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. [*Aside.*

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose.

Lyd. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mal. An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word!

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face!

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit. [*Kneeling.*

Mrs. Mal. Aye, poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity! I can contain no longer. —Why, thou vixen! I have overheard you.

Abs. Oh, confound her vigilance! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Captain Absolute—I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. So all 's safe, I find. [*Aside.*]—I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady——

Mrs. Mal. Oh, there 's nothing to be hoped for from her! she 's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good heavens! what assurance! Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman! Didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart? Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but *Beverley*——

Mrs. Mal. Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she 's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are *too* good, captain—*too* amiably patient; but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my *Beverley*, my loved *Bev*——

Mrs. Mal. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your throat—come along—come along. [*Exeunt severally.*

[BEVERLEY *kissing his hand to* LYDIA—MRS. MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*

SCENE IV.—ACRES'S *Lodgings.*

ACRES *and* DAVID.

ACRES *as just dressed.*

Acres. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

Dav. You are quite another creature, believe me,

master. By the mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkerony in all the print-shops in Bath!

Acres. Dress *does* make a difference, David.

Dav. 'Tis all in all, I think—difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod Hall I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, 'Lard presarve me!' our dairymaid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat. Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail!

Acres. Aye, David, there 's nothing like polishing.

Dav. So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. De-la-grace been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing, and boring.

Dav. I'll call again, sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

Dav. I will. By the mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself! [*Exit.*

ACRES *comes forward, practising a dancing step.*

Acres. Sink, slide, coupee. Confound the first inventors of cotillons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen. I can walk a minuet easy enough when I am forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a country-dance. Odds jigs and tabours!—I never valued your cross-over to couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—but these outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillons are quite beyond me! I shall never prosper at 'em, that 's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst French lingo!—their *pas* this, and *pas* that, and *pas* t'other!

—damn me! my feet don't like to be called Paws! No, 'tis certain I have most Antigallican toes!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, sir.

Acres. Show him in.

Enter SIR LUCIUS.

Sir Luc. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Luc. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Luc. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part —I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience. Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there 's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Luc. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Luc. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Luc. We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him!

Sir Luc. Aye, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Luc. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Aye, aye; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Luc. That 's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. Gad, that 's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

Sir Luc. What the devil signifies *right*, when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Luc. Ah, my little friend! if I had Blunderbuss Hall here—I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man! For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! —every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Z—ds! as the man in the play says, 'I could do such deeds——'

Sir Luc. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here 's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Luc. Pray compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—'*Sir*——'

Acres. That 's too civil by half.

Sir Luc. '*To prevent the confusion that might arise*——'

Acres. Well——

Sir Luc. '*from our both addressing the same lady*——'

Acres. Aye—there 's the reason—'*same lady*'—well——

Sir Luc. '*I shall expect the honour of your company*——'

Acres. Z—ds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Luc. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well then, '*honour of your company*——'

Sir Luc. '*to settle our pretensions*——'

Acres. Well.

Sir Luc. Let me see—aye, King's Mead Fields will do—'*in King's Mead Fields.*'

Acres. So that 's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.

Sir Luc. You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—ACRES'S *Lodgings.*

ACRES *and* DAVID.

Dav. Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't?

Acres. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius! Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valour.

Dav. Not he, indeed. I hates such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off: but for your cursed sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

Dav. Aye, by the mass! and I would be very careful

of it; and I think in return my honour couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

Dav. I say, then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of a gentleman. Look'ee, master, this honour seems to me to be a marvellous false friend: aye, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh!—I kill him—(the more 's my luck). Now, pray who gets the profit of it? Why, my honour. But put the case that he kills me!—by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David in that case!—odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

Dav. Now, that 's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Z—ds! David, you are a coward! It doesn't become my valour to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey? Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

Dav. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you! Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't! Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide

'em—from a child I never could fancy 'em! I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Z—ds! I *won't* be afraid. Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid. Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

Dav. Aye, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger. For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter; and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch! Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper.

Dav. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall!—but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—Aye, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born. [*Whimpering.*

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward—while I'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. Oh! show him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Dav. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

Dav. Good-bye, master. [*Whimpering.*

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. [*Exit* DAVID.

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Abs. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot——

Abs. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh!—There—— [*Gives him the challenge.*

Abs. '*To Ensign Beverley.*' So—what 's going on now! [*Aside.*]—Well, what 's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Abs. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight him; will you, Bob?

Acres. Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Abs. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Abs. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Abs. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend! You couldn't be my second—could you, Jack?

Abs. Why, no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack.

Abs. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Abs. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Abs. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob!

Acres. Aye, do, do—and if that frightens him, egad,

perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a-week; will you, Jack?

Abs. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country 'Fighting Bob.'

Acres. Right—right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

Abs. No! that 's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack?

Abs. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*

Acres. True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

Abs. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Abs. Aye, aye, 'Fighting Bob.' [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings.*

MRS. MALAPROP *and* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him? Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. She little thinks whom she is praising! [*Aside.*]—So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman.—No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lyd. Aye, the Captain Absolute *you* have seen. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Then he 's *so* well bred; *so* full of alacrity, and adulation! and has *so much* to say for himself: in such good language too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then his presence is so noble! I protest when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—'Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—an eye, like March, to threaten at command!—a station, like Harry Mercury, new—' Something about

kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Show them up here. [*Exit* SERVANT. Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution! I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY *and* ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what 's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause!—Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

[*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and *my* alliance.—Now, Jack! speak to her. [*Aside to him.*

Abs. What the devil shall I do! [*Aside.*]—You see, sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here. I knew she wouldn't!—I told you so. Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

[ABSOLUTE *seems to expostulate with his father.*

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—Turn round, Lydia, I blush for you! [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son! —Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak! [*Aside to him.*

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussy! why don't you answer? [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Z—ds! sirrah! why don't you speak! [*Aside to him.*

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my aunt must be!

Abs. Hem! hem! Madam—hem! [ABSOLUTE *attempts to speak, then returns to* SIR ANTHONY.] Faith, sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—confused! I told you I should be so, sir,—I knew it. The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it? Go up, and speak to her directly!

[ABSOLUTE *makes signs to* MRS. MALAPROP *to leave them together.*

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

[*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—

[*Aside to him.* ABSOLUTE *draws near* LYDIA.

Abs. Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice. [*Aside.* [*Speaks in a low hoarse tone.*]—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not—

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choke me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your *modesty* again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[MRS. MALAPROP *seems to chide* LYDIA.

Abs. So all will out I see!—[*Goes up to* LYDIA, *speaks softly.*] Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. [*Aside.*] Heavens, 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too!

[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*

Is this possible! my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abs. Ah! 'tis all over. [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame!—your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir Anth. Z—ds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turned by reading!

Mrs. Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy? You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley——

Sir Anth. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Abs. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!

Abs. Ye powers of impudence, befriend me! [*Aside.*] Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *yours* also, I hope my duty has always shown.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful *Beverley*, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name, and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement after all! [*Sullenly.*

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! To do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Abs. Oh, you flatter me, sir—you compliment—'tis my *modesty*, you know, sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am. So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience*! I thought it was d—n'd sudden!—You *never heard their names before*, not you! *What, the Languishes of Worcestershire*, hey?—*if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!* Ah! you dissembling villain!—What! [*pointing to* LYDIA] *she squints, don't she?—a little red-haired girl!*—hey? Why, you hypocritical young rascal—I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

Abs. 'Tis with difficulty, sir—I *am* confused—very much confused, as you must perceive.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! captain, did *you* write the letters then? What—am I to thank *you* for the elegant compilation of '*an old weather-beaten she-dragon*'—hey? O mercy!—was it *you* that reflected on my parts of speech?

Abs. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at

last, if you don't assist me. I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive. Odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people, our retrospection will be all to the future.

Sir Anth. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack—isn't the cheek as I said, hey?—and the eye, you rogue!—and the lip—hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—theirs is the time of life for happiness!—'*Youth's the season made for joy*' [*sings*]—hey! Odds life! I'm in such spirits—I don't know what I could not do! Permit me, ma'am. [*Gives his hand to* MRS. MALAPROP. *Sings.*] Tol-de-rol—'gad, I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol!

[*Exit singing and handing* MRS. MALAPROP. LYDIA *sits sullenly in her chair.*

Abs. So much thought bodes me no good. [*Aside.*] —So grave, Lydia!

Lyd. Sir!

Abs. So!—egad! I thought as much!—that d—n'd monosyllable has froze me! [*Aside.*]—What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent, as in our mutual vows——

Lyd. *Friends' consent,* indeed! [*Peevishly.*

Abs. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as——

Lyd. *Lawyers*! I hate lawyers!

Abs. Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and——

Lyd. The *licence*!—I hate licence!

Abs. Oh, my love! be not so unkind!—thus let me entreat—— [*Kneeling.*

Lyd. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you?

Abs. [*Rising.*] Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you. If I have lost your heart—I resign the rest.—'Gad, I must try what a little spirit will do. [*Aside.*

Lyd. [*Rising.*] Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud. What, you have been treating *me* like a child!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Abs. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear——

Lyd. So, while *I* fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all—behold my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation—and *I* am myself the only dupe at last! [*Walking about in a heat.*] But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! [*taking a miniature from her bosom*] which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties! There, sir [*flings it to him*], and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

Abs. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that. Here [*taking out a picture*], here is Miss Lydia Languish. What a difference!—aye, *there* is the heavenly assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and there the half-resentful blush, that *would* have checked the ardour of my thanks. Well, all that's past!—all over indeed! There, madam—in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in mind its merits over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to part with it. [*Puts it up again.*

Lyd. [*Softening.*] 'Tis *your own* doing, sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Abs. Oh, most certainly—sure, now, this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's

some spirit in *this*! What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises: all that 's of no consequence, you know. To be sure people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that!—or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lyd. There 's no bearing his insolence.

[*Bursts into tears.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. Mal. [*Entering.*] Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing awhile.

Lyd. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate. [*Sobbing.*

Sir Anth. What the devil 's the matter now! Z—ds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the oddest billing and cooing I ever heard!—but what the deuce is the meaning of it? I am quite astonished!

Abs. Ask the lady, sir.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, mercy! I'm quite analysed, for my part!—why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lyd. Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

Sir Anth. Z—ds! I shall be in a frenzy!—why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. Mal. Aye, sir, there 's no more trick, is there? —you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

Abs. You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

Lyd. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you: for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever. [*Exit* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—why sure, captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece?

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—now I see

it. Ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure '*twas* so.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony! Oh, fie, captain!

Abs. Upon my soul, ma'am——

Sir Anth. Come, no excuses, Jack; why, your father, you rogue, was so before you: the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient. Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia!—why, you've frightened her, you dog, you have.

Abs. By all that's good, sir——

Sir Anth. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace. You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop: you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family! Come away, Jack. Ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain!

[*Pushes him out.*

Mrs. Mal. Oh! Sir Anthony! Oh, fie, captain!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The North Parade.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Luc. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself. Upon my conscience!—these officers are always in one's way in love affairs: I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me! And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth. Ha! isn't this the captain coming?—faith it is! There is a probability of succeeding about that devil, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to?

[*Steps aside.*

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Abs. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gipsy!—I did not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either. 'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humour in my life! I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir Luc. Oh, faith! I'm in the luck of it. I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. [SIR LUCIUS *goes up to* ABSOLUTE.] With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Abs. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant: because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir Luc. That's no reason. For give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as speak one.

Abs. Very true, sir, but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir Luc. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Abs. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul I should not have discovered it at this interview: for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Luc. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension [*bowing*]—you have named the very thing I would be at.

Abs. Very well, sir—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations: but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir Luc. Pray, sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. However, your memory is

very short, or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So, no more, but name your time and place.

Abs. Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better; let it be this evening—here by the Spring Gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir Luc. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding. I don't know what 's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it 's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness if you'd let us meet in King's Mead Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

Abs. 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Luc. If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot. So that matter 's settled! and my mind 's at ease. [*Exit* SIR LUCIUS.

Enter FAULKLAND, *meeting* ABSOLUTE.

Abs. Well met. I was going to look for you. O Faulkland! all the demons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vexed, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knocked o' the head by-and-by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean? Has Lydia changed her mind? I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

Abs. Aye, just as the eyes do of a person who squints: when her love eye was fixed on me, t'other—her eye of duty—was finely obliqued: but when duty bid her point that the same way, off t'other turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulk. But what 's the resource you——

Abs. Oh, to wind up the whole, a good-natured

Irishman here has [*mimicking* SIR LUCIUS] begged leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat—and I mean to indulge him—that 's all.

Faulk. Prithee, be serious.

Abs. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock: 'tis on that account I wished to see you—you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure. Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated: but this evening, did you say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Abs. Why?—there will be light enough: there will (as Sir Lucius says) 'be very pretty small-sword light, though it will not do for a long shot.' Confound his long shots!

Faulk. But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Abs. By heavens! Faulkland, you don't deserve her.

Enter SERVANT, *gives* FAULKLAND *a letter.*

Faulk. O Jack! this is from Julia—I dread to open it! I fear it may be to take a last leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore——Oh! how I suffer for my folly!

Abs. Here—let me see. [*Takes the letter and opens it.*] Aye, a final sentence, indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't keep me in suspense.

Abs. Hear, then. '*As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible. Yours ever and truly,* JULIA.'—There 's stubbornness and resentment for you. [*Gives him the letter.*] Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this.

Faulk. Oh, yes, I am—but—but——

Abs. Confound your *buts*. You never hear anything that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but*.

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly —don't you think there is something forward—something indelicate in this haste to forgive? Women should never sue for reconciliation: that should always come from *us*. They should retain their coldness till *woo'd* to kindness—and their *pardon*, like their *love*, should 'not unsought be won.'

Abs. I have not patience to listen to you: thou'rt incorrigible!—so say no more on the subject. I must go to settle a few matters—let me see you before six—remember—at my lodgings. A poor industrious devil like me, who have toiled, and drudged, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's folly, may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little; but a captious sceptic in love, a slave to fretfulness and whim—who has no difficulties but of his own creating—is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion! [*Exit* ABSOLUTE.

Faulk. I feel his reproaches: yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love. His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue. I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness: if her love prove pure and sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honour!—and once I've stamped it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever: but if the dross of selfishness, the allay of pride predominate—'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for. [*Exit* FAULKLAND.

ACT V

SCENE I.—JULIA'S *Dressing-room.*

JULIA *sola.*

Jul. How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone? O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments!—how many tears have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND.

Jul. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Jul. Heavens! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited. Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me. I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly. O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

Jul. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian—I now entrust my person to your honour—we will fly together. When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution. Would you not wish some hours to

weigh the advantages you forgo, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment. No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love. But let us not linger. Perhaps this delay——

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark. Yet am I grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act. I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Aye, but in such an abject state of life my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you: one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: but sealing,

this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly by years of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice! These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By heavens! Julia——

Jul. Yet hear me. My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.

Faulk. I confess it all! yet hear——

Jul. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unreproaching kindness, might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gained a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but, Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this——

Jul. But one word more. As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send

you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of, let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one who would have followed you in beggary through the world! [*Exit.*

Faulk. She 's gone!—for ever! There was an awful resolution in her manner, that riveted me to my place. O fool!—dolt!—barbarian!—cursed as I am with more imperfections than my fellow wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side! I must now haste to my appointment. Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene. I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here. O Love!—tormentor!—fiend!—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! [*Exit.*

Enter MAID *and* LYDIA.

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. [*Exit* MAID.

Lyd. Heigh ho! Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

Lyd. O Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation. Lud! child, what 's the matter with you? You have been crying! I'll be hanged, if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness! Something *has* flurried me a little. Nothing that you can guess at.—I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister! [*Aside.*

Lyd. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jul. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

Lyd. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one!—but I don't care—I'll never have him.

Jul. Nay, Lydia——

Lyd. Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last. There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes! Conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the newspapers! Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

Jul. I don't wonder at it!

Lyd. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation, with a bishop's licence, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! Oh, that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

Jul. Melancholy, indeed!

Lyd. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue! There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me

to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour! Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lyd. O Lud! what has brought my aunt here?

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, FAG, *and* DAVID.

Mrs. Mal. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and simulation going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

Jul. For Heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mrs. Mal. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lyd. Do, sir, will you, inform us? [*To* FAG.

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

Lyd. But quick! quick, sir!

Fag. True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject two or three lives may be lost!

Lyd. Oh, patience! Do, ma'am, for Heaven's sake, tell us what is the matter?

Mrs. Mal. Why! murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

Lyd. Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

Fag. Why, then, ma'am, as to murder, I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

Lyd. But who, sir—who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom

I should be very sorry anything was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman! We have lived much together, and always on terms.

Lyd. But who is this? who! who! who!

Fag. My master, ma'am—my master—I speak of my master.

Lyd. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mrs. Mal. Oh, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Jul. But who are with him, sir?

Fag. As to the rest, ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I.

Jul. Do speak, friend. [*To* DAVID.

Dav. Look'ee, my lady—by the mass! there 's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with firearms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside! This, my lady, I say, has an angry savour.

Jul. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

Dav. My poor master—under favour for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or *was*, Squire Acres. Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, fie—it would be very inelegant in us: we should only participate things.

Dav. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me. Above all, there is that bloodthirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger! Oh, mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape? Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire petrefactions!

Lyd. What are we to do, madam?

Mrs. Mal. Why, fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—here, friend—you can show us the place?

Fag. If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for Sir Anthony. [*Exit* DAVID.

Mrs. Mal. Come, girls!—this gentleman will exhort us. Come, sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world!

Mrs. Mal. You're sure you know the spot?

Fag. I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them; never fear, ma'am, never fear. [*Exit, he talking.*

SCENE II.—*South Parade.*

Enter ABSOLUTE, *putting his sword under his great-coat.*

Abs. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad dog. How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last. Oh, the devil! here 's Sir Anthony!—how shall I escape him?

[*Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack! Hey!—Gad's life! it is. Why, Jack—what are you afraid of? hey!—sure I'm right. Why, Jack—Jack Absolute! [*Goes up to him.*

Abs. Really, sir, you have the advantage of me: I don't remember ever to have had the honour—my name is Saunderson, at your service.

Sir Anth. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey? —why, z—ds! it is—Stay—— [*Looks up to his face.*] So, so—your humble servant, Mr. Saunderson! Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

Abs. Oh! a joke, sir, a joke! I came here on purpose to look for you, sir.

Sir Anth. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky: but what are you muffled up so for?—what 's this for?—hey?

Abs. 'Tis cool, sir; isn't it?—rather chilly somehow: but I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

Sir Anth. Stay. Why, I thought you were looking for me? Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

Abs. Going, sir!

Sir Anth. Aye—where are you going?

Abs. Where am I going?

Sir Anth. You unmannerly puppy!

Abs. I was going, sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—sir, to Lydia—to make matters up if I could; and I was looking for you, sir, to—to——

Sir Anth. To go with you, I suppose. Well, come along.

Abs. Oh! z—ds! no, sir, not for the world! I wished to meet with you, sir—to—to—to—You find it cool, I'm sure, sir—you'd better not stay out.

Sir Anth. Cool!—not at all. Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia?

Abs. Oh, sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow: but I detain you, sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anth. Oh, not at all!—not at all!—I'm in no hurry. Ah! Jack, you youngsters when once you are wounded here. [*Putting his hand to* ABSOLUTE's *breast.*] Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

Abs. Nothing, sir—nothing.

Sir Anth. What 's this?—here 's something d—n'd hard.

Abs. Oh, trinkets, sir! trinkets—a bauble for Lydia!

Sir Anth. Nay, let me see your taste. [*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.*] Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia! z—ds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

Abs. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, sir, though I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

Sir Anth. You didn't? Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly.

Abs. Sir, I'll explain to you. You know, sir, Lydia is romantic—dev'lish romantic, and very absurd of course: now, sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me—to unsheathe this sword—and swear—I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

Sir Anth. Fall upon a fiddlestick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her. Get along, you fool!

Abs. Well, sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear—'O Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed steel'—says I.

Sir Anth. 'O booby! stab away, and welcome'—says she. Get along!—and d—n your trinkets!

[*Exit* ABSOLUTE.

Enter DAVID, *running.*

Dav. Stop him! stop him! Murder! thief! fire!—Stop fire! stop fire!—Oh, Sir Anthony—call! call! bid 'm stop! Murder! fire!

Sir Anth. Fire! murder! where?

Dav. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath, for my part! Oh, Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

Sir Anth. Z—ds! the fellow's mad! Stop whom? stop Jack?

Dav. Aye, the captain, sir!—there's murder and slaughter——

Sir Anth. Murder!

Dav. Aye, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, sir—bloody sword-and-gun fighting!

Sir Anth. Who are going to fight, dunce?

Dav. Everybody that I know of, Sir Anthony: everybody is going to fight, my poor master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the captain——

Sir Anth. Oh, the dog!—I see his tricks; do you know the place?

Dav. King's Mead Fields.

Sir Anth. You know the way?

Dav. Not an inch; but I'll call the mayor—aldermen—constables—churchwardens—and beadles—we can't be too many to part them.

Sir Anth. Come along—give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain! Well,

I shall be in such a frenzy. So—this was the history of his trinkets! I'll bauble him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*King's Mead Fields.*

SIR LUCIUS *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Z—ds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards——

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: no, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Luc. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you!

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk, and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Luc. For instance, now—if that should be the

case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home? —or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odds! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—— [*Levelling at him.*

Acres. Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so [*placing him*]—let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Luc. Aye—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. [*Looking at his watch.*] Sure they don't

mean to disappoint us. Hah!—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!——

Sir Luc. Aye—who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

Sir Luc. What the devil 's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Luc. Oh, fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Aye—true—my honour. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me! Valour will come and go.

Sir Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour. Here they are.

Acres. Oh, mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* ABSOLUTE.

Sir Luc. Gentlemen, your most obedient. Hah!—what, Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Abs. Heark'ee, Bob, *Beverley* 's at hand.

Sir Luc. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley [*to* FAULKLAND] if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. *My* weapons, sir ?

Acres. Odds life ! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland ; these are my particular friends.

Sir Luc. What, sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres ?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Luc. Well, now, that 's mighty provoking ! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Abs. Oh, pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter——

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there 's no occasion at all for me to fight ; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Luc. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why, no—Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face !—If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly !

Abs. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you ; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Luc. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity——

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute—not if he were fifty Beverleys ! Z—ds ! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural.

Sir Luc. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you *snug lying* in the *Abbey here*; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *coward*; coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir Luc. Well, sir?

Acres. Look 'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward—*coward* may be said in joke—but if you had call'd me a *poltroon*, odds daggers and balls——

Sir Luc. Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Luc. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Abs. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most *determined dog*—called in the country, *Fighting Bob.* He generally *kills a man a week*; don't you, Bob?

Acres. Aye—at home!

Sir Luc. Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor [*draws his sword*], and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Abs. Come on then, sir [*draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here 's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY, DAVID, *and the* WOMEN.

Dav. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony, knock down my master in particular—and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy--how came you in a duel, sir?

Abs. Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

Sir Anth. Here 's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his majesty! Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Abs. Sir, I tell you! that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. Gad! sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Luc. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. Mal. Come, come, let 's have no honour before ladies. Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? Here 's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Abs. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

Sir Luc. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here—I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark——

Lyd. What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Luc. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lyd. 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Abs. Oh! my little angel, say you so? Sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say, that it could not have been intentional; and as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to anything in the world—and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Luc. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady—if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here—— [*Takes out letters.*

Mrs. Mal. Oh, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps I can illuminate——

Sir Luc. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[LYDIA *and* ABSOLUTE *walk aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Luc. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Luc. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you. And, to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute! since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Abs. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Luc. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make your fortune?

Acres. Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, Sir Anthony!—men are all barbarians. [*All retire but* JULIA *and* FAULKLAND.

Jul. He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen. There was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. O woman! how true should be your judgement, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Jul. O Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed!

[SIR ANTHONY *comes forward.*

Sir Anth. What's going on here? So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant. Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last. All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland, seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you. There, marry him directly, Julia, you'll find he'll mend surprisingly! [*The rest come forward.*

Sir Luc. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy—Mr. Faulkland the same. Ladies, come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabours and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour, to the New Rooms—and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—*yours* for

having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and *mine*, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

Abs. Well, Jack, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets, of love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while *I*——

Lyd. Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey! Mr. Modesty? But come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unalloyed as general.

Jul. Then let us study to preserve it so: and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting. When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropped!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

OR

THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT

A FARCE

AS PERFORMED AT THE

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN 1775.

LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR .	Mr. Clinch.
DR. ROSY	Mr. Quick.
JUSTICE CREDULOUS . .	Mr. Lee Lewes.
SERGEANT TROUNCE . .	Mr. Booth.
CORPORAL FLINT . . .	
LAURETTA	Mrs. Cargill.
MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS	Mrs. Pitt.

Drummer, Soldiers, Countrymen, *and* Servant.

SCENE.—*A Town in England.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

OR, THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT

ACT I

SCENE I.—LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR'S *Lodgings.*

Enter SERGEANT TROUNCE, CORPORAL FLINT, *and four* SOLDIERS.

First Sol. I say you are wrong; we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

Sec. Sol. Right, Jack, we'll argue in platoons.

Third Sol. Aye, aye, let him have our grievances in a volley, and if we be to have a spokesman, there 's the corporal is the lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

Flint. Let me alone for that. I served three years, within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillions, and I never will see a sweeter-tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrock in his hat this morning, and I'll be bound for him he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's Green.

Fourth Sol. I say again then you talk like youngsters, like militia striplings: there 's a discipline, look'ee, in all things, whereof the sergeant must be our guide; he 's a gentleman of words; he understands your foreign lingo, your figures, and such like auxiliaries in scoring. Confess now for a reckoning, whether in chalk or writing, ben't he your only man?

Flint. Why, the sergeant is a scholar to be sure, and has the gift of reading.

Trounce. Good soldiers, and fellow gentlemen, if you make me your spokesman, you will show the more

judgement; and let me alone for the argument. I'll be as loud as a drum, and point blank from the purpose.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Flint. Oh, fait! here comes the lieutenant.—Now, sergeant.

Trounce. So then, to order. Put on your mutiny looks; every man grumble a little to himself, and some of you hum the 'Deserter's March.'

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

O'Con. Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of?

Sol. Ahem! hem!

Trounce. So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this:—ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous, our innkeepers use us most scurvily. By my halbert, their treatment is such, that if your spirit was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree; so we humbly petition that your honour would make an end of the matter at once, by running away with the justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters—hem! hem!

O'Con. Indeed! Pray which of the houses use you ill?

First Sol. There's the Red Lion an't half the civility of the old Red Lion.

Sec. Sol. There's the White Horse, if he wasn't case-hardened, ought to be ashamed to show his face.

O'Con. Very well; the Horse and the Lion shall answer for it at the quarter sessions.

Trounce. The two Magpies are civil enough; but the Angel uses us like devils, and the Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

O'Con. Then, upon my word, I'll have the Rising Sun put down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour; but are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them?

Flint. Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then we happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup; and

sometimes Ned drums up and down stairs a little of a night.

O'Con. Oh, all that 's fair; but hark'ee, lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's Day; so here, take this, and divide it amongst you. But observe me now—show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

Trounce. Nay, hang it, your honour, soldiers should never bear malice; we must drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

All. Oh, damn malice! St. Patrick's and his honour's by all means.

Flint. Come away, then, lads, and first we'll parade round the Market Cross, for the honour of King George.

First Sol. Thank your honour. Come along; St. Patrick, his honour, and strong beer for ever!

[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.

O'Con. Get along, you thoughtless vagabonds! yet, upon my conscience, 'tis very hard these poor fellows should scarcely have bread from the soil they would die to defend.

Enter DR. ROSY.

Ah, my little Doctor Rosy, my Galen a-bridge, what 's the news?

Rosy. All things are as they were, my Alexander; the justice is as violent as ever: I felt his pulse on the matter again, and, thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cut-throats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever than in the arms of a soldier.

O'Con. Upon my word the army is very much obliged to him. Well, then, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

Rosy. So, then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey?

O'Con. Oh, hang fortune—let that take its chance;

there is a beauty in Lauretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms.

Rosy. So there is, so there is. You are for beauty as nature made her, hey! No artificial graces, not cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey!

O'Con. Upon my word, doctor, you are right; the London ladies were always too handsome for me; then they are so defended, such a circumvallation of hoop, with a breastwork of whalebone that would turn a pistol-bullet, much l ss Cupid's arrows—then turret on turret on top, with stores of concealed weapons, under pretence of black pins—and above all, a standard of feathers that would do honour to a knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience, I could as soon embrace an Amazon, armed at all points.

Rosy. Right, right, my Alexander! my taste to a tittle.

O'Con. Then, doctor, though I admire modesty in women, I like to see their faces. I am for the changeable rose; but with one of these quality Amazons, if their midnight dissipations had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough in their cheeks to show it. To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing; but, in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

Rosy. My taste, my taste! Well, Lauretta is none of these. Ah! I never see her but she puts me in mind of my poor dear wife.

O'Con. Aye, faith; in my opinion she can't do a worse thing. Now he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years! [*Aside.*

Rosy. Oh, poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again; such an arm for a bandage—veins that seemed to invite the lancet. Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial; her lips conserve of roses; and then her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would, it was but a small pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half

a score of her poor dear pearls. [*Weeps.*] But what avails her beauty? Death has no consideration—one must die as well as another.

O'Con. [*Aside.*] Oh, if he begins to moralize——

[*Takes out his snuff-box.*

Rosy. Fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor—flesh is grass—flowers fade!

O'Con. Here, doctor, take a pinch, and keep up your spirits.

Rosy. True, true, my friend; grief can't mend the matter—all 's for the best; but such a woman was a great loss, lieutenant.

O'Con. To be sure, for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

Rosy. Mental accomplishments! she would have stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard, with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom. Why, she could decipher a prescription, and invent the ingredients, almost as well as myself: then she was such a hand at making foreign waters!—for Seltzer, Pyrmont, Islington, or Chalybeate, she never had her equal; and her Bath and Bristol springs exceeded the originals.—Ah, poor Dolly! she fell a martyr to her own discoveries.

O'Con. How so, pray?

Rosy. Poor soul! her illness was occasioned by her zeal in trying an improvement on the Spa-water, by an infusion of rum and acid.

O'Con. Aye, aye, spirits never agree with water-drinkers.

Rosy. No, no, you mistake. Rum agreed with her well enough; it was not the rum that killed the poor dear creature, for she died of a dropsy. Well, she is gone, never to return, and has left no pledge of our loves behind. No little babe, to hang like a label round papa's neck. Well, well, we are all mortal—sooner or later—flesh is grass—flowers fade.

O'Con. Oh, the devil!—again! [*Aside.*

Rosy. Life 's a shadow—the world a stage—we strut an hour.

O'Con. Here, doctor. [*Offers snuff.*

Rosy. True, true, my friend: well, high grief can't cure it. All 's for the best, hey! my little Alexander?

O'Con. Right, right; an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith, 'tis time honest Humphrey should wait on the justice; that must be our first scheme.

Rosy. True, true; you should be ready: the clothes are at my house, and I have given you such a character that he is impatient to have you: he swears you shall be his body-guard. Well, I honour the army, or I should never do so much to serve you.

O'Con. Indeed, I am bound to you for ever, doctor; and when once I'm possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as possible.

Rosy. Now you put me in mind of my poor wife again.

O'Con. Ah, pray forget her a little: we shall be too late.

Rosy. Poor Dolly!

O'Con. 'Tis past twelve.

Rosy. Inhuman dropsy!

O'Con. The justice will wait.

Rosy. Cropped in her prime!

O'Con. For heaven's sake, come!

Rosy. Well, flesh is grass.

O'Con. Oh, the devil!

Rosy. We must all die——

O'Con. Doctor!

Rosy. Kings, lords, and common whores——

[*Exeunt,* LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR *forcing* ROSY *off.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* JUSTICE CREDULOUS'S *House.*

Enter LAURETTA *and* MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.

Lau. I repeat it again, mamma, officers are the prettiest men in the world, and Lieutenant O'Connor is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

Mrs. Bri. For shame, Laura! how can you talk so?

– or if you must have a military man, there 's Lieutenant Plow, or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray, the brewer, are all your admirers; and though they are peaceable, good kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet as well as the fighting folks.

Lau. Psha! you know, mamma, I hate militia officers; a set of dunghill cocks with spurs on—heroes scratched off a church door—clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day, and his head shot off to-morrow. Dear! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Mrs. Bri. Oh, barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

Lau. Then I'll be his crutch, mamma.

Mrs. Bri. No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them:—and if he should take you with him, to sleep in a baggage-cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsy, with a knapsack and two children at your back; then, by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the sergeant's wife to drink bohea tea, and play at all-fours on a drumhead:—'tis a precious life, to be sure!

Lau. Nay, mamma, you shouldn't be against my lieutenant, for I heard him say you were the best-natured and best-looking woman in the world.

Mrs. Bri. Why, child, I never said but that Lieutenant O'Connor was a very well-bred and discerning young man; 'tis your papa is so violent against him.

Lau. Why, Cousin Sophy married an officer.

Mrs. Bri. Aye, Laury, an officer in the militia.

Lau. No, indeed, mamma, a marching regiment.

Mrs. Bri. No, child, I tell you he was major of militia.

Lau. Indeed, mamma, it wasn't.

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Just. Bridget, my love, I have had a message.

Lau. It was Cousin Sophy told me so.

Just. I have had a message, love——

Mrs. Bri. No, child, she would say no such thing.

Just. A message, I say.

Lau. How could he be in the militia, when he was ordered abroad?

Mrs. Bri. Aye, girl, hold your tongue!—Well, my dear.

Just. I have had a message from Doctor Rosy.

Mrs. Bri. He ordered abroad! He went abroad for his health.

Just. Why, Bridget!——

Mrs. Bri. Well, deary.—Now hold your tongue, miss.

Just. A message from Doctor Rosy, and Doctor Rosy says——

Lau. I'm sure, mamma, his regimentals——

Just. Damn his regimentals!—Why don't you listen?

Mrs. Bri. Aye, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

Lau. Well, papa.

Just. Doctor Rosy says he'll bring——

Lau. Were blue turned up with red, mamma.

Just. Laury!—says he will bring the young man——

Mrs. Bri. Red! yellow, if you please, miss.

Just. Bridget!—the young man that is to be hired——

Mrs. Bri. Besides, miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mamma; you should know——

Just. Why, zounds! will you hear me or no?

Mrs. Bri. I am listening, my love—I am listening! But what signifies my silence, what good is my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let nobody speak but herself? Aye, I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience; your poor dear lips quiver to speak; but I suppose she'll run on, and not let you

put in a word. You may very well be angry; there is nothing, sure, so provoking as a chattering, talking——

Lau. Nay, I'm sure, mamma, it is you will not let papa speak now.

Mrs. Bri. Why, you little provoking minx——

Just. Get out of the room directly, both of you—get out!

Mrs. Bri. Aye, go, girl.

Just. Go, Bridget, you are worse than she, you old hag. I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal, to argue there till I took you out.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Doctor Rosy, sir.

Just. Show him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Lau. Then you own, mamma, it was a marching regiment?

Mrs. Bri. You're an obstinate fool, I tell you; for if that had been the case——

Just. You won't go?

Mrs. Bri. We are going, Mr. Surly.—If that had been the case, I say, how could——

Lau. Nay, mamma, one proof——

Mrs. Bri. How could Major——

Lau. And a full proof——

[JUSTICE CREDULOUS *drives them off.*

Just. There they go, ding dong in for the day. Good lack! a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.

Enter DR. ROSY.

Well, doctor, where 's the lad—where's Trusty?

Rosy. At hand; he'll be here in a minute, I'll answer for 't. He 's such a one as you an't met with,—brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

Just. Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog that was corrupted by the lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he, doctor?

Rosy. As Hercules; and the best back-sword in the

country. Egad, he'll make the redcoats keep their distance.

Just. Oh, the villains! this is St. Patrick's Day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me; but I have taken all precautions: I have magazines of arms, and if this fellow does but prove faithful I shall be more at ease.

Rosy. Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. There is a man below, sir, inquires for Doctor Rosy.

Rosy. Show him up.

Just. Hold! a little caution. How does he look?

Serv. A country-looking fellow, your worship.

Just. Oh, well, well, for Doctor Rosy; these rascals try all ways to get in here.

Serv. Yes, please your worship; there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you: he said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

Just. Corporal Breakbones!

Serv. And Drummer Crackskull came again.

Just. Aye! did you ever hear of such a damned confounded crew? Well, show the lad in here!

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Rosy. Aye, he'll be your porter; he'll give the rogues an answer.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, *disguised.*

Just. So, a tall—Efacks! what! has lost an eye?

Rosy. Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

Just. He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

Rosy. Oh, no, he's bashful—a sheepish look——

Just. Well, my lad, what's your name?

O'Con. Humphrey Hum.

Just. Hum—I don't like Hum!

O'Con. But I be mostly called honest Humphrey——

Rosy. There, I told you so, of noted honesty.

Just. Well, honest Humphrey, the doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey?

O'Con. And please your worship I shall be well content.

Just. Well, then, hark'ye, honest Humphrey—you are sure now you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, hey, honest Humphrey?

O'Con. A bribe! What 's that?

Just. A very ignorant fellow indeed!

Rosy. His worship hopes you will never part with your honesty for money.

O'Con. Noa, noa.

Just. Well said, Humphrey—my chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one Lieutenant O'Connor.

Rosy. Aye, you don't value the soldiers, do you, Humphrey?

O'Con. Not I; they are but zwaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me as they would of their captain.

Just. And i' faith, Humphrey, you have a pretty cudgel there!

O'Con. Aye, the zwitch is better than nothing, but I should be glad of a stouter: ha' you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-post?

Just. Oons! what a dragon it is!—Well, Humphrey, come with me.—I'll just show him to Bridget, doctor, and we'll agree.—Come along, honest Humphrey. [*Exit.*

O'Con. My dear doctor, now remember to bring the justice presently to the walk: I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

Rosy. I will, I will. [*They shake hands.*

Re-enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Just. Why, honest Humphrey, hey! what the devil are you at?

Rosy. I was just giving him a little advice.—Well, I must go for the present.—Good morning to your worship—you need not fear the lieutenant while he is in your house.

Just. Well, get in, Humphrey. Good morning to you, doctor. [*Exit* DR. ROSY.] Come along, Humphrey.—Now I think I am a match for the lieutenant and all his gang. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter SERGEANT TROUNCE, DRUMMER, *and* SOLDIERS.

Trounce. Come, silence your drum—there is no valour stirring to-day. I thought St. Patrick would have given us a recruit or two to-day.

Sol. Mark, sergeant!

Enter two COUNTRYMEN.

Trounce. Oh! these are the lads I was looking for; they have the looks of gentlemen.—A'n't you single, my lads?

First Coun. Yes, an please you, I be quite single: my relations be all dead, thank heavens, more or less. I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's an helpless woman.

Trounce. Indeed! a very extraordinary case—quite your own master then—the fitter to serve his majesty. Can you read?

First Coun. Noa, I was always too lively to take to learning; but John here is main clever at it.

Trounce. So, what, you're a scholar, friend?

Sec. Coun. I was born so, measter. Feyther kept grammar-school.

Trounce. Lucky man—in a campaign or two put yourself down chaplain to the regiment. And I warrant you have read of warriors and heroes?

Sec. Coun. Yes, that I have: I have read of Jack the Giant-killer, and the Dragon of Wantly, and the—

Noa, I believe that 's all in the hero way, except once about a Comet.

Trounce. Wonderful knowledge!—Well, my heroes, I'll write word to the king of your good intentions, and meet me half an hour hence at the Two Magpies.

Coun. We will, your honour, we will.

Trounce. But stay; for fear I shouldn't see you again in the crowd, clap these little bits of ribbon into your hats.

First Coun. Our hats are none of the best.

Trounce. Well, meet me at the Magpies, and I'll give you money to buy new ones.

Coun. Bless your honour, thank your honour. [*Exeunt.*

Trounce. [*Winking at* SOLDIERS.] Jack! [*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

So, here comes one would make a grenadier. Stop, friend, will you 'list?

O'Con. Who shall I serve under?

Trounce. Under me, to be sure.

O'Con. Isn't Lieutenant O'Connor your officer?

Trounce. He is, and I am commander over him.

O'Con. What! be your sergeants greater than your captains?

Trounce. To be sure we are; 'tis our business to keep them in order. For instance now, the general writes to me, dear Sergeant, or dear Trounce, or dear Sergeant Trounce, according to his hurry, if your lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly, let me know.—Yours, General Deluge.

O'Con. And do you complain of him often?

Trounce. No, hang him, the lad is good-natured at bottom, so I pass over small things. But hark'ee, between ourselves, he is most confoundedly given to wenching.

Enter CORPORAL FLINT.

Flint. Please your honour, the doctor is coming this

way with your worship. We are all ready, and have our cues. [*Exit.*

O'Con. Then, my dear Trounce, or my dear Sergeant, or my dear Sergeant Trounce, take yourself away.

Trounce. Zounds! the lieutenant—I smell of the black hole already. [*Exit.*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* DR. ROSY.

Just. I thought I saw some of the cut-throats.

Rosy. I fancy not; there's no one but honest Humphrey. Ha! Odds life, here comes some of them—we'll stay by these trees, and let them pass.

Just. Oh, the bloody-looking dogs!

[*Walks aside with* DR. ROSY.

Re-enter CORPORAL FLINT *and two* SOLDIERS.

Flint. Halloa, friend! do you serve Justice Credulous?

O'Con. I do.

Flint. Are you rich?

O'Con. Noa.

Flint. Nor ever will be with that old stingy booby. Look here—take it. [*Gives him a purse.*

O'Con. What must I do for this?

Flint. Mark me, our lieutenant is in love with the old rogue's daughter: help us to break his worship's bones, and carry off the girl, and you are a made man.

O'Con. I'll see you hanged first, you pack of skurry villains! [*Throws away the purse.*

Flint. What, sirrah, do you mutiny? Lay hold of him.

O'Con. Nay, then, I'll try your armour for you.

[*Beats them.*

All. Oh! oh!—quarter! quarter!

[*Exeunt* CORPORAL FLINT *and* SOLDIERS.

Just. [*Coming forward.*] Trim them, trounce them, break their bones, honest Humphrey. What a spirit he has!

Rosy. Aquafortis.

O'Con. Betray your master!

Rosy. What a miracle of fidelity!

Just. Aye, and it shall not go unrewarded—I'll give him sixpence on the spot. Here, honest Humphrey, there's for yourself: as for this bribe, [*takes up the purse*] such trash is best in the hands of justice. Now then, doctor, I think I may trust him to guard the women: while he is with them I may go out with safety.

Rosy. Doubtless you may—I'll answer for the lieutenant's behaviour whilst honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

Just. Aye, aye, she shall go nowhere without him. Come along, honest Humphrey. How rare it is to meet with such a servant! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

LAURETTA *discovered. Enter* JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

Just. Why, you little truant, how durst you wander so far from the house without my leave? Do you want to invite that scoundrel lieutenant to scale the walls and carry you off?

Lau. Lud, papa, you are so apprehensive for nothing.

Just. Why, hussy——

Lau. Well then, I can't bear to be shut up all day so like a nun. I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with—and I wish I was run away with—I do—and I wish the lieutenant knew it.

Just. You do, do you, hussy? Well, I think I'll take pretty good care of you. Here, Humphrey, I leave this lady in your care. Now you may walk about the garden, Miss Pert; but Humphrey shall go with you wherever you go. So mind, honest Humphrey, I am obliged to go abroad for a little while; let no one but yourself come near her; don't be shamefaced, you booby, but keep close to her. And now, miss, let

your lieutenant or any of his crew come near you if they can. [*Exit.*

Lau. How this booby stares after him!

[*Sits down and sings.*

O'Con. Lauretta!

Lau. Not so free, fellow! [*Sings.*

O'Con. Lauretta! look on me.

Lau. Not so free, fellow!

O'Con. No recollection!

Lau. Honest Humphrey, be quiet.

O'Con. Have you forgot your faithful soldier?

Lau. Ah! Oh, preserve me!

O'Con. 'Tis, my soul! your truest slave, passing on your father in this disguise.

Lau. Well now, I declare this is charming—you are so disguised, my dear lieutenant, and you look so delightfully ugly. I am sure no one will find you out, ha! ha! ha! You know I am under your protection; papa charged you to keep close to me.

O'Con. True, my angel, and thus let me fulfil——

Lau. Oh, pray now, dear Humphrey——

O'Con. Nay, 'tis but what old Mittimus commanded.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Re-enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Just. Laury, my—hey! what the devil 's here?

Lau. Well now, one kiss, and be quiet.

Just. Your very humble servant, honest Humphrey! Don't let me—pray don't let me interrupt you!

Lau. Lud, papa! Now that 's so good-natured—indeed there 's no harm. You did not mean any rudeness, did you, Humphrey?

O'Con. No, indeed, miss; his worship knows it is not in me.

Just. I know that you are a lying, canting, hypocritical scoundrel; and if you don't take yourself out of my sight——

Lau. Indeed, papa, now I'll tell you how it was. I was sometime taken with a sudden giddiness, and Humphrey seeing me beginning to totter, ran to my

assistance, quite frightened, poor fellow, and took me in his arms.

Just. Oh! was that all—nothing but a little giddiness, hey!

O'Con. That 's all, indeed, your worship; for seeing miss change colour, I ran up instantly.

Just. Oh, 'twas very kind in you!

O'Con. And luckily recovered her.

Just. And who made you a doctor, you impudent rascal, hey? Get out of my sight, I say, this instant, or by all the statutes——

Lau. Oh, now, papa, you frighten me, and I am giddy again!—Oh, help!

O'Con. Oh, dear lady, she'll fall!

[*Takes her into his arms.*

Just. Zounds! what, before my face—why then, thou miracle of impudence! [*Lays hold of him and discovers him.*] Mercy on me, who have we here?—Murder! robbery! fire! rape! gunpowder! soldiers! John! Susan! Bridget!

O'Con. Good sir, don't be alarmed; I mean you no harm.

Just. Thieves! robbers! soldiers!

O'Con. You know my love for your daughter——

Just. Fire! cut-throats!

O'Con. And that alone——

Just. Treason! gunpowder!

Enter a SERVANT *with a blunderbuss.*

Now, scoundrel! let her go this instant.

Lau. O papa, you'll kill me!

Just. Honest Humphrey, be advised. Aye, miss, this way, if you please.

O'Con. Nay, sir, but hear me——

Just. I'll shoot.

O'Con. And you'll be convinced——

Just. I'll shoot.

O'Con. How injurious——

Just. I'll shoot—and so your very humble servant, honest Humphrey Hum. [*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE III.—*A Walk.*

Enter DR. ROSY.

Rosy. Well, I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding. Ah! I warrant he is full of hope and fear, doubt and anxiety; truly he has the fever of love strong upon him: faint, peevish, languishing all day, with burning, restless nights. Ah! just my case when I pined for my poor dear Dolly! when she used to have her daily colics, and her little doctor be sent for. Then would I interpret the language of her pulse—declare my own sufferings in my receipt for her—send her a pearl necklace in a pill-box, or a cordial draught with an acrostic on the label. Well, those days are over: no happiness lasting: all is vanity—now sunshine, now cloudy—we are, as it were, king and beggar—then what avails——

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

O'Con. O doctor! ruined and undone.

Rosy. The pride of beauty——

O'Con. I am discovered, and——

Rosy. The gaudy palace——

O'Con. The justice is——

Rosy. The pompous wig——

O'Con. Is more enraged than ever.

Rosy. The gilded cane——

O'Con. Why, doctor! [*Slapping him on the shoulder.*

Rosy. Hey!

O'Con. Confound your morals! I tell you I am discovered, discomfited, disappointed.

Rosy. Indeed! Good lack, good lack, to think of the instability of human affairs! Nothing certain in this world—most deceived when most confident—fools of fortune all!

O'Con. My dear doctor, I want at present a little practical wisdom. I am resolved this instant to try the scheme we were going to put in execution last week. I have the letter ready, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

Rosy. With all my heart—I'll warrant you I'll bear a part in it: but how the deuce were you discovered?

O'Con. I'll tell you as we go; there's not a moment to be lost.

Rosy. Heaven send we succeed better!—but there's no knowing.

O'Con. Very true.

Rosy. We may, and we may not.

O'Con. Right.

Rosy. Time must show.

O'Con. Certainly.

Rosy. We are but blind guessers.

O'Con. Nothing more

Rosy. Thick-sighted mortals.

O'Con. Remarkably.

Rosy. Wandering in error.

O'Con. Even so.

Rosy. Futurity is dark.

O'Con As a cellar.

Rosy. Men are moles.

[*Exeunt,* LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR *forcing out* ROSY.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* JUSTICE CREDULOUS'S *House.*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.

Just. Odds life, Bridget, you are enough to make one mad! I tell you he would have deceived a chief justice: the dog seemed as ignorant as my clerk, and talked of honesty as if he had been a churchwarden.

Mrs. Bri. Pho! nonsense, honesty!—what had you to do, pray, with honesty? A fine business you have made of it with your Humphrey Hum; and miss, too, she must have been privy to it. Lauretta! aye, you would have her called so; but for my part I never knew any good come of giving girls these heathen Christian names: if you had called her Deborah, or Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, or Joan, nothing of this

had ever happened; but I always knew Lauretta was a runaway name.

Just. Psha, you're a fool!

Mrs. Bri. No, Mr. Credulous, it is you who are a fool, and no one but such a simpleton would be so imposed on.

Just. Why, zounds, madam, how durst you talk so? If you have no respect for your husband, I should think *unus quorum* might command a little deference.

Mrs. Bri. Don't tell me!—Unus fiddlestick! you ought to be ashamed to show your face at the sessions: you'll be a laughing-stock to the whole bench, and a byword with all the pig-tailed lawyers and bag-wigged attorneys about town.

Just. Is this language for his majesty's representative? By the statutes, it 's high treason and petty treason, both at once!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A letter for your worship.

Just. Who brought it?

Serv. A soldier.

Just. Take it away and burn it.

Mrs. Bri. Stay!—Now you're in such a hurry—it is some canting scrawl from the lieutenant, I suppose. [*Takes the letter. Exit* SERVANT.] Let me see: aye, 'tis signed O'Connor.

Just. Well, come, read it out.

Mrs. Bri. [Reads.] '*Revenge is sweet.*'

Just. It begins so, does it? I'm glad of that; I'll let the dog know I'm of his opinion.

Mrs. Bri. [Reads.] '*And though disappointed of my designs upon your daughter, I have still the satisfaction of knowing I am revenged on her unnatural father; for this morning, in your chocolate, I had the pleasure to administer to you a dose of poison.*'—Mercy on us!

Just. No tricks, Bridget; come, you know it is not so; you know it is a lie.

Mrs. Bri. Read it yourself.

Just. [Reads.] '*Pleasure to administer a dose of poison!*'—Oh, horrible! Cut-throat villain!—Bridget!

Mrs. Bri. Lovee, stay, here 's a postscript. [*Reads.*] '*N.B. 'Tis not in the power of medicine to save you.*'

Just. Odds my life, Bridget! why don't you call for help? I've lost my voice.—My brain is giddy—I shall burst, and no assistance.—John!—Laury!—John!

Mrs. Bri. You see, lovee, what you have brought on yourself.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Your worship!

Just. Stay, John; did you perceive anything in my chocolate cup this morning?

Serv. Nothing, your worship, unless it was a little grounds.

Just. What colour were they?

Serv. Blackish, your worship.

Just. Aye, arsenic, black arsenic!—Why don't you run for Doctor Rosy, you rascal?

Serv. Now, sir?

Mrs. Bri. O lovee, you may be sure it is in vain: let him run for the lawyer to witness your will, my life.

Just. Zounds! go for the doctor, you scoundrel. You are all confederate murderers.

Serv. Oh, here he is, your worship. [*Exit.*

Just. Now, Bridget, hold your tongue, and let me see if my horrid situation be apparent.

Enter DR. ROSY.

Rosy. I have but just called to inform—hey! bless me, what 's the matter with your worship?

Just. There, he sees it already!—Poison in my face, in capitals! Yes, yes, I'm a sure job for the under takers indeed!

Mrs. Bri. Oh! oh! alas, doctor!

Just. Peace, Bridget!—Why, doctor, my dear old friend, do you really see any change in me?

Rosy. Change! never was man so altered: how came these black spots on your nose?

Just. Spots on my nose!

Rosy. And that wild stare in your right eye!

Just. In my right eye!

Rosy. Aye, and alack, alack, how you are swelled!

Just. Swelled!

Rosy. Aye, don't you think he is, madam?

Mrs. Bri. Oh, 'tis in vain to conceal it! Indeed, lovee, you are as big again as you were this morning.

Just. Yes, I feel it now—I'm poisoned! Doctor, help me, for the love of justice! Give me life to see my murderer hanged.

Rosy. What?

Just. I'm poisoned, I say!

Rosy. Speak out!

Just. What! can't you hear me?

Rosy. Your voice is so low and hollow, as it were, I can't hear a word you say.

Just. I'm gone then! *Hic jacet*, many years one of his majesty's justices!

Mrs. Bri. Read, doctor!—Ah, lovee, the will! Consider, my life, how soon you will be dead.

Just. No, Bridget, I shall die by inches.

Rosy. I never heard such monstrous iniquity. Oh, you are gone indeed, my friend! the mortgage of your little bit of clay is out, and the sexton has nothing to do but to close. We must all go, sooner or later—high and low—Death 's a debt; his mandamus binds all alike—no bail, no demurrer.

Just. Silence, Doctor Croaker! will you cure me or will you not?

Rosy. Alas! my dear friend, it is not in my power, but I'll certainly see justice done on your murderer.

Just. I thank you, my dear friend, but I had rather see it myself.

Rosy. Aye, but if you recover, the villain will escape.

Mrs. Bri. Will he? then indeed it would be a pity you should recover. I am so enraged against the villain, I can't bear the thought of his escaping the halter.

Just. That 's very kind in you, my dear; but if it 's the same thing to you, my dear, I had as soon recover, notwithstanding.—What, doctor, no assistance!

Rosy. Efacks, I can do nothing, but there 's the German quack, whom you wanted to send from town; I met him at the next door, and I know he has antidotes for all poisons.

Just. Fetch him, my dear friend, fetch him! I'll get him a diploma if he cures me.

Rosy. Well, there 's no time to be lost; you continue to swell immensely. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bri. What, my dear, will you submit to be cured by a quack nostrum-monger? For my part, as much as I love you, I had rather follow you to your grave than see you owe your life to any but a regular-bred physician.

Just. I'm sensible of your affection, dearest; and be assured nothing consoles me in my melancholy situation so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind.

Re-enter DR. ROSY, *with* LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR *disguised.*

Rosy. Great luck; met him passing by the door.

O'Con. Metto dowsei pulsum.

Rosy. He desires me to feel your pulse.

Just. Can't he speak English?

Rosy. Not a word.

O'Con. Palio vivem mortem soonem.

Rosy. He says you have not six hours to live.

Just. Oh, mercy! does he know my distemper?

Rosy I believe not.

Just. Tell him 'tis black arsenic they have given me.

Rosy. Geneable illi arsnecca.

O'Con. Pisonatus.

Just. What does he say?

Rosy. He says you are poisoned.

Just. We know that; but what will be the effect?

Rosy. Quid effectum?

O'Con. Diable tutellum.

Rosy. He says you'll die presently.

Just. Oh, horrible! What, no antidote?

O'Con. Curum benakere bono fullum.

Just. What, does he say I must row in a boat to Fulham?

Rosy. He says he'll undertake to cure you for three thousand pounds.

Mrs. Bri. Three thousand pounds! three thousand halters! No, lovee, you shall never submit to such impositions; die at once, and be a customer to none of them.

Just. I won't die, Bridget—I don't like death.

Mrs. Bri. Psha! there is nothing in it: a moment, and it is over.

Just. Aye, but it leaves a numbness behind that lasts a plaguy long time.

Mrs. Bri. Oh, my dear, pray consider the will.

Enter LAURETTA.

Lau. Oh, my father, what is this I hear?

O'Con. Quiddam seomriam deos tollam rosam.

Rosy. The doctor is astonished at the sight of your fair daughter.

Just. How so?

O'Con. Damsellum livivum suvum rislibani.

Rosy. He says that he has lost his heart to her, and that if you will give him leave to pay his addresses to the young lady, and promise your consent to the union, if he should gain her affections, he will on those conditions cure you instantly, without fee or reward.

Just. The devil! did he say all that in so few words? What a fine language it is! Well, I agree, if he can prevail on the girl.—[*Aside.*] And that I am sure he never will.

Rosy. Greal.

O'Con. Writhum bothum.

Rosy. He says you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous receipt.

[*Both sit down to write.*

Lau. Do, mamma, tell me the meaning of this.

Mrs. Bri. Don't speak to me, girl.—Unnatural parent!

Just. There, doctor; there's what he requires.

Rosy. And here's your receipt: read it yourself.

Just. Hey! what is here? plain English!

Rosy. Read it out; a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.

Just. [Reads.] '*In reading this you are cured, by your affectionate son-in-law,* O'CONNOR.'—Who, in the name of Beelzebub, sirrah, who are you?

O'Con. Your affectionate son-in-law, O'Connor, and your very humble servant, Humphrey Hum.

Just. 'Tis false, you dog! you are not my son-in-law; for I'll be poisoned again, and you shall be hanged. I'll die, sirrah, and leave Bridget my estate.

Mrs. Bri. Aye, pray do, my dear, leave me your estate: I'm sure he deserves to be hanged.

Just. He does, you say! Hark'ee, Bridget, you showed such a tender concern for me when you thought me poisoned, that for the future I am resolved never to take your advice again in anything.—[*To* LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.] So, do you hear, sir, you are an Irishman and a soldier, an't you?

O'Con. I am, sir, and proud of both.

Just. The two things on earth I most hate; so I'll tell you what—renounce your country and sell your commission, and I'll forgive you.

O'Con. Hark'ee, Mr. Justice—if you were not the father of my Lauretta, I would pull your nose for asking the first, and break your bones for desiring the second.

Rosy. Aye, aye, you're right.

Just. Is he? then I'm sure I must be wrong.—Here, sir, I give my daughter to you, who are the most impudent dog I ever saw in my life.

O'Con. O sir, say what you please; with such a gift as Lauretta, every word is a compliment.

Mrs. Bri. Well, my lovee, I think this will be a good subject for us to quarrel about the rest of our lives.

Just. Why, truly, my dear, I think so, though we are seldom at a loss for that.

Rosy. This is all as it should be.—My Alexander, I give you joy, and you, my little god-daughter; and now my sincere wish is, that you may make just such a wife as my poor dear Dolly. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE DUENNA

A COMIC OPERA

AS PERFORMED AT

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN 1775.

MEN.

DON FERDINAND .	Mr. Mattocks.
DON JEROME . .	Mr. Wilson.
DON ANTONIO . .	Mr. Dubellamy.
DON CARLOS . .	Mr. Leoni.
ISAAC MENDOZA .	Mr. Quick.
FATHER PAUL . .	Mr. Mahon.
FATHER FRANCIS .	Mr. Fox.
FATHER AUGUSTINE	Mr. Baker.
LOPEZ	Mr. Wewitzer.

WOMEN.

DONNA LOUISA .	Mrs. Mattocks.
DONNA CLARA .	Mrs. Cargill.
THE DUENNA	Mrs. Green.

Masqueraders, Friars, Porter, Maid, *and* Servants.

SCENE.—*Seville.*

THE DUENNA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* DON JEROME'S *House.*

Enter LOPEZ, *with a dark lantern.*

Lop. Past three o'clock! So! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition, to be strolling like a bravo through the streets of Seville! Well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest. Not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my master's differ strangely. Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep:—now, my love gives me an appetite—then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her. This cannot be done without good sleep and good liquor: hence my partiality to a feather-bed and a bottle. What a pity, now, that I have not further time for reflections! but my master expects thee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess. [*Music without.*] Hey! sure, I heard music! So, so! who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my master's friend, come from the masquerade, to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose: so! we shall have the old gentleman up presently. Lest he should miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post. [*Exit.*

Enter DON ANTONIO, *with* MASQUERADERS *and music.*

SONG.—*Don Antonio.*

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
So gently speak thy master's pain?

So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
  That, though my sleeping love shall know
  Who sings—who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?
  Thus, may some vision whisper more
  Than ever I dare speak before.

First Mas. Antonio, your mistress will never wake, while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lulled by a sad melody.

Don Ant. I do not wish to disturb her rest.

First Mas. The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough to appear, if you awaked her.

Don Ant. Nay, then, I'll convince you. [*Sings.*

The breath of morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;
For till the dawn of love is there,
  I feel no day, I own no light.

DONNA LOUISA—*replies from a window.*

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
  Waking, the dawn did bless my sight;
'Tis Phœbus sure that woos, I cried,
  Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME—*from a window.*

What vagabonds are these I hear,
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,
  Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

TRIO.

Don. Louisa. Nay, prithee, father, why so rough?
Don Ant. An humble lover I.
Don Jer. How durst you, daughter, lend an ear
To such deceitful stuff?
Quick, from the window fly!
Don. Louisa. Adieu, Antonio!
Don Ant. Must you go?

Don. Louisa / *Don Ant.* We soon, perhaps, may meet again.
For though hard fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us.

Don. Jer. Reach me the blunderbuss.

Don Ant. / *Don. Louisa* The god of love, who knows our pain—

Don Jer. Hence, or these slugs are through your brain. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Piazza.*

Enter DON FERDINAND *and* LOPEZ.

Lop. Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep once in a week or so——

Don Ferd. Peace, fool! don't mention sleep to me.

Lop. No, no, sir, I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing——

Don Ferd. Peace, booby, I say!—O Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest!

Lop. And of mine too. [*Aside.*

Don Ferd. 'Sdeath, to trifle with me at such a juncture as this!—now to stand on punctilios! Love me! I don't believe she ever did.

Lop. Nor I either. [*Aside.*

Don Ferd. Or is it, that her sex never know their desires for an hour together?

Lop. Ah, they know them oftener than they'll own them. [*Aside.*

Don Ferd. Is there, in the world, so inconstant a creature as Clara?

Lop. I could name one. [*Aside*

Don Ferd. Yes; the tame fool who submits to her caprice.

Lop. I thought he couldn't miss it. [*Aside.*

Don Ferd. Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? aye, a wilderness of

faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—'Sdeath! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles; for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness. Oh, death and madness! I shall die if I lose her.

Lop. Oh, those damned smiles have undone all! [*Aside.*

AIR.—*Don Ferdinand.*

Could I her faults remember,
  Forgetting every charm,
Soon would impartial reason
  The tyrant love disarm:
But when enraged I number
  Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests each beauty,
  And sees—while reason 's blind.

Lop. Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

Don Ferd. Well, go you home—I shall be there presently.

Lop. Ah, those cursed smiles! [*Exit.*

Enter DON ANTONIO.

Don Ferd. Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chanting before our door—was my father waked?

Don Ant. Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

Don Ferd. I believe I told you, that to-morrow was the day fixed by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural stepmother, for her to enter a convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune: made desperate by this, I procured a key to the door, and bribed Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning, I entered, unperceived, and stole to her chamber—I found her waking and weeping.

Don Ant. Happy Ferdinand!

Don Ferd. 'Sdeath! hear the conclusion. I was rated

as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her room at that hour of night.

Don Ant. Aye, aye, this was at first.

Don Ferd. No such thing! she would not hear a word from me, but threatened to raise her mother, if I did not instantly leave her.

Don Ant. Well, but at last?——

Don Ferd. At last! why I was forced to leave the house as I came in.

Don Ant. And did you do nothing to offend her?

Don Ferd. Nothing, as I hope to be saved! I believe, I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

Don Ant. Was that all? well, I think, I never heard of such assurance!

Don Ferd. Zounds! I tell you I behaved with the utmost respect.

Don Ant. O Lord! I don't mean you, but in her. But, hark ye, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

Don Ferd. Yes; the maid who saw me out took it from the door.

Don Ant. Then, my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

Don Ferd. Aye, to bless my rival, perhaps. I am in a humour to suspect everybody. You loved her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

Don Ant. Yes, I loved her, till I found she wouldn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

AIR.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister; help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

Don Ferd. As far as I can, consistently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there must be no eloping.

Don Ant. And yet, now, you would carry off Clara ?

Don Ferd. Aye, that 's a different case !—we never mean that others should act to our sisters and wives as we do to others'. But, to-morrow, Clara is to be forced into a convent.

Don Ant. Well, and am not I so unfortunately circumstanced ? To-morrow, your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portuguese—but come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

Don Ferd. I must go home.

Don Ant. Well, adieu !

Don Ferd. But, Antonio, if you did not love my sister, you have too much honour and friendship to supplant me with Clara ?

AIR.—*Don Antonio.*

Friendship is the bond of reason;
  But if beauty disapprove,
Heaven dissolves all other treason
  In the heart that 's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
  As a civil oath I view;
But to the charms which I adore,
  'Tis religion to be true. [*Exit.*

Don Ferd. There is always a levity in Antonio's manner of replying to me on this subject that is very alarming. 'Sdeath! if Clara should love him after all!

SONG.

Though cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love, too, are strong;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah! none but the jealous—the jealous can know!

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore:
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I prized them no more!
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow?
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* DON JEROME'S *House.*

Enter DONNA LOUISA *and* DUENNA.

Don. Louisa. But, my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed?

Duen. I tell you again, I have no doubt on't; but it must be instantly put to the trial. Everything is prepared in your room, and for the rest we must trust to fortune.

Don. Louisa. My father's oath was, never to see me till I had consented to——

Duen. 'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend, Don Guzman,—'I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza; if she hesitates, I will make a solemn oath never to see or speak to her till she returns to her duty.'—These were his words.

Don. Louisa. And on his known obstinate adherence to what he has once said, you have formed this plan

for my escape. But have you secured my maid in our interest?

Duen. She is a party in the whole; but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac, the Jew, over to me.

Don. Louisa. That I do with all my soul; get him, if you can, and I shall wish you joy most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

AIR.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call:
But I was glad to find thee poor—
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth shall own
I loved him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own
I loved him for himself alone.

Duen. I hear Don Jerome coming. Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio—you know that is to be the ground of my dismission. I must slip out to seal it up, as undelivered. [*Exit.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* DON FERDINAND.

Don Jer. What, I suppose you have been serenading too! Eh, disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villanous catgut and lascivious piping! Out on't! you set your sister here a vile example; but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations—these amorous orgies, that steal the senses in the hearing; as they say Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain through the ears. However, there's an end of your frolics—Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and to-morrow you shall marry him.

Don. Louisa. Never, while I have life!

Don Ferd. Indeed, sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Don Jer. Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments—and pray, what is your objection to him?

Don Ferd. He is a Portuguese, in the first place.

Don Jer. No such thing, boy; he has forsworn his country.

Don. Louisa. He is a Jew.

Don Jer. Another mistake: he has been a Christian these six weeks.

Don Ferd. Aye, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Don. Louisa. But stands like a dead wall between Church and Synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Don Jer. Anything more?

Don Ferd. But the most remarkable part of his character is his passion for deceit and tricks of cunning.

Don. Louisa. Though at the same time the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Don Ferd. True; like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Don Jer. Anything more?

Don. Louisa. To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he 's not my choice.

Don Jer. But you are his; and choice on one side is sufficient—two lovers should never meet in marriage—be you sour as you please, he is sweet-tempered; and for your good fruit, there 's nothing like engrafting on a crab.

Don. Louisa. I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

Don Jer. I don't know that—marriage generally makes a great change—but, to cut the matter short, will you have him or not?

Don. Louisa. There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

Don Jer. Do you value your father's peace?

Don. Louisa. So much, that I will not fasten on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

Don Jer. Very well, ma'am, then mark me—never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty. No reply—this and your chamber shall be your apartments; I never will stir out without leaving you under lock and key, and when I'm at home no creature can approach you but through my library: we'll try who can be most obstinate. Out of my sight!—there remain till you know your duty.

[*Pushes her out.*

Don Ferd. Surely, sir, my sister's inclinations should be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio, being my particular friend.

Don Jer. That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation! I certainly have not paid sufficient respect to it.

Don Ferd. There is not a man living I would sooner choose for a brother-in-law.

Don Jer. Very possible; and if you happen to have e'er a sister, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship; but at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

Don Ferd. Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak.

Don Jer. Then pray, sir, in future let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

Don Ferd. I have done, sir. I shall only add a wish that you would reflect what at your age you would have felt, had you been crossed in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

Don Jer. Why, I must confess I had a great affection for your mother's ducats, but that was all, boy. I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were. We never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed. If we grumbled a little now and then, it was soon over, for we were never

fond enough to quarrel; and when the good woman died, why, why—I had as lieve she had lived, and I wish every widower in Seville could say the same. I shall now go and get the key of this dressing-room—so, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time, d'ye hear? [*Exit.*

Don Ferd. I fear, indeed, my friend Antonio has little to hope for; however, Louisa has firmness, and my father's anger will probably only increase her affection. In our intercourse with the world it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart's attachment a woman never likes a man with ardour till she has suffered for his sake. [*Noise*]—So! what bustle is here! between my father and the Duenna too—I'll e'en get out of the way. [*Exit.*

Re-enter DON JEROME *with a letter, pulling in* DUENNA.

Don Jer. I'm astonished! I'm thunderstruck! here's treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! You, Antonio's creature, and chief manager of this plot for my daughter's eloping!—you, that I placed here as a scarecrow?

Duen. What?

Don Jer. A scarecrow—to prove a decoy-duck! What have you to say for yourself?

Duen. Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discovered my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce them. I am Antonio's friend, and it was my intention that your daughter should have served you as all such old tyrannical sots should be served—I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

Don Jer. The tender passions! yes, they would become those impenetrable features! Why, thou deceitful hag! I placed thee as a guard to the rich blossoms of my daughter's beauty. I thought that dragon's front of thine would cry aloof! to the sons of gallantry: steel traps and spring guns seemed writ

in every wrinkle of it. But you shall quit my house this instant. The tender passions, indeed!—go, thou wanton sibyl, thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

Duen. You base, scurrilous, old—but I won't demean myself by naming what you are. Yes, savage, I'll leave your den; but I suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel—I may have my things, I presume?

Don Jer. I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on—what have you pilfered, eh?

Duen. Sir, I must take leave of my mistress; she has valuables of mine: besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

Don Jer. Your veil, forsooth! what, do you dread being gazed at? or are you afraid of your complexion? Well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal! so!—you quit the house within these five minutes. In—in—quick! [*Exit* DUENNA.]—Here was a precious plot of mischief!—these are the comforts daughters bring us!

AIR.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know, though you've buried your
wife!
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Sighing and whining,
Dying and pining,
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens they have wit to perplex
us,
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought
her;
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Wrangling and jangling,
Flouting and pouting,
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Re-enter DONNA LOUISA, *dressed as* DUENNA, *with cardinal and veil, seeming to cry.*

This way, mistress, this way. What, I warrant, a tender parting; so! tears of turpentine down those deal cheeks. Aye, you may well hide your head—yes, whine till your heart breaks; but I'll not hear one word of excuse—so you are right to be dumb. This way, this way. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter DUENNA.

Duen. So, speed you well, sagacious Don Jerome! Oh, rare effects of passion and obstinacy! Now shall I try whether I can't play the fine lady as well as my mistress, and if I succeed I may be a fine lady for the rest of my life—I'll lose no time to equip myself. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Court before* DON JEROME'S *House.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* DONNA LOUISA.

Don Jer. Come, mistress, there is your way—the world lies before you, so troop, thou antiquated Eve, thou original sin! Hold, yonder is some fellow skulking; perhaps it is Antonio—go to him, d'ye hear, and tell him to make you amends, and as he has got you turned away, tell him I say it is but just he should take you himself; go. [*Exit* DONNA LOUISA.]—So! I am rid of her, thank Heaven! and now I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine my daughter with better security. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Piazza.*

Enter DONNA CLARA *and* MAID.

Maid. But where, madam, is it you intend to go?

Don. Clara. Anywhere to avoid the selfish violence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's insolent importunity.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, since we have profited by Don Ferdinand's key, in making our escape, I think we had best find him, if it were only to thank him.

Don. Clara. No—he has offended me exceedingly. [*Retires.*

Enter DONNA LOUISA.

Don. Louisa. So I have succeeded in being turned out of doors—but how shall I find Antonio? I dare not inquire for him, for fear of being discovered; I would send to my friend Clara, but that I doubt her prudery would condemn me.

Maid. Then suppose, ma'am, you were to try if your friend Donna Louisa would not receive you?

Don. Clara. No, her notions of filial duty are so severe, she would certainly betray me.

Don. Louisa. Clara is of a cold temper, and would think this step of mine highly forward.

Don. Clara. Louisa's respect for her father is so great, she would not credit the unkindness of mine.

[DONNA LOUISA *turns, and sees* DONNA CLARA *and* MAID.

Don. Louisa. Ha! who are those? sure one is Clara —if it be, I'll trust her. Clara! [*Advances.*

Don. Clara. Louisa! and in masquerade too!

Don. Louisa. You will be more surprised when I tell you that I have run away from my father.

Don. Clara. Surprised indeed! and I should certainly chide you most horridly, only that I have just run away from mine.

Don. Louisa. My dear Clara! [*Embrace.*

Don. Clara. Dear sister truant! and whither are you going?

Don. Louisa. To find the man I love, to be sure: and, I presume, you would have no aversion to meet with my brother?

Don. Clara. Indeed I should: he has behaved so ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive him.

AIR.

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
  Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
  Wakes its beauty with a tear;
When all did sleep whose weary hearts did borrow
  One hour from love and care to rest,
Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
  My lover caught me to his breast!
    He vow'd he came to save me
    From those who would enslave me!
        Then kneeling,
        Kisses stealing,
  Endless faith he swore;
    But soon I chid him thence,
    For had his fond pretence
    Obtain'd one favour then,
    And he had press'd again,
I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.

Don. Louisa. Well, for all this, I would have sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would not yet awhile have him know of my flight. And where do you hope to find protection?

Don. Clara. The Lady Abbess of the convent of St. Catharine is a relation and kind friend of mine—I shall be secure with her, and you had best go thither with me.

Don. Louisa. No; I am determined to find Antonio first; and, as I live, here comes the very man I will employ to seek him for me.

Don. Clara. Who is he? he's a strange figure!

Don. Louisa. Yes; that sweet creature is the man whom my father has fixed on for my husband.

Don. Clara. And will you speak to him? are you mad?

Don. Louisa. He is the fittest man in the world for my purpose; for, though I was to have married him to-morrow, he is the only man in Seville who, I am sure, never saw me in his life.

Don. Clara. And how do you know him?

Don. Louisa. He arrived but yesterday, and he was shown to me from the window, as he visited my father.

Don. Clara. Well, I'll be gone.

Don. Louisa. Hold, my dear Clara—a thought has struck me: will you give me leave to borrow your name, as I see occasion?

Don. Clara. It will but disgrace you; but use it as you please: I dare not stay. [*Going.*] But, Louisa, if you should see your brother, be sure you don't inform him that I have taken refuge with the Dame Prior of the convent of St. Catharine, on the left-hand side of the piazza which leads to the church of St. Anthony.

Don. Louisa. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be very particular in my directions where he may not find you. [*Exeunt* DONNA CLARA *and* MAID.]—So! my swain, yonder, has done admiring himself, and draws nearer. [*Retires.*

Enter ISAAC *and* DON CARLOS.

Isaac. [*Looking in a pocket-glass.*] I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

Don Car. But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face?

Isaac. Why, what's the matter with the face! I think it is a very engaging face; and I am sure a lady must have very little taste who could dislike my beard. [*Sees* DONNA LOUISA.] See now! I'll die if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

Don. Louisa. Signor, are you disposed to oblige a lady who greatly wants your assistance? [*Unveils.*

Isaac. Egad, a very pretty black-eyed girl! she has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos. First, ma'am, I must beg the favour of your name.

Don. Louisa. [*Aside.*] So! it's well I am provided.—[*Aloud.*] My name, sir, is Donna Clara d'Almanza.

Isaac. What? Don Guzman's daughter? I'faith, I just now heard she was missing.

Don. Louisa. But sure, sir, you have too much gallantry and honour to betray me, whose fault is love?

Isaac. So! a passion for me! poor girl! Why, ma'am, as for betraying you, I don't see how I could get anything by it; so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

Don. Louisa. Why so, signor?

Isaac. Because I am positively engaged to another—an't I, Carlos?

Don. Louisa. Nay, but hear me.

Isaac. No, no; what should I hear for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and for anything else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, who would want to cut my throat for my civility—so, truly, you had best go home again.

Don. Louisa. [*Aside.*] Odious wretch!—[*Aloud.*] But, good signor, it is Antonio d'Ercilla on whose account I have eloped.

Isaac. How! what! it is not with me, then, that you are in love?

Don. Louisa. No, indeed, it is not.

Isaac. Then you are a forward, impertinent simpleton! and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

Don. Louisa. Is this your gallantry?

Isaac. Yet hold—Antonio d'Ercilla, did you say? egad, I may make something of this—Antonio d'Ercilla?

Don. Louisa. Yes; and, if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

Isaac. By St. Iago and I will too!—Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa. Now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself; hey, Carlos! A lucky thought, isn't it?

Don Car. Yes, very good—very good!

Isaac. Ah! this little brain is never at a loss—cunning Isaac! cunning rogue! Donna Clara, will you trust yourself awhile to my friend's direction?

Don. Louisa. May I rely on you, good signor?

Don Car. Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

AIR.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

Isaac. Conduct the lady to my lodgings, Carlos; I must haste to Don Jerome. Perhaps you know Louisa, ma'am. She 's divinely handsome, isn't she?

Don. Louisa. You must excuse me not joining with you.

Isaac. Why, I have heard it on all hands.

Don. Louisa. Her father is uncommonly partial to her; but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

Isaac. Carlos, this is all envy.—You pretty girls never speak well of one another.—[*To* DON CARLOS.] Hark ye, find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant. Oh, 'twas the luckiest thought! Donna Clara, your very obedient. Carlos, to your post.

DUET.

Isaac.

My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
Or how can I hope for a smile?

Don. Louisa.

Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,
But think what I suffer the while!
Alone, and away from the man whom I love,
In strangers I'm forced to confide.

Isaac.

Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove
Your servant, protector, and guide.

AIR.—*Don Carlos.*

Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.

TRIO.

Don. Louisa. Never mayst thou happy be,
If in aught thou'rt false to me.
Isaac. Never may he happy be,
If in aught he's false to thee.
Don Car. Never may I happy be,
If in aught I'm false to thee.
Don. Louisa. Never mayst thou, &c.
Isaac. Never may he, &c.
Don Car. Never may I, &c. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Library in* DON JEROME'S *House.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* ISAAC.

Don Jer. Ha! ha! ha! run away from her father! has she given him the slip? Ha! ha! ha! poor Don Guzman!

Isaac. Aye, and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means you see I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter—this is a trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, hey?

Don Jer. Excellent! excellent! yes, yes, carry her to him, hamper him by all means, ha! ha! ha! Poor Don Guzman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

Isaac. Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that 's the truth on't.

Don Jer. Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with. Why don't my girl play me such a trick? Let her cunning over-reach my caution, I say—hey, little Isaac!

Isaac. True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of me!—No, no, egad! little Solomon (as my aunt used to call me) understands tricking a little too well.

Don Jer. Aye, but such a driveller as Don Guzman!

Isaac. And such a dupe as Antonio!

Don Jer. True; never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons! But come, 'tis time you should see my daughter—you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac.

Isaac. Sir, you'll introduce——

Don Jer. No—I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to her till she renounces her disobedience; win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

Isaac. Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect

beauty—now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

Song.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care;
If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair:
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too 's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

Don Jer. You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

Isaac. Oh, Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance——

Don Jer. Aye, but her beauty will affect you—she is, though I say it, who am her father, a very prodigy. There you will see features with an eye like mine—yes, i'faith, there is a kind of wicked sparkling—something of a roguish brightness, that shows her to be my own.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Don Jer. Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Don Jer. Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Don Jer. Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spangled here and there with a golden freckle.

Isaac. Charming pretty rogue! pray how is the tone of her voice?

Don Jer. Remarkably pleasing—but if you could prevail on her to sing, you would be enchanted—she is a nightingale—a Virginia nightingale! But come, come; her maid shall conduct you to her ante-chamber.

Isaac. Well, egad, I'll pluck up resolution, and meet her frowns intrepidly.

Don Jer. Aye! woo her briskly—win her, and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

Isaac. But hold—I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here. If he comes, will you send him to me?

Don Jer. I will. Lauretta!—[*Calls.*]—Come—she'll show you to the room. What! do you droop? here's a mournful face to make love with! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—DONNA LOUISA'S *Dressing-room.*

Enter ISAAC *and* MAID.

Maid. Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently. [*Goes to the door.*

Isaac. When she's at leisure—don't hurry her.—[*Exit* MAID.]—I wish I had ever practised a love-scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I couldn't be more afraid if I was going before the Inquisition. So, the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter DUENNA, *dressed as* DONNA LOUISA.

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me—her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duen. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] So! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too!—[*Aloud.*] Hem! madam—miss—I'm all attention.

Duen. Nay, sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Egad, this isn't so disdainful neither: I believe I may venture to look. No—I dar'n't—one glance of those roguish sparklers would fix me again.

Duen. You seem thoughtful, sir. Let me persuade you to sit down.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] So, so; she mollifies apace—she's struck with my figure! this attitude has had its effect.

Duen. Come, sir, here 's a chair.

Isaac. Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me—that a lady so lovely should deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so.

[*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*

Duen. You seem surprised at my condescension.

Isaac. Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprised at it.—[*Aside.*] Zounds! this can never be Louisa—she 's as old as my mother!

Duen. But former prepossessions give way to my father's commands.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Her father! Yes, 'tis she, then.—Lord, Lord; how blind some parents are!

Duen. Signor Isaac!

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Truly, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air, indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune, and not her person.

Duen. Signor, won't you sit? [*She sits.*

Isaac. Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam.—[*Aside.*] She has the devil's own dimples, to be sure!

Duen. I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at my affability. I own, signor, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and, being teased by my father,

I did give some encouragement to Antonio; but then, sir, you were described to me as quite a different person.

Isaac. Aye, and so you were to me, upon my soul, madam.

Duen. But when I saw you I was never more struck in my life.

Isaac. That was just my case too, madam: I was struck all on a heap, for my part.

Duen. Well, sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual—you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little black, snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners, or address.

Isaac. Egad, I wish she had answered her picture as well! [*Aside.*

Duen. But, sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile!

Isaac. Egad, now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly! [*Aside.*

Duen. So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman

Isaac. Well, certainly, there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice. [*Aside.*

Duen. You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceived has given me such a flow of spirits!

Isaac. Oh, dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness?—[*Kisses her.*] Why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that 's the truth on't. [*Aside.*

Duen. O sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed, you should get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss a hedgehog.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Yes, ma'am, the razor wouldn't be amiss—for either of us.—[*Aloud.*] Could you favour me with a song?

Duen. Willingly, sir, though I am rather hoarse—ahem! [*Begins to sing.*

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Very like a Virginia nightingale!—

[*Aloud.*] Ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress——

Duen. Oh, not in the least distressed. Now, sir.

SONG.

When a tender maid
Is first assay'd
By some admiring swain,
How her blushes rise
If she meet his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain!
If he takes her hand, she trembles quite!
Touch her lips, and she swoons outright!
While a-pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer signs of fear;
The youth she boldly views:
If her hand he grasp,
Or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues!
Then to church well pleased the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove;
And a-pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love.

Isaac. Charming, ma'am! enchanting! and, truly, your notes put me in mind of one that 's very dear to me—a lady, indeed, whom you greatly resemble!

Duen. How! is there, then, another so dear to you?

Isaac. Oh, no, ma'am, you mistake; it was my mother I meant.

Duen. Come, sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

Isaac. It is very true, indeed, ma'am; but it is a judgement, I look on it as a judgement on me, for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to

complete my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duen. Sir, I must frankly own to you, that I can never be yours with my father's consent.

Isaac. Good lack! how so?

Duen. When my father, in his passion, swore he would never see me again till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow, that I would never take a husband from his hand; nothing shall make me break that oath: but, if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isaac. Hum!

Duen. Nay, sir, if you hesitate——

Isaac. [*Aside.*] I'faith, no bad whim this! If I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus I shall not only cheat the lover, but the father too. Oh, cunning rogue, Isaac! aye, aye, let this little brain alone! Egad, I'll take her in the mind!

Duen. Well, sir, what's your determination?

Isaac. Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which thus let me, on this lily hand, express my gratitude.

Duen. Well, sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

Isaac. No, to be sure, that would spoil all: but trust me when tricking is the word, let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you shall be out of his power.

Duen. Well, I leave the management of it all to you; I perceive plainly, sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

Isaac. Egad, you're right, madam—you're right, i'faith.

Re-enter MAID.

Maid. Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with Signor Isaac.

Isaac. A friend of mine, ma'am, and a trusty friend

—let him come in.—[*Exit* MAID.] He is one to be depended on, ma'am.

Enter DON CARLOS.

So, coz. [*Talks apart with* DON CARLOS.

Don Car. I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings, but can nowhere find Antonio.

Isaac. Well, I will search him out myself.—Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper!

Don Car. Where is your mistress?

Isaac. There, you booby, there she stands.

Don Car. Why, she 's damned ugly!

Isaac. Hush! [*Stops his mouth.*

Duen. What is your friend saying, signor?

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, he is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before. Eh, Carlos?

Don Car. Aye, such as I never saw before, indeed!

Duen. You are a very obliging gentleman. Well, Signor Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of those divine beauties. Adieu, idol of my soul!—yet once more permit me—— [*Kisses her.*

Duen. Sweet, courteous sir, adieu!

Isaac. Your slave eternally!—Come, Carlos, say something civil at taking leave.

Don Car. I'faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw; however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

SONG.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry grace of feature.
Oh, how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty—
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty!
Oh, how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit!
Thus while you live
May fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Library in* DON JEROME'S *House.*

DON JEROME *and* DON FERDINAND *discovered.*

Don Jer. Object to Antonio! I have said it. His poverty, can you acquit him of that?

Don Ferd. Sir, I own he is not over-rich; but he is of as ancient and honourable a family as any in the kingdom.

Don Jer. Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

Don Ferd. Antonio, sir, has many amiable qualities.

Don Jer. But he is poor; can you clear him of that, I say? Is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squandered his patrimony?

Don Ferd. Sir, he inherited but little; and that, his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stripped him of; but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Don Jer. Psha! you talk like a blockhead! nobility, without an estate, is as ridiculous as gold lace on a frieze coat.

Don Ferd. This language, sir, would better become a Dutch or English trader than a Spaniard.

Don Jer. Yes; and those Dutch and English traders, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England they were formerly as nice, as to birth and family, as we are: but they have long discovered what

a wonderful purifier gold is; and now, no one there regards pedigree in anything but a horse. Oh, here comes Isaac! I hope he has prospered in his suit.

Don Ferd. Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have helped his suit surprisingly.

Don Jer. How now? [DON FERDINAND *walks aside.*

Enter ISAAC.

Well, my friend, have you softened her?

Isaac. Oh, yes; I have softened her.

Don Jer. What, does she come to?

Isaac. Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

Don Jer. And the dear little angel was civil, eh?

Isaac. Yes, the pretty little angel was very civil.

Don Jer. I'm transported to hear it! Well, and you were astonished at her beauty, hey?

Isaac. I was astonished, indeed! Pray, how old is miss?

Don Jer. How old! let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

Isaac. Twenty?

Don Jer. Aye, to a month.

Isaac. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest-looking girl of her age in Christendom!

Don Jer. Do you think so? But, I believe, you will not see a prettier girl.

Isaac. Here and there one.

Don Jer. Louisa has the family face.

Isaac. Yes, egad, I should have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time, too. [*Aside.*

Don Jer. She has her father's eyes.

Isaac. Truly, I should have guessed them to have been so! If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see the worse. [*Aside.*

Don Jer. Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead, to a hair.

Isaac. Aye, 'faith, and her grandfather's chin, to a hair. [*Aside.*

Don Jer. Well, if she was but as dutiful as she 's handsome—and hark ye, friend Isaac, she is none of your made-up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac. I'faith, so they should—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age before her years will overtake her face.

Don Jer. Why, zounds, Master Isaac! you are not sneering, are you?

Isaac. Why now, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Don Jer. By this light, she 's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

Isaac. Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Don Jer. By St. Iago! you must be blind.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are partial.

Don Jer. How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape—if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Isaac. Good lack, with what eyes a father sees! As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this: as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw! for her eyes, their utmost merit is not squinting—for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of a harpsichord. Then, as to her singing, and heavenly voice—by this hand, she has a shrill, cracked pipe, that sounds for all the world like a child's trumpet.

Don Jer. Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? Out of my house, I say!

Don Ferd. [*Coming forward.*] Dear sir, what 's the matter?

Don Jer. Why, this Israelite here has the impudence to say your sister 's ugly.

Don Ferd. He must be either blind or insolent.

Isaac. So, I find they are all in a story. Egad, I believe I have gone too far! [*Aside.*

Don Ferd. Sure, sir, there must be some mistake; it can't be my sister whom he has seen.

Don Jer. 'Sdeath! you are as great a fool as he! What mistake can there be? Did not I lock up Louisa, and haven't I the key in my own pocket? and didn't her maid show him into the dressing-room? and yet you talk of a mistake! No, the Portuguese meant to insult me—and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword should do me justice.

Isaac. I must get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the less handsome. [*Aside.*

DUET.

Isaac.

Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend;
My mistress I love, and I value my friend:
To win her and wed her is still my request,
For better for worse—and I swear I don't jest.

Don Jer.

Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high!

Isaac.

Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high!
Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

Don Jer.

You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.

Isaac. Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking, and be serious.

Don Jer. How?

Isaac. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be hanged if you haven't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

Don Jer. You meant it so, did not you?

Isaac. Oh, mercy, no! a joke—just to try how angry it would make you.

Don Jer. Was that all, i'faith? I didn't know you had been such a wag. Ha! ha! ha! By St. Iago!

you made me very angry, though. Well, and you do think Louisa handsome?

Isaac. Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sibyl to her.

Don Jer. Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue! Egad, I thought we had been all off.

Don Ferd. So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel; but I find the Jew is too cunning. [*Aside.*

Don Jer. Aye, this gust of passion has made me dry—I am seldom ruffled. Order some wine in the next room—let us drink the poor girl's health. Poor Louisa! ugly, eh! ha! ha! ha! 'twas a very good joke, indeed!

Isaac. And a very true one, for all that. [*Aside.*

Don Jer. And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

Don Ferd. Sir, I will drink success to my friend with all my heart.

Don Jer. Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remained, this would be the only way to quench them.

TRIO.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow
That 's crabbèd when he 's mellow.
A bumper, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ISAAC'S *Lodgings.*

Enter DONNA LOUISA.

Don. Louisa. Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced as I am? I have sent my intended husband to look after my lover—the man of my father's

choice is gone to bring me the man of my own: but how dispiriting is this interval of expectation!

SONG.

What bard, O Time, discover,
  With wings first made thee move?
Ah! sure it was some lover
  Who ne'er had left his love!
  For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
  Though but one day
  He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?
    What bard, &c.

Enter DON CARLOS.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

Don Car. I could not meet with him, lady; but I doubt not my friend Isaac will be here with him presently.

Don. Louisa. Oh, shame! you have used no diligence. Is this your courtesy to a lady, who has trusted herself to your protection?

Don Car. Indeed, madam, I have not been remiss.

Don. Louisa. Well, well; but if either of you had known how each moment of delay weighs upon the heart of her who loves, and waits the object of her love, oh, ye would not then have trifled thus!

Don Car. Alas, I know it well!

Don. Louisa. Were you ever in love, then?

Don Car. I was, lady; but, while I have life, will never be again.

Don. Louisa. Was your mistress so cruel?

Don Car. If she had always been so, I should have been happier.

SONG.

Oh, had my love ne'er smiled on me,
  I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
  To bid me cease to languish;

To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perish'd;
And then, with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it.
Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it;
Not worse his fate, his woe, to find
The wreck must sink ere near it!

Don. Louisa. As I live, here is your friend coming with Antonio! I'll retire for a moment to surprise him. [*Exit.*

Enter ISAAC *and* DON ANTONIO.

Don Ant. Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken. Clara d'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible!

Isaac. That you shall see in an instant. Carlos, where is the lady?—[DON CARLOS *points to the door.*] In the next room, is she?

Don Ant. Nay, if that lady is really here, she certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isaac. Psha! I tell you 'tis no such thing—you are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you!

Don Ant. But I have no affection for this lady.

Isaac. And you have for Louisa, hey? But take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there—so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

Don Ant. And could you reconcile it to your conscience to supplant your friend?

Isaac. Pish! Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. Why, you are no honest fellow if love can't make a rogue of you—so come, do go in and speak to her, at least.

Don Ant. Well, I have no objection to that.

Isaac. [*Opens the door.*] There—there she is—yonder by the window—get in, do.—[*Pushes him in, and half shuts the door.*] Now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him, I warrant! Stay, I'll peep how they go on. Egad, he looks confoundedly posed! Now she's coaxing him. See, Carlos, he begins to come to—aye, aye, he'll soon forget his conscience.

Don Car. Look—now they are both laughing!

Isaac. Aye, so they are—yes, yes, they are laughing at that dear friend he talked of—aye, poor devil, they have outwitted him.

Don Car. Now he's kissing her hand.

Isaac. Yes, yes, 'faith, they're agreed—he's caught, he's entangled. My dear Carlos, we have brought it about. Oh, this little cunning head! I'm a Machiavel—a very Machiavel!

Don Car. I hear somebody inquiring for you—I'll see who it is. [*Exit.*

Re-enter DON ANTONIO *and* DONNA LOUISA.

Don Ant. Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinced me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

Isaac. You never did a wiser thing, believe me; and, as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, ma'am?

Don. Louisa. Certainly, sir; and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Isaac. O Lud! yes, ma'am—let any one outwit me that can, I say! But here, let me join your hands. There, you lucky rogue! I wish you happily married, from the bottom of my soul!

Don. Louisa. And I am sure, if you wish it, no one else should prevent it.

Isaac. Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more; so let us be friends, will you?

Don Ant. With all my heart, Isaac.

Isaac. It is not every man, let me tell you, that

would have taken such pains, or been so generous to a rival.

Don Ant. No, 'faith, I don't believe there 's another beside yourself in all Spain.

Isaac. Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady ?

Don Ant. That I do, most sincerely.

Isaac. I doubt you have a little hankering there still.

Don Ant. None in the least, upon my soul.

Isaac. I mean after her fortune.

Don Ant. No, believe me. You are heartily welcome to everything she has.

Isaac. Well, i'faith, you have the best of the bargain as to beauty, twenty to one. Now I'll tell you a secret —I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

Don. Louisa. Indeed !

Isaac. Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand—so I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

Don. Louisa. And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this ?

Isaac. O Lud, no ! there lies the jest. Don't you see that, by this step, I over-reach him ? I shall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without settling a ducat on her. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I'm a cunning dog, an't I ? a sly little villain, eh ?

Don Ant. Ha ! ha ! ha ! you are indeed !

Isaac. Roguish, you'll say, but keen, hey ? devilish keen ?

Don Ant. So you are indeed—keen—very keen.

Isaac. And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's when the truth comes out ! hey ?

Don. Louisa. Yes, I'll answer for it, we shall have a good laugh when the truth comes out. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Don Car. Here are the dancers come to practise the

fandango you intended to have honoured Donna Louisa with.

Isaac. Oh, I shan't want them; but, as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money. Will you excuse me?

Don. Louisa. Willingly.

Isaac. Here's my friend, whom you may command for any service. Madam, your most obedient—Antonio, I wish you all happiness.—[*Aside.*] Oh, the easy blockhead! what a tool I have made of him!—This was a masterpiece! [*Exit.*

Don. Louisa. Carlos, will you be my guard again, and convey me to the convent of St. Catharine?

Don Ant. Why, Louisa—why should you go there?

Don. Louisa. I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me; I shall write from thence to my father; perhaps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

Don Ant. I have no hope from him. O Louisa! in these arms should be your sanctuary.

Don. Louisa. Be patient but for a little while—my father cannot force me from thence. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

Don Ant. I shall obey.

Don. Louisa. Come, friend.—Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

Don Ant. Then he knows the value of his trust.

Don Car. You shall not find me unfaithful.

TRIO.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest;
As wandering saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows every heart he once has sway'd,
And, when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Library in* DON JEROME'S *House.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* SERVANT.

Don Jer. Why, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza! What! steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry—elope with her own husband, as it were—it is impossible!

Serv. Her maid says, sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden while you were abroad. The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since. [*Exit.*

Don Jer. Well, it is the most unaccountable affair! 'sdeath! there is certainly some infernal mystery in it I can't comprehend!

Enter SECOND SERVANT, *with a letter.*

Serv. Here is a letter, sir, from Signor Isaac. [*Exit.*

Don Jer. So, so, this will explain—aye, Isaac Mendoza—let me see—— [*Reads.*

'Dearest Sir,

'You must doubtless be much surprised at my flight with your daughter!'—yes, 'faith, and well I may—'I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview'—The devil you had!—'but, she having unfortunately made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim!'—So, so!—'We shall shortly throw ourselves at your feet, and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one, who will then be your son-in-law,

'ISAAC MENDOZA.'

A whim, hey? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think! This morning she would die sooner than have him, and before evening she runs away with him! Well, well, my will's accomplished—let the motive be what it will—and the Portuguese, sure, will never deny to fulfil the rest of the article.

Re-enter SERVANT, *with another letter.*

Serv. Sir, here 's a man below, who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa. [*Exit.*

Don Jer. How! yes, it 's my daughter's hand, indeed! Lord, there was no occasion for them both to write; well, let 's see what she says. [*Reads.*

'My dearest Father,

'How shall I entreat your pardon for the rash step I have taken—how confess the motive?'—Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive?—one would think they weren't together when they wrote.—'If I have a spirit too resentful of ill usage, I have also a heart as easily affected by kindness.'—So, so, here the whole matter comes out; her resentment for Antonio's ill usage has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness—yes, yes, it is all plain enough. Well.—'I am not married yet, though with a man who, I am convinced, adores me.'—Yes, yes, I dare say Isaac is very fond of her.—'But I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which, should I be so fortunate as to receive your consent, you will make completely happy your ever affectionate daughter,

'LOUISA.'

My consent! to be sure she shall have it! Egad, I was never better pleased—I have fulfilled my resolution—I knew I should. Oh, there 's nothing like obstinacy! Lewis! [*Calls.*

Re-enter SERVANT.

Let the man who brought the last letter, wait; and get me a pen and ink below.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest. Holloa! Lewis! Sancho! [*Calls.*

Enter SERVANTS.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the saloon to-night; serve up my best wines, and let me have music, d'ye hear?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Don Jer. And order all my doors to be thrown open; admit all guests, with masks or without masks.—

[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.] I'faith, we'll have a night of it! and I'll let them see how merry an old man can be.

SONG.

Oh, the days when I was young,
  When I laugh'd in fortune's spite;
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
  And with nectar crown'd the night!
Then it was, old Father Care,
  Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
  And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
  Why, I vow I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
  There it always lay for me;
For when sparkling wine went round,
  Never saw I falsehood's mask;
But still honest truth I found
  In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
  I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
  And the few I have are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou mayst boast
  While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
  Glows a spark of youthful fire. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The New Piazza.*

Enter DON FERDINAND *and* LOPEZ.

Don Ferd. What, could you gather no tidings of her? nor guess where she was gone? O Clara! Clara!

Lop. In truth, sir, I could not. That she was run away from her father was in everybody's mouth; and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her was also a very

common report. Where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon them to say.

Don Ferd. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead! she can't be out of Seville.

Lop. So I said to myself, sir. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead, says I, she can't be out of Seville. Then some said, she had hanged herself for love; and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Don Ferd. 'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lop. Then I misunderstood them, sir.

Don Ferd. Go, fool, get home! and never let me see you again till you bring me news of her.—[*Exit* LOPEZ.] Oh, how my fondness for this ungrateful girl has hurt my disposition.

Enter ISAAC.

Isaac. So, I have her safe, and have only to find a priest to marry us. Antonio now may marry Clara, or not, if he pleases.

Don Ferd. What! what was that you said of Clara?

Isaac. Oh, Ferdinand! my brother-in-law that shall be, who thought of meeting you?

Don Ferd. But what of Clara?

Isaac. I'faith, you shall hear. This morning, as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begged my protection.

Don Ferd. How!

Isaac. She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville was the cause.

Don Ferd. O heavens! did she confess it?

Isaac. Oh, yes, she confessed at once. But then, says she, my lover is not informed of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

Don Ferd. [*Aside.*] Dear creature! no more I did, indeed! Oh, I am the happiest fellow!—[*Aloud.*] Well, Isaac?

Isaac. Why then she entreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Don Ferd. Good heavens, how lucky! Well, come along; let 's lose no time. [*Pulling him.*

Isaac. Zooks! where are we to go?

Don Ferd. Why, did anything more pass?

Isaac. Anything more! yes; the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches, and complied with her desires.

Don Ferd. Well, and where is she?

Isaac. Where is she! why, don't I tell you? I complied with her request, and left her safe in the arms of her lover.

Don Ferd. 'Sdeath, you trifle with me!—I have never seen her.

Isaac. You! O Lud, no! how the devil should you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted; and with Antonio I left her.

Don Ferd. [*Aside.*] Hell and madness!—[*Aloud.*] What, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Isaac. Aye, aye, the very man; and the best part of it was, he was shy of taking her at first. He talked a good deal about honour, and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, Lord, we soon overruled that!

Don Ferd. You did!

Isaac. Oh, yes, presently.—Such deceit! says he.—Pish! says the lady, tricking is all fair in love. But then, my friend, says he.—Psha! damn your friend, says I. So, poor wretch, he has no chance.—No, no; he may hang himself as soon as he pleases.

Don Ferd. I must go, or I shall betray myself. [*Aside.*

Isaac. But stay, Ferdinand, you ha'n't heard the best of the joke.

Don Ferd. Curse on your joke!

Isaac. Good lack! what 's the matter now? thought to have diverted you.

Don Ferd. Be racked! tortured! damned!

Isaac. Why, sure you are not the poor devil of a lover, are you?—I'faith, as sure as can be, he is! This is a better joke than t'other. Ha! ha! ha!

Don Ferd. What! do you laugh? you vile, mis-

chievous varlet!—[*Collars him.*]—But that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out!

[*Throws him from him.*

Isaac. Oh, mercy! here 's usage for a brother-in-law.

Don Ferd. But, hark ye, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone, or, by my soul——

[*Draws.*

Isaac. For Heaven's sake, now, my dear brother-in-law, don't be in a rage! I'll recollect as well as I can.

Don Ferd. Be quick, then!

Isaac. I will, I will!—but people's memories differ; some have a treacherous memory: now mine is a cowardly memory—it takes to its heels at sight of a drawn sword, it does, i'faith; and I could as soon fight as recollect.

Don Ferd. Zounds! tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

Isaac. No, no, I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law; but that ill-looking thing there——

Don Ferd. What, then, you won't tell me?

Isaac. Yes, yes, I will; I'll tell you all, upon my soul!—but why need you listen, sword in hand?

Don Ferd. Why, there.—[*Puts up.*] Now.

Isaac. Why, then, I believe they are gone to—that is, my friend Carlos told me, he had left Donna Clara—dear Ferdinand, keep your hands off—at the convent of St. Catharine.

Don Ferd. St. Catharine!

Isaac. Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

Don Ferd. Is this the truth?

Isaac. It is, indeed; and all I know, as I hope for life!

Don Ferd. Well, coward, take your life! 'tis that false, dishonourable Antonio, who shall feel my vengeance.

Isaac. Aye, aye, kill him; cut his throat, and welcome.

Don Ferd. But, for Clara! infamy on her! she is not worth my resentment.

Isaac. No more she is, my dear brother-in-law. I'faith, I would not be angry about her; she is not worth it, indeed.

Don Ferd. 'Tis false! she is worth the enmity of princes!

Isaac. True, true, so she is; and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

Don Ferd. 'Sdeath, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me?

Isaac. Oh, dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon! I don't pity you in the least, upon my soul!

Don Ferd. Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further; nothing but your insignificance saves you!

Isaac. [*Aside.*] I'faith, then, my insignificance is the best friend I have—[*Aloud.*] I'm going, dear Ferdinand.—[*Aside.*] What a curst hot-headed bully it is! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Convent.*

Enter DONNA LOUISA *and* DONNA CLARA.

Don. Louisa. And you really wish my brother may not find you out?

Don. Clara. Why else have I concealed myself under this disguise?

Don. Louisa. Why, perhaps, because the dress becomes you; for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

Don. Clara. If, indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so last night——

Don. Louisa. Come, come, it was his fear of losing you made him so rash.

Don. Clara. Well, you may think me cruel, but I swear, if he were here this instant, I believe I should forgive him.

SONG.

By him we love offended,
  How soon our anger flies!
One day apart, 'tis ended;
  Behold him, and it dies.

Last night your roving brother,
  Enraged, I bade depart;
And sure his rude presumption
  Deserved to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,
  In spite of injured pride,
I fear my eyes would pardon
  Before my tongue could chide.

Don. Louisa. I protest, Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

Don. Clara. And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun would not become me best.

Don. Louisa. Why, to be sure, the character of a nun is a very becoming one at a masquerade; but no pretty woman, in her senses, ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

Don. Clara. Yonder I see your Antonio is returned —I shall only interrupt you; ah, Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him! [*Exit.*

Enter DON ANTONIO.

Don Ant. Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you?

Don. Louisa. None. The messenger is not yet returned from my father.

Don Ant. Well, I confess, I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

Don. Louisa. I shall be easier, however, in having made the trial: I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio; but there is a chilling air around poverty that often kills affection that was not nursed in it. If we would make love our household god we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

SONG.—*Don Antonio.*

How oft, Louisa, hast thou told
  (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love
  To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind,
  And by that hand I've press'd to mine,
To be the lord of wealth and power,
  By heavens, I would not part with thine!

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
  Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
  In serving thee, a monarch I.
Thus uncontroll'd, in mutual bliss,
  I rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
  And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

Enter MAID, *with a letter.*

Don. Louisa. My father's answer, I suppose.

Don Ant. My dearest Louisa, you may be assured that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

Don. Louisa. Let us see, however.—[*Reads.*] 'Dearest daughter, make your lover happy; you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure come home and sup with your affectionate father.'

Don Ant. You jest, Louisa!

Don. Louisa. [*Gives him the letter.*] Read! read!

Don Ant. 'Tis so, by heavens! Sure there must be some mistake; but that 's none of our business. Now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

Don. Louisa. Shall we not then return and thank my father?

Don Ant. But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word.—I'll fly to procure one.

Don. Louisa. Nay, if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

Don Ant. Come, then—there is a friar of a neighbouring convent is my friend; you have already been diverted by the manners of a nunnery; let us see whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

Don. Louisa. I'm afraid not, Antonio—for in religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Donna Clara.

Don. Clara. So, yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confessed affection can make them, while I am left in solitude. Heigho! love may perhaps excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend, but I am sure nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it. Ha! what do I see! Ferdinand, as I live! How could he gain admission? By potent gold, I suppose, as Antonio did. How eager and disturbed he seems! He shall not know me as yet.

[*Lets down her veil.*

Enter Don Ferdinand.

Don Ferd. Yes, those were certainly they—my information was right. [*Going.*

Don. Clara. [*Stops him.*] Pray, signor, what is your business here?

Don Ferd. No matter—no matter! Oh, they stop. —[*Looks out.*] Yes, that is the perfidious Clara indeed!

Don. Clara. So, a jealous error—I'm glad to see him so moved. [*Aside.*

Don Ferd. Her disguise can't conceal her—no, no, I know her too well.

Don. Clara. [*Aside.*] Wonderful discernment!—[*Aloud.*] But, signor——

Don Ferd. Be quiet, good nun; don't tease me!—By heavens, she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! O woman, woman!

Don. Clara. But, signor, who is it you want?

Don Ferd. Not you, not you, so prythee don't tease me. Yet, pray stay—gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

Don. Clara. Clara d'Almanza, signor, is not yet out of the garden.

Don Ferd. Aye, aye, I knew I was right! And pray is not that gentleman, now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Don. Clara. It is indeed, signor.

Don Ferd. So, so; now but one question more—

can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away ?

Don. Clara. They are gone to be married, I believe.

Don Ferd. Very well—enough. Now if I don't mar their wedding ! [*Exit.*

Don. Clara. [*Unveils.*] I thought jealousy had made lovers quick-sighted, but it has made mine blind. Louisa's story accounts to me for this error, and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy. But why should not I be present at his surprise when undeceived ? When he 's through the porch, I'll follow him ; and perhaps Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

SONG.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs !
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well !
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love !

SCENE IV.—*A Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC, *crossing the stage*, DON ANTONIO *following.*

Don Ant. What, my friend Isaac !

Isaac. What, Antonio ! wish me joy ! I have Louisa safe.

Don Ant. Have you ? I wish you joy with all my soul.

Isaac. Yes, I am come here to procure a priest to marry us.

Don Ant. So, then, we are both on the same errand. I am come to look for Father Paul.

Isaac. Ha ! I am glad on't—but, i'faith, he must tack me first ; my love is waiting.

Don Ant. So is mine—I left her in the porch.

Isaac. Aye, but I am in haste to go back to Don Jerome.

Don Ant. And so am I too.

Isaac. Well, perhaps he'll save time, and marry us both together—or I'll be your father, and you shall be mine. Come along—but you're obliged to me for all this.

Don Ant. Yes, yes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Priory.*

FATHER PAUL, FATHER FRANCIS, FATHER AUGUSTINE, *and other* FRIARS, *discovered at a table drinking.*

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle 's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine:
We, planets, that are not able
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll soon grow bright
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

Paul. Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

Fran. Have we drunk the Abbess of St. Ursuline?

Paul. Yes, yes; she was the last.

Fran. Then I'll give you the blue-eyed nun of St. Catharine's.

Paul. With all my heart.—[*Drinks.*] Pray, Brother Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?

Aug. Don Juan Corduba has left a hundred ducats, to remember him in our masses.

Paul. Has he? let them be paid to our wine-merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Anything more?

Aug. Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeathed us a thousand pistoles, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

Paul. 'Twas well meant, but we'll employ his money

better—Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead. St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, though he was.—[*Knocking.*] See who 's there.

[FATHER FRANCIS *goes to the door and opens it.*

Enter PORTER.

Port. Here 's one without, in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul.

Fran. Brother Paul!

[FATHER PAUL *comes from behind a curtain, with a glass of wine, and in his hand a piece of cake.*

Paul. Here! how durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Port. I thought they were finished.

Paul. No, they were not—were they, Brother Francis?

Fran. Not by a bottle each.

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go; no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites; ye eat and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

Port. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs! and your flushed, sleek, and pampered appearance is the disgrace of our order—out on't! If you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth? and if you are dry, isn't there the crystal spring?—[*Drinks.*] Put this away—[*gives the glass*] and show me where I'm wanted.—[PORTER *drains the glass.*—PAUL, *going, turns.*] So, you would have drunk it, if there had been any left! Ah, glutton! glutton! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC *and* DON ANTONIO.

Isaac. A plaguy while coming, this same Father Paul! He 's detained at vespers, I suppose, poor fellow.

Don Ant. No, here he comes.

Enter FATHER PAUL.

Good Father Paul, I crave your blessing.

Isaac. Yes, good Father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

Paul. What is it, pray ?

Isaac. To marry us, good Father Paul ; and in truth thou dost look the very priest of Hymen.

Paul. In short, I may be called so ; for I deal in repentance and mortification.

Isaac. No, no, thou seemest an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

Paul. Alas ! my appearance is deceitful. Bloated I am, indeed ! for fasting is a windy recreation, and it hath swollen me like a bladder.

Don Ant. But thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face, father ; rosy, i'faith !

Paul. Yes, I have blushed for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

Isaac. Good man !

Paul. And I have laboured too, but to what purpose ? they continue to sin under my very nose.

Isaac. Efecks, father, I should have guessed as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

Paul. Go, you're a wag !

Don Ant. But to the purpose, father—will you officiate for us ?

Paul. To join young people thus clandestinely is not safe: and, indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons against it.

Don Ant. And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it. Isaac, haven't you an argument or two in our favour about you ?

Isaac. Yes, yes ; here is a most unanswerable purse.

Paul. For shame ! you make me angry: you forget who I am, and when importunate people have forced their trash—aye, into this pocket here—or into this—why, then the sin was theirs.—[*They put money into his pockets.*] Fie, now, how you distress me ! I would

return it, but that I must touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

Don Ant. Now, then, come with us.

Isaac. Aye, now give us our title to joy and rapture.

Paul. Well, when your hour of repentance comes don't blame me.

Don Ant. [*Aside.*] No bad caution to my friend Isaac.—[*Aloud.*] Well, well, father, do you do your part, and I'll abide the consequence.

Isaac. Aye, and so will I.

Enter DONNA LOUISA, *running.*

Don. Louisa. Oh, Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch, and inquiring for us.

Isaac. Who? Don Ferdinand! he 's not inquiring for me, I hope.

Don Ant. Fear not, my love; I'll soon pacify him.

Isaac. Egad, you won't. Antonio, take my advice, and run away; this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog, and has the cursedest long sword!—and, upon my soul, he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

Don Ant. Never fear, never fear.

Isaac. Well, you may stay if you will; but I'll get some one to marry me; for, by St. Iago, he shall never meet me again, while I am master of a pair of heels.

[*Runs out.*—DONNA LOUISA *lets down her veil.*

Enter DON FERDINAND.

Don Ferd. So, sir, I have met with you at last.

Don Ant. Well, sir.

Don Ferd. Base, treacherous man! whence can a false, deceitful soul, like yours, borrow confidence, to look so steadily on the man you've injured?

Don Ant. Ferdinand, you are too warm: 'tis true you find me on the point of wedding one I loved beyond my life; but no argument of mine prevailed on her to elope—I scorn deceit, as much as you. By Heaven, I knew not that she had left her father's till I saw her!

Don Ferd. What a mean excuse! You have wronged your friend, then, for one whose wanton forwardness anticipated your treachery—of this, indeed, your Jew pander informed me; but let your conduct be consistent, and, since you have dared to do a wrong, follow me, and show you have a spirit to avow it.

Don. Louisa. Antonio, I perceive his mistake—leave him to me.

Paul. Friend, you are rude to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

Don Ferd. No, meddling priest! the hand he seeks is mine.

Paul. If so, I'll proceed no further. Lady, did you over promise this youth your hand?

[*To* DONNA LOUISA, *who shakes her head.*

Don Ferd. Clara, I thank you for your silence—I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity; be't your punishment to remember I have not reproached you.

Enter DONNA CLARA, *veiled.*

Don. Clara. What mockery is this?

Don Ferd. Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet.

[*Going,* DONNA CLARA *holds one arm, and* DONNA LOUISA *the other.*

DUET.

Don. Louisa. Turn thee round, I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage.
Don. Clara. I must help to stay thee,
And thy wrath assuage.
Don. Louisa. Couldst thou not discover
One so dear to thee?
Don. Clara. Canst thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me? [*Both unveil.*

Don Ferd. How 's this? My sister! Clara too—I'm confounded.

Don. Louisa. 'Tis even so, good brother.

Paul. How! what impiety! did the man want to marry his own sister?

Don. Louisa. And ar'n't you ashamed of yourself not to know your own sister?

Don. Clara. To drive away your own mistress——

Don. Louisa. Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

Don. Clara. Aye, and will you ever be jealous again?

Don Ferd. Never—never!—You, sister, I know, will forgive me; but how, Clara, shall I presume——

Don. Clara. No, no; just now you told me not to tease you—'Who do you want, good signor?' 'Not you, not you!'—Oh, you blind wretch! but swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

Don Ferd. By all——

Don. Clara. There, that will do—you'll keep the oath just as well. [*Gives her hand.*

Don. Louisa. But, brother, here is one to whom some apology is due.

Don Ferd. Antonio, I am ashamed to think——

Don Ant. Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand—I have not been in love myself without learning that a lover's anger should never be resented. But come—let us retire with this good father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oft does Hymen smile to hear
  Wordy vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere,
  Never slow to give reward:
For his glory is to prove
Kind to those who wed for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Grand Saloon in* DON JEROME'S *House.*

Enter DON JEROME, LOPEZ, *and* SERVANTS.

Don Jer. Be sure, now, let everything be in the best order—let all my servants have on their merriest faces: but tell them to get as little drunk as possible, till after

supper.—[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.] So, Lopez, where 's your master ? shan't we have him at supper ?

Lop. Indeed, I believe, not, sir—he 's mad, I doubt ! I'm sure he has frighted me from him.

Don Jer. Aye, aye, he 's after some wench, I suppose: a young rake ! Well, well, we'll be merry without him. [*Exit* LOPEZ.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here is Signor Isaac. [*Exit.*

Enter ISAAC.

Don Jer. So, my dear son-in-law—there, take my blessing and forgiveness. But where 's my daughter ? where 's Louisa ?

Isaac. She 's without, impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Don Jer. Oh, fly and bring her in.—[*Exit* ISAAC.] Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

Isaac. [*Without.*] Come, my charmer ! my trembling angel !

Re-enter ISAAC *with* DUENNA ; DON JEROME *runs to meet them ; she kneels.*

Don Jer. Come to my arms, my—[*Starts back.*] Why, who the devil have we here ?

Isaac. Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness ; see how the dear creature droops !

Don Jer. Droops, indeed ! Why, Gad take me, this is old Margaret ! But where 's my daughter ? where 's Louisa ?

Isaac. Why, here, before your eyes—nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife !

Don Jer. Wife with a vengeance ! Why, zounds, you have not married the Duenna !

Duen. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, dear papa ! you'll not disown me, sure !

Don Jer. Papa ! papa ! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness !

Isaac. Rise, my charmer, go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are——

Duen. O sir, forgive me! [*Embraces him.*

Don Jer. Help! murder!

Enter SERVANTS.

Serv. What 's the matter, sir?

Don Jer. Why, here, this damned Jew has brought an old harridan to strangle me.

Isaac. Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard-hearted he won't forgive her!

Enter DON ANTONIO *and* DONNA LOUISA; *they kneel.*

Don Jer. Zounds and fury! what 's here now? who sent for you, sir, and who the devil are you?

Don Ant. This lady's husband, sir.

Isaac. Aye, that he is, I'll be sworn; for I left them with a priest, and was to have given her away.

Don Jer. You were?

Isaac. Aye; that 's my honest friend, Antonio; and that 's the little girl I told you I had hampered him with.

Don Jer. Why, you are either drunk or mad—this is my daughter.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think—here 's your daughter.

Don Jer. Hark ye, old iniquity! will you explain all this, or not?

Duen. Come then, Don Jerome, I will—though our habits might inform you all. Look on your daughter, there, and on me.

Isaac. What 's this I hear?

Duen. The truth is, that in your passion this morning you made a small mistake; for you turned your daughter out of doors, and locked up your humble servant.

Isaac. O Lud! O Lud! here 's a pretty fellow, to turn his daughter out of doors, instead of an old Duenna!

Don Jer. And, O Lud! O Lud! here 's a pretty

fellow, to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter! But how came the rest about?

Duen. I have only to add, that I remained in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isaac. Her husband! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now? This is a trick, a cheat! and you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

Don Ant. Hark ye, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking? Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portuguese has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to over-reach you, by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

Don Jer. Over-reach me!

Don. Louisa. 'Tis so, indeed, sir, and we can prove it to you.

Don Jer. Why, Gad take me, it must be so, or he could never have put up with such a face as Margaret's—so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife, with all my soul.

Don. Louisa. Isaac, tricking is all fair in love—let you alone for the plot!

Don Ant. A cunning dog, ar'n't you? A sly little villain, eh?

Don. Louisa. Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen!

Don Jer. Yes, yes; his aunt always called him little Solomon.

Isaac. Why, the plagues of Egypt upon you all!—but do you think I'll submit to such an imposition?

Don Ant. Isaac, one serious word—you'd better be content as you are; for, believe me, you will find that, in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isaac. I don't care—I'll not endure this. Don Jerome, 'tis you have done this—you would be so cursed positive about the beauty of her you locked

up, and all the time I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the devil.

Duen. Why, you little insignificant reptile!——

Don Jer. That 's right!—attack him, Margaret.

Duen. Dare such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty?—A walking rouleau!—a body that seems to owe all its consequence to the dropsy!—a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough!—a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey!

Don Jer. Well done, Margaret!

Duen. But you shall know that I have a brother who wears a sword—and, if you don't do me justice——

Isaac. Fire seize your brother, and you too! I'll fly to Jerusalem to avoid you!

Duen. Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Don Jer. Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret.—[*Exeunt* ISAAC *and* DUENNA.] But, Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman?

Don. Louisa. Sir, in obedience to your commands, I gave him my hand within this hour.

Don Jer. My commands!

Don Ant. Yes, sir; here is your consent, under your own hand.

Don Jer. How! would you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence? and do you think to get her fortune by the same means? Why, 'slife, you are as great a rogue as Isaac!

Don Ant. No, Don Jerome; though I have profited by this paper in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit. There, sir.—[*Gives a letter.*] Now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Don Jer. Why, Gad take me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow! But have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself? Here, Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours that

he 's the only man I know that would renounce your fortune ; and, by my soul, he 's the only man in Spain that 's worthy of it. There, bless you both : I'm an obstinate old fellow when I'm in the wrong ; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

Enter DON FERDINAND *and* DONNA CLARA.

Another wonder still ! Why, sirrah ! Ferdinand, you have not stole a nun, have you ?

Don Ferd. She is a nun in nothing but her habit, sir—look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara d'Almanza, Don Guzman's daughter ; and, with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Don Jer. Gadsbud, and a great fortune ! Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue, and I forgive you : and, efecks, you are a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue !

Don. Clara. There, old gentleman ; and now mind you behave well to us.

Don Jer. Efecks, those lips ha'n't been chilled by kissing beads ! Egad, I believe I shall grow the best-humoured fellow in Spain. Lewis ! Sancho ! Carlos ! d'ye hear ? are all my doors thrown open ? Our children's weddings are the only holidays our age can boast ; and then we drain, with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us.—[*Music within.*] But see, here come our friends and neighbours !

Enter MASQUERADERS.

And, i'faith, we'll make a night on't, with wine, and dance, and catches—then old and young shall join us.

FINALE.

Don Jer.

Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
 Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
 Till we banish care away.

Don. Louisa.

Thus crown'd with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees
Can never fail to please.

Don Ferd.

Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Don Ant.

Then healths to every friend
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees
Can never fail to please.

Don. Clara.

Nor, while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us;
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Don Jer.

For generous guests like these
Accept the wish to please,
So we'll laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

A COMEDY

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET
1823

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE,
MAY 8, 1777.

MEN.

SIR PETER TEAZLE . .	Mr. King.
SIR OLIVER SURFACE . .	Mr. Yates.
JOSEPH SURFACE . . .	Mr. Palmer.
CHARLES SURFACE . . .	Mr. Smith.
CRABTREE	Mr. Parsons.
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE	Mr. Dodd.
ROWLEY	Mr. Aickin.
MOSES	Mr. Baddeley.
TRIP	Mr. Lamash.
SNAKE	Mr. Packer.
CARELESS	Mr. Farren.
SIR HARRY BUMPER . .	Mr. Gawdry.

WOMEN.

LADY TEAZLE	Mrs. Abington.
MARIA	Miss P. Hopkins.
LADY SNEERWELL . .	Miss Sherry.
MRS. CANDOUR . . .	Miss Pope.

A PORTRAIT

ADDRESSED TO MRS. CREWE, WITH THE COMEDY OF 'THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL'

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

TELL me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule,
Lives there no character, so tried, so known,
So deck'd with grace, and so unlike your own,
That even you assist her fame to raise,
Approve by envy, and by silence praise!—
Attend!—a model shall attract your view—
Daughters of calumny, I summon you!
You shall decide if this a portrait prove,
Or fond creation of the Muse and Love.—
Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,
Ye matron censors of this childish age,
Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare
A fix'd antipathy to young and fair;
By cunning, cautious; or by nature, cold,
In maiden madness, virulently bold!—
Attend! ye skilled to coin the precious tale,
Creating proof, where innuendoes fail!
Whose practised memories, cruelly exact,
Omit no circumstance, except the fact!—
Attend, all ye who boast,—or old or young,—
The living libel of a slanderous tongue!
So shall my theme as far contrasted be,
As saints by fiends, or hymns by calumny.
Come, gentle Amoret (for 'neath that name,
In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame);
Come—for but thee who seeks the Muse? and while
Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile,
With timid grace, and hesitating eye,
The perfect model, which I boast, supply:—

Vain Muse! couldst thou the humblest sketch create
Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate—
Could thy blest strain in kindred colours trace
The faintest wonder of her form and face—
Poets would study the immortal line,
And *Reynolds* own *his* art subdued by thine;
That art, which well might added lustre give
To Nature's best, and Heaven's superlative:
On *Granby's* cheek might bid new glories rise,
Or point a purer beam from *Devon's* eyes!
Hard is the task to shape that beauty's praise,
Whose judgement scorns the homage flattery pays!
But praising Amoret we cannot err,
No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her!
Yet she by Fate's perverseness—she alone
Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise her own!
Adorning Fashion, unadorn'd by dress,
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness;
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild:
No state has *Amoret!* no studied mien;
She frowns *no goddess*, and she moves *no queen*.
The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise;
It justly suits th' expression of her face,—
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace!
On her pure cheek the native hue is such,
That form'd by Heav'n to be admired so much,
The hand divine, with a less partial care,
Might well have fix'd a fainter crimson there,
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast,—
Enshrined Modesty!—supply the rest.
But who the peril of her lips shall paint?
Strip them of smiles—still, still all words are faint!
But moving Love himself appears to teach
Their action, though denied to rule her speech;
And thou who seest her speak and dost not hear,
Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear;
Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pretence
To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense:

Cloth'd with such grace, with such expression fraught,
They move in meaning, and they pause in thought!
But dost thou farther watch, with charm'd surprise,
The mild irresolution of her eyes,
Curious to mark how frequent they repose,
In brief eclipse and momentary close—
Ah! seest thou not an ambush'd Cupid there,
Too tim'rous of his charge, with jealous care
Veils and unveils those beams of heav'nly light,
Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight?
Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,
In pard'ning dimples hope a safe retreat.
What though her peaceful breast should ne'er allow
Subduing frowns to arm her alter'd brow,
By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,
More fatal still the mercy of her smiles!
Thus lovely, thus adorn'd, possessing all
Of bright or fair that can to woman fall,
The height of vanity might well be thought
Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.
Yet gentle *Amoret*, in mind supreme
As well as charms, rejects the vainer theme;
And half mistrustful of her beauty's store,
She barbs with wit those darts too keen before:—
Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,
Though *Greville*, or the *Muse*, should deign to teach,
Fond to improve, nor tim'rous to discern
How far it is a woman's grace to learn;
In *Millar's* dialect she would not prove
Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love,
Graced by those signs, which truth delights to own,
The timid blush, and mild submitted tone:
Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout,
Displays the tender hue of female doubt;
Deck'd with that charm, how lovely *wit* appears,
How graceful *science*, when that robe she wears!
Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,
As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined,
A taste for mirth, by contemplation school'd,
A turn for ridicule, by candour ruled,

A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide;
An awe of talent, which she owns with pride!
  Peace! idle Muse,—no more thy strain prolong,
But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong;
Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise
Thy feeble verse, behold th' acknowledged praise
Has spread conviction though the envious train,
And cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign!
And lo! each pallid hag, with blister'd tongue,
Mutters assent to all thy zeal has sung—
Owns all the colours just—the outline true;
Thee my inspirer, and my *model*—CREWE!

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK

A SCHOOL for Scandal! tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now, the knowing think;
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit;
Crave what you will—there 's *quantum sufficit.*
'Lord!' cries my Lady *Wormwood* (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards, when threshing
Strong tea and scandal—'Bless me, how refreshing!
Give me the papers, *Lisp*—how bold and free! [*sips*]
Last night Lord L. [sips] *was caught with Lady D.*
For aching heads what charming sal volatile! [*sips*]
If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll DRAW, *or we'll* UNDRAW *the curtain.*
Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,
But, by ourselves, [*sips*] our praise we can't refuse it.

Now, *Lisp*, read you—there, at that dash and star.'
'Yes, ma'am—*A certain lord had best beware,*
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;
For should he Lady W. find willing,
Wormwood is bitter'—'Oh! that 's me, the villain!
Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door.'
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?
Alas! the devil 's sooner raised than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there 's no gagging:
Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To show his gratitude he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.
For your applause all perils he would through—
He'll fight—that 's write—a cavalliero true,
Till every drop of blood—that 's ink—is spilt for you.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

ACT I

SCENE I.—LADY SNEERWELL'S *House*.

Discovered LADY SNEERWELL *at the dressing-table;* SNAKE *drinking chocolate.*

Lady Sneer. The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

Snake. They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

Lady Sneer. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

Snake. That 's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady Sneer. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the *Town and Country Magazine*, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady Sneer. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

Snake. 'Tis very true.—She generally designs well,

has a free tongue and a bold invention ; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

Lady Sneer. You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least—everybody allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady Sneer. Yes, my dear Snake ; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

Snake. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

Lady Sneer. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family ?

Snake. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death ; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of ; the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character : the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite ; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me why you, the widow of a City knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface ; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady Sneer. Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

Snake. No!

Lady Sneer. His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

Lady Sneer. How dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice everything?

Snake. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent: but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

Lady Sneer. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England—and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

Lady Sneer. True—and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought Sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Surface.

Lady Sneer. Show him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph S. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

Lady Sneer. Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

Joseph S. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

Joseph S. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

Lady Sneer. Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you: but do your brother's distresses increase?

Joseph S. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed anything I have ever heard of.

Lady Sneer. Poor Charles!

Joseph S. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——

Lady Sneer. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

Joseph S. Egad, that 's true!—I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter;—however, it certainly is a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

Snake. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here 's company coming: I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you.—Mr. Surface, your most obedient. [*Exit* SNAKE.

Joseph S. Sir, your very devoted.—Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

Lady Sneer. Why so ?

Joseph S. I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady Sneer. And do you think he would betray us ?

Joseph S. Nothing more likely:—take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany.——Ah ! Maria !

Enter MARIA.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my dear, how do you do ?——What 's the matter ?

Maria. Oh ! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree ; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady Sneer. Is that all ?

Joseph S. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady Sneer. Nay, now you are severe ; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you would avoid him so ?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said : his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Aye, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend ; and his uncle 's as bad.

Lady Sneer. Nay, but we should make allowance—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface ?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady Sneer. Pshaw!—there 's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What 's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship 's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady Sneer. Beg her to walk in.—[*Exit* SERVANT.]—Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes,—with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I'faith that 's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady Sneer. Hush!—here she is!

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

Mrs. Can. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. O Maria! child,—what, is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. Indeed! I am very sorry, ma'am, the town is not better employed.

Mrs. Can. True, true, child: but there 's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. Can. Very true, child:—but what 's to be done? People will talk—there 's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord! there 's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. Can. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.—Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. Can. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino;—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so,—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. Can. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what 's to be done, as I said

before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir H. Boquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation.—But, Lord, do you think I would report these things?—No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs. Can. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best.—By-the-by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Lady Sneer. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crabt. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—Mrs.

Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benj. B. Oh, fie, uncle!

Crabt. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir Benj. B. Uncle, now—prythee——

Crabt. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

Lady Sneer. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir Benj. B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crabt. 'Fore Heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir Benj. B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore Gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crabt. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs. Can. What, sir, do you mean the report of——

Crabt. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. Can. Impossible!

Crabt. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. B. 'Tis true very, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crabt. Yes—and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady Sneer. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. Can. It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir Benj. B. O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. Can. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir Benj. B. True, madam,—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. Can. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crabt. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir Benj. B. Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

Lady Sneer. How was it, pray?

Crabt. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What! cries the Lady

Dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next morning everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady Sneer. Strange, indeed!

Crabt. Matter of fact, I assure you.—O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crabt. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir Benj. B. To be sure he may: for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crabt. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman:—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir Benj. B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable.—Lady Sneer-

well, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit* MARIA.

Mrs. Can. Oh dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady Sneer. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want assistance.

Mrs. Can. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit* MRS. CANDOUR.

Lady Sneer. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir Benj. B. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

Crabt. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that:—follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir Benj. B. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

Crabt. O Lud, ay! undone as ever man was. Can't raise a guinea!

Sir Benj. B. And everything sold, I'm told, that was movable.

Crabt. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots——

Sir Benj. B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [*Going.*

Crabt. Oh! he has done many mean things, that 's certain.

Sir Benj. B. But, however, as he 's your brother—— [*Going.*

Crabt. We'll tell you all another opportunity. [*Exit* CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN.

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Joseph S. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady Sneer. I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here

this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—SIR PETER'S *House.*

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir Peter T. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir Peter T. Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley. What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

Sir Peter T. A good question to a married man!

Rowley. Nay, I'm sure your lady, Sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Peter T. Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

Rowley. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Peter T. But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir Peter T. Aye; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley. You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Peter T. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the *sentiments* he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter T. What! let me hear.

Rowley. Sir Oliver *is* arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter T. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley. I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter T. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis fifteen years since we met. We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir Peter T. Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Peter T. What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, and he has been steady to his text.—Well, he must be soon at my house, though! I'll instantly give orders for his reception.—But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley. By no means.

Sir Peter T. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley. I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter T. Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a youngwife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House.*

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter T. Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter T. Old enough!—aye—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter T. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter T. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter T. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is——

Sir Peter T. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir Peter T. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter T. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter T. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter T. Aye—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter T. Aye, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter T. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter T. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a toler-

able grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to ye.

[*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*At* LADY SNEERWELL'S.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Joseph S. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Benj. B. Oh, plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crabt. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benj. B. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crabt. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph S. A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. B. Oh dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA.

Mrs. Can. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady T. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as you please.

Lady T. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Can. Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady T. What 's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Can. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

Lady Sneer. Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabt. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady T. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Can. Oh, fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

Lady T. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benj. B. True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes, but, what 's more—egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

Crabt. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she 's six and fifty if she 's an hour!

Mrs. Can. Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! there 's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen *does* take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that 's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

Sir Benj. B. Nay now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head 's modern, though the trunk 's antique.

Crabt. Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew!

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it.—What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benj. B. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady T. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were,—thus. [*Shows her teeth.*

Mrs. Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady T. Nay, I allow even that 's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were,—thus—*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady T. In defence of a friend it is but justice.—But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. Ladies, your most obedient.—Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter T. It must be very distressing to *you*, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

Mrs. Can. Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady T. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneer. That 's very true, indeed.

Lady T. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Can. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter T. Yes, a good defence, truly!

Mrs. Can. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabt. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Can. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty.

Lady Sneer. Though, surely, she is handsome still —and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Can. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter T. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter T. No, to be sure!

Sir Benj. B. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady T. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she 's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Can. Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabt. Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benj. B. So she has, indeed—an Irish front——

Crabt. Caledonian locks——

Sir Benj. B. Dutch nose——

Crabt. Austrian lips——

Sir Benj. B. Complexion of a Spaniard——

Crabt. And teeth *à la Chinois*——

Sir Benj. B. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation——

Crabt. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to

have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [*Aside.*

Lady Sneer. Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads.

Mrs. Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir Peter T. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter T. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady T. True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benj. B. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady T. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Peter T. 'Fore Heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneer. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter T. Aye, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter T. Yes, madam, I would have law mer-

chant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers.

Crabt. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Sir Peter T. Oh, nine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation!

Lady Sneer. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter a SERVANT, *who whispers* SIR PETER.

Sir Peter T. I'll be with them directly.—I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*

Lady Sneer. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter T. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit* SIR PETER.

Sir Benj. B. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady T. Oh, pray don't mind that;—come, do let's hear them.

[*Joins the rest of the company going into the next room.*

Joseph S. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

Joseph S. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are—they have no malice at heart.

Maria. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the interference of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

Joseph S. Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Maria. Why will you distress me by renewing the subject?

Joseph S. Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

Maria. Ungenerously urged! But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

Joseph S. Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear—— Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle!—[*Aside.*]—You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle——

Maria. Lady Teazle!

Joseph S. Yet were Sir Peter to suspect——

Enter LADY TEAZLE, *and comes forward.*

Lady T. What is this, pray? Do you take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[*Exit* MARIA.]—What is all this, pray?

Joseph S. Oh, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

Lady T. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

Joseph S. Oh, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast——But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgement on my library, as you promised?

Lady T. No, no; I begin to think it would be

imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion sanctions.

Joseph S. True—a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every wife is entitled to.

Lady T. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so much of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to——

Joseph S. The only revenge in your power. Well—I applaud your moderation.

Lady T. Go—you are an insinuating wretch.——But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

Joseph S. But we had best not return together.

Lady T. Well—don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

[*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.

Joseph S. A curious dilemma my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

Enter ROWLEY *and* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Sir Oliver S. Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country.—Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

Rowley. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliver S. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter!——But you say he has entirely given up Charles,—never sees him, hey?

Rowley. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

Sir Oliver S. Aye, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it.—But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you. No, no,—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Rowley. Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him.—Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliver S. What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

Rowley. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family.—But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, so he does.—Mercy on me!—he 's greatly altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Sir Peter T. Hah! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliver S. Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and i'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

Sir Peter T. Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

Sir Oliver S. Aye, I have had my share.—But, what! I find you are married, hey? Well, well—it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

Sir Peter T. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir Oliver S. True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.

Rowley. Take care, pray, sir.

Sir Oliver S. Well—so one of my nephews is a wild fellow, hey?

Sir Peter T. Wild!—Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Everybody in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliver S. I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him!—Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter T. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir Peter T. Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliver S. Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgement of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Rowley. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir Peter T. Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

Sir Oliver S. Well—come, give us a bottle of good

wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

Sir Peter T. *Allons* then!

Sir Oliver S. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I.—Sir Peter Teazle's.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Oliver Surface, *and* Rowley.

Sir Peter T. Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards:—but how is this, master Rowley? I don't see the jest of your scheme.

Rowley. Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, who I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, to Mr. Surface and Charles: from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir Oliver S. Ah!—he is my brother's son.

Sir Peter T. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to——

Rowley. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother, that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of

them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—'a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity.'

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse, either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well—make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

Rowley. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done everything in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir Peter T. Pray let us have him in.

Rowley. Desire Mr. Moses to walk upstairs.

[*Apart to* SERVANT.

Sir Peter T. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

Rowley. Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests: I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall speedily produce him to remove some of your prejudices.

Sir Peter T. I have heard too much on that subject.

Rowley. Here comes the honest Israelite.—

Enter MOSES.

—This is Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

Moses. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir Oliver S. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Moses. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir Oliver S. Unfortunate, indeed!—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

Moses. Yes, he knows that;—this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

Sir Peter T. What,—one Charles has never had money from before?

Moses. Yes,—Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir Peter T. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!——Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

Moses. Not at all.

Sir Peter T. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation: go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as Old Stanley.

Sir Peter T. True—so you may.

Rowley. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure;—however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Moses. You may depend upon me;—this is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir Oliver S. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses.——But hold! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Moses. There's no need—the principal is Christian.

Sir Oliver S. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, a'n't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money-lender?

Sir Peter T. Not at all; 'twould not be out of

character, if you went in your own carriage—would it, Moses?

Moses. Not in the least.

Sir Oliver S. Well—but how must I talk?—there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir Peter T. Oh! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, Moses?

Moses. Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir Oliver S. I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

Moses. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir Oliver S. Hey!—what the plague!—how much then?

Moses. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

Sir Peter T. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

Sir Oliver S. Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

Moses. Then, you know, you haven't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of an old friend.

Sir Oliver S. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Moses. And your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

Sir Oliver S. My friend an unconscionable dog?

Moses. Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir Oliver S. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

Sir Peter T. I'faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean, you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses! would not you have him run out a little against the

Annuity Bill? That would be in character, I should think.

Moses. Very much.

Rowley. And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

Moses. Aye, great pity!

Sir Peter T. And abuse the public for allowing merit to an Act, whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

Sir Oliver S. So—so—Moses shall give me farther instructions as we go together.

Sir Peter T. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

Sir Oliver S. Oh! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.

Sir Peter T. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

Rowley. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

Sir Peter T. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her. [*Exit* ROWLEY.] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

Maria. No, sir; he was engaged.

Sir Peter T. Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Maria. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity

on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir Peter T. So—here's perverseness!—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

Maria. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Maria. Never to his brother!

Sir Peter T. Go—perverse and obstinate! but take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

Maria. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir Peter T. Was ever man so crossed as I am? everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Sir Peter T. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter T. Two hundred pounds! what, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there 's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

Sir Peter T. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter T. Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive——

Lady T. Aye—so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter T. Indeed!

Lady T. Aye, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter T. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir Peter T. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter T. Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir Peter T. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir Peter T. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish——

Sir Peter T. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Aye, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter T. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter T. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter T. Aye, aye, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter T. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there 's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad.—Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam.—Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds——

Lady T. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter T. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.—Let us separate, madam.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed!—And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye-bye. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter T. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—CHARLES SURFACE'S *House*.

Enter TRIP, MOSES, *and* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Trip. Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what 's the gentleman's name?

Sir Oliver S. Mr. Moses, what is my name?

Moses. Mr. Premium.

Trip. Premium—very well. [*Exit* TRIP, *taking snuff*.

Sir Oliver S. To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

Moses. Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

Sir Oliver S. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Enter TRIP.

Trip. My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

Sir Oliver S. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

Trip. Yes, yes, sir: he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

Sir Oliver S. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

Trip. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir Oliver S. Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

Trip. Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

Sir Oliver S. Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes! [*Aside*.

Trip. And, à propos, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted ?

Sir Oliver S. Wants to raise money too !—mercy on me ! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*

Moses. 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

Trip. Good lack, you surprise me ! My friend Brush has endorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

Moses. No ! 'twouldn't do.

Trip. A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity ?

Sir Oliver S. An annuity ! ha ! ha ! a footman raise money by way of annuity ! Well done, luxury, egad ! [*Aside.*

Moses. Well, but you must insure your place.

Trip. Oh, with all my heart ! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

Sir Oliver S. It 's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*

Moses. But is there nothing you could deposit ?

Trip. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately ; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver :—these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security—hey, my little fellow ?

Moses. Well, well. [*Bell rings.*

Trip. Egad, I heard the bell ! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses ! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

Sir Oliver S. If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, *&c.*, *at a table with wine*, *&c.*

Charles S. 'Fore Heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink.

Careless. It is so indeed, Charles! they give in to all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. Oh, certainly society suffers by it intolerably; for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulence of Champaigne, without the spirit or flavour.

First Gent. But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

Careless. True: there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

Charles S. Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of Champaigne, and I never lose—at least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

Sec. Gent. Aye, that I believe.

Charles S. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats atop is the maid that has bewitched you.

Careless. Now then, Charles, be honést, and give us your real favourite.

Charles S. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

Careless. Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

Charles S. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria——

Sir Harry Bumper. Maria who?

Charles S. Oh, damn the surname—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar; but now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

Careless. Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

Sir Harry B. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

SONG.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
  Here 's to the widow of fifty;
Here 's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
  And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.
Chorus.
    Let the toast pass,—
    Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here 's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
  Now to the maid who has none, sir:
Here 's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
  And here 's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.
    Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here 's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
  Now to her that 's as brown as a berry:
Here 's to the wife with a face full of woe,
  And now to the girl that is merry.
    Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
  Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
  And let us e'en toast them together.
    Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

All. Bravo! bravo!

Enter TRIP, *and whispers* CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you?

Careless. Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

Charles S. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

Careless. Oh, damn it! let's have the Jew in.

First Gent. Aye, and the broker too, by all means.

Sec. Gent. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

Charles S. Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in—though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

Careless. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

Charles S. Oh, hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, *and* MOSES.

Charles S. So, honest Moses, walk in: walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

Moses. Yes, sir.

Charles S. Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

Moses. Success to usury!

Careless. Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir Oliver S. Then—*here's all the success it deserves!*

Careless. No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

First Gent. A pint bumper, at least.

Moses. Oh, pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium 's a gentleman.

Careless. And therefore loves good wine.

Sec. Gent. Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

Careless. Here, now for't! I'll see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

Sir Oliver S. Nay, pray, gentlemen—I did not expect this usage.

Charles S. No, hang it, you shan't! Mr. Premium 's a stranger.

Sir Oliver S. Odd! I wish I was well out of their company. [*Aside.*

Careless. Plague on 'em, then!—if they don't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

Charles S. I will! I will! [*Exeunt.*] Careless!

Careless. [*Returning.*] Well!

Charles S. Perhaps I may want you.

Careless. Oh, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. [*Exit.*

Moses. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is——

Charles S. Pshaw! have done.—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money—you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

Sir Oliver S. Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles S. Oh, no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I like you the better for it—however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he 's an unconscionable dog, isn't he, Moses?

Moses. But you can't help that.

Sir Oliver S. And must sell stock to accommodate you—mustn't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles S. Right. People that speak truth generally do: but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

Sir Oliver S. Well—but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles S. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what 's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver S. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles S. Nothing but live stock—and that 's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

Sir Oliver S. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles S. Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver S. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles S. Oh, no!—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir Oliver S. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

Charles S. Yes, yes, 'tis just so—Moses knows 'tis true, don't you, Moses?

Moses. Oh, yes! I'll swear to't.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [*Aside.*

Charles S. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it 's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life;

though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

Sir Oliver S. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

Charles S. Oh, yes, you would—the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliver S. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles S. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliver S. No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles S. There again now you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him.

Sir Oliver S. No! ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him! ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

Charles S. Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. No, no, I'm not.

Charles S. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—You know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliver S. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over?—nay, some say he is actually arrived?

Charles S. Pshaw! Sure I must know better than you whether he 's come or not. No, no, rely on't he 's at this moment at Calcutta—isn't he, Moses?

Moses. Oh, yes, certainly.

Sir Oliver S. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority—haven't I, Moses?

Moses. Yes, most undoubted!

Sir Oliver S. But, sir, as I understand you want a

few hundreds immediately—is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles S. How do you mean?

Sir Oliver S. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate?

Charles S. O Lud!—that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir Oliver S. Good lack! all the family race-cups and corporation bowls! [*Aside.*]—Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact——

Charles S. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliver S. Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! [*Aside.*]—Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles S. You must inquire of the auctioneer, master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliver S. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles S. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

Sir Oliver S. Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles S. Every man of them to the best bidder.

Sir Oliver S. What! your great uncles and aunts?

Charles S. Aye, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliver S. Now I give him up. [*Aside.*]—What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odds life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles S. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliver S. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas.—Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! [*Aside.*

Enter CARELESS.

Careless. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles S. I can't come yet: i'faith we are going to have a sale above stairs; here''s little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

Careless. Oh, burn your ancestors!

Charles S. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Careless. Oh, have with you, if that 's the case. Handle a hammer as well as a dice-box!

Sir Oliver S. Oh, the profligates! [*Aside.*

Charles S. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliver S. Oh, yes, I do, vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—Oh, the prodigal! [*Aside.*

Charles S. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Picture Room at* CHARLES'S.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS.

Charles S. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver S. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles S. Aye, aye, these are done in the true spirit

of portrait painting;—no *volontière grace* and expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles S. I hope not.——Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.——But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here 's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose.

Careless. Aye, aye, this will do.——But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what 's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles S. Egad, that 's true;—what parchment have we here?—Oh, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless—you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here 's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver S. What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*

Careless. Yes, yes, here 's a bit of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.——Come, begin——A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles S. Bravo, Careless!—Well, here 's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there 's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

Moses. Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

Charles S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver S. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*]—Well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*]—Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my aunt Deborah!—Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles S. Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'Tis good bargain.

Charles S. Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles S. Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver S. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver S. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of Parliament.

Careless. Well said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles S. Here 's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver S. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles S. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver S. They're mine.

Charles S. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.——But plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Careless. Aye, aye, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well, anything to accommodate you;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, sir, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles S. What, that?—Oh! that 's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Careless. Your uncle Oliver!—Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver S. The rogue 's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles S. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver S. I forgive him everything! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there 's an end of it.

Sir Oliver S. How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*]—Well, well, I have done.——I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance—[*Aside.*]——Here is a draught for your sum.

Charles S. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir Oliver S. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles S. Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

Sir Oliver S. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

Charles S. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But, hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver S. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Aye, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver S. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver S. A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aside.*]—Good-day!—Come, Moses.——Let me hear now who calls him profligate!

[*Exeunt* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw!

Charles S. Egad, he 's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Hah! here 's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Careless. I will—but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles S. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless. Nothing else.

Charles S. Aye, aye, never fear. [*Exit* CARELESS.]—Soh! this was an odd old fellow, indeed.——Let me see—two-thirds of this is mine by right, five hundred and thirty odd pounds. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.——

Enter ROWLEY.

Hah! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Rowley. Yes, I heard they were a-going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Charles S. Why, there 's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

Rowley. There 's no making you serious a moment.

Charles S. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

Rowley. A hundred pounds! Consider only——

Charles S. Gad's life, don't talk about it: poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make

haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

Rowley. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb——

Charles S. 'Be just before you're generous.'—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old lame hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

Rowley. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection——

Charles S. Aye, aye, it's all very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by Heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and now for hazard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Parlour.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.

Moses. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir Oliver S. True, but he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir Oliver S. But he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And games so deep.

Sir Oliver S. But he would not sell my picture.——Oh, here's Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase——

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Rowley. And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase-money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

Moses. Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

Rowley. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the

hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Rowley. Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

Enter TRIP.

Trip. Oh, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way.——Moses, a word.

[*Exeunt* TRIP *and* MOSES.

Sir Oliver S. There 's a fellow for you—would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir Oliver S. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business.—Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now, they have their vices, like their Birthday clothes, with the gloss on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

JOSEPH SURFACE *and a* SERVANT.

Joseph S. No letter from Lady Teazle?

Serv. No, sir.

Joseph S. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour. [*Knocking heard without.*

Serv. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Joseph S. Hold!—See whether it is or not before

you go to the door: I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

Serv. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Joseph S. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so anxious a temper.—[SERVANT *draws the screen, and exit.*]—I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O Lud! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

Joseph S. Oh, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

Lady T. Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles, too—that 's the best of the story, isn't it?

Joseph S. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*

Lady T. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*]—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced, how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady T. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one?—And there 's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too—that 's what vexes me.

Joseph S. Aye, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes,

there 's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady T. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed 'tis monstrous!

Joseph S. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to outwit him.

Lady T. Indeed!—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

Joseph S. Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady T. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence——

Joseph S. Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? —why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady T. 'Tis very true!

Joseph S. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

Lady T. Do you think so ?

Joseph S. Oh ! I am sure on't ; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady T. So, so ; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation ?

Joseph S. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady T. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny !

Joseph S. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady T. Why, if my understanding were once convinced——

Joseph S. Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes—Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady T. Don't you think we may as well leave *honour* out of the question ?

Joseph S. Ah ! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady T. I doubt they do indeed ; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your *honourable logic*, after all.

Joseph S. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of—— [*Taking her hand.*

Enter SERVANT.

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want ?

Serv. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph S. Sir Peter !—Oons—the devil !

Lady T. Sir Peter ! O Lud—I'm ruined—I'm ruined !

Serv. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady T. Oh ! I'm quite undone ! What will become of me ? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh ! he 's on the stairs—

I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again—— [*Goes behind the screen.*

Joseph S. Give me that book.

[*Sits down. Servant pretends to adjust his hair.*

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir Peter T. Aye, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface——

Joseph S. Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon —[*Gaping—throws away the book.*]—I have been dozing over a stupid book.—Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room.—Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

Sir Peter T. 'Tis very neat indeed.—Well, well, that 's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps?

Joseph S. Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Peter T. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

Joseph S. Aye, or to hide anything in a hurry either. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. Well, I have a little private business——

Joseph S. You need not stay [*to the* SERVANT].

Serv. No, sir. [*Exit.*

Joseph S. Here 's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg——

Sir Peter T. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my dear friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

Joseph S. Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir Peter T. Aye, 'tis too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what 's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph S. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir Peter T. Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph S. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Peter T. Aye, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me!

Joseph S. Yes—believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir Peter T. I am convinced of it.—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph S. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir Peter T. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph S. My brother! impossible!

Sir Peter T. Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph S. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir Peter T. True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

Joseph S. Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir Peter T. Aye,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Joseph S. That 's very true.

Sir Peter T. And there 's, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph S. That 's true, to be sure—they *would* laugh.

Sir Peter T. Laugh—aye, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

Joseph S. No—you must never make it public.

Sir Peter T. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Joseph S. Aye, there 's the point. When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir Peter T. Aye—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice.

Joseph S. Oh, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir Peter T. What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

Joseph S. Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir Peter T. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph S. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.——I wish it may not corrupt my pupil. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph S. Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

Joseph S. [*Softly.*]—Oh, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir Peter T. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph S. I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly.*]—'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I'm sure she 's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph S. Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never——

Enter SERVANT.

Well, sir?

Serv. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph S. 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

Sir Peter T. Stay—hold—a thought has struck me:—you shall be at home.

Joseph S. Well, well, let him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph S. Oh, fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother too?

Sir Peter T. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the

devil! there seems to be one listener there already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

Joseph S. Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me,—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir Peter T. Ah! you rogue! But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph S. Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

Sir Peter T. No! then, faith, let her hear it out.—Here 's a closet will do as well.

Joseph S. Well, go in there.

Sir Peter T. Sly rogue! sly rogue!

[*Going into the closet.*

Joseph S. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady T. [*Peeping.*]—Couldn't I steal off?

Joseph S. Keep close, my angel!

Sir Peter T. [*Peeping.*] Joseph, tax him home.

Joseph S. Back, my dear friend!

Lady T. Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

Joseph S. Be still, my life!

Sir Peter T. [*Peeping.*] You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

Joseph S. In, in, my good Sir Peter.—'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

Joseph S. Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles S. But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

Joseph S. He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Charles S. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Joseph S. No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles S. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men.—But how so, pray?

Joseph S. To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles S. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word. Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

Joseph S. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh——

Charles S. True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

Joseph S. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Aloud.*

Charles S. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement:—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Joseph S. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

Charles S. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

Joseph S. Well——

Charles S. Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all.—But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming *me* with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood *you* were her favourite.

Joseph S. Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles S. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

Joseph S. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Charles S. Egad, I'm serious. Don't you remember one day when I called here——

Joseph S. Nay, prithee, Charles——

Charles S. And found you together——

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! I insist——

Charles S. And another time when your servant——

Joseph S. Brother, brother, a word with you!—Gad, I must stop him. [*Aside.*

Charles S. Informed, I say, that——

Joseph S. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles S. How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph S. Softly; there! [*Points to the closet.*

Charles S. Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

Joseph S. No, no——

Charles S. I say, Sir Peter, come into court.—[*Pulls in* SIR PETER.]—What, my old guardian!—What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog?

Sir Peter T. Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

Charles S. Indeed!

Sir Peter T. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles S. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph? [*Apart to* JOSEPH.

Sir Peter T. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Charles S. Aye, aye, that was a joke.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

Charles S. But you might as well have suspected *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph? [*Apart to* JOSEPH.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I believe you.

Joseph S. Would they were both well out of the room! [*Aside.*

Enter SERVANT, *and whispers* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Sir Peter T. And in future perhaps we may not be such strangers.

Joseph S. Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you downstairs: here is a person come on particular business.

Charles S. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Joseph S. They must not be left together. [*Aside.*] I'll send this man away, and return directly.——Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

[*Apart to* SIR PETER, *and goes out.*

Sir Peter T. I! not for the world!—[*Apart to* JOSEPH.]—Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment.—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

Charles S. Pshaw! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

Sir Peter T. No, no,—come, come,—you wrong him. —No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either in that respect.——I have a great mind to tell him—we should have a laugh at Joseph. [*Aside.*

Charles S. Oh, hang him! He 's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

Sir Peter T. Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Charles S. Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Peter T. No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him. —[*Aside.*] Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles S. I should like it of all things.

Sir Peter T. Then, i'faith, we will—I'll be quit with

him for discovering me.—He had a girl with him when I called.

Charles S. What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir Peter T. Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she 's in the room now.

Charles S. The devil she is!

Sir Peter T. Hush! I tell you! [*Points.*

Charles S. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let 's unveil her!

Sir Peter T. No, no—he 's coming—you shan't, indeed!

Charles S. Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir Peter T. Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me——

Charles S. I'll stand by you——

Sir Peter T. Odds, here he is—[JOSEPH SURFACE *enters just as* CHARLES SURFACE *throws down the screen.*]

Charles S. Lady Teazle, by all that 's wonderful!

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, by all that 's damnable!

Charles S. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves—[*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there 's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

[*Exit* CHARLES. *They stand for some time looking at each other.*

Joseph S. Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter T. If you please, sir.

Joseph S. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward, Maria—I say, sir,—Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir Peter T. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady T. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter T. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady T. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir Peter T. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph S. [*Aside.*]—'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady T. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Peter T. Aye, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady T. Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir Peter T. Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!

Joseph S. The woman 's mad!

Lady T. No, sir,—she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated

so to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.

Joseph S. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows——

Sir Peter T. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph S. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you *shall* hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—— [*Exeunt* SIR PETER *and* SURFACE *talking*.

ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Library.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE *and* SERVANT.

Joseph S. Mr. Stanley!—and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

Serv. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

Joseph S. Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!——Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

Serv. I will, sir.——Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady——

Joseph S. Go, fool! [*Exit* SERVANT.]—Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to

listen to other people's distresses! I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* ROWLEY.

Sir Oliver S. What! does he avoid us!—That was he, was it not?

Rowley. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

Sir Oliver S. Oh, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

Rowley. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Sir Oliver S. Yet has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

Rowley. Or rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that 'Charity begins at home.'

Sir Oliver S. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

Rowley. I doubt you'll find it so;—but he 's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

Sir Oliver S. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

Rowley. Without losing a moment. [*Exit.*

Sir Oliver S. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph S. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for

keeping you a moment waiting.——Mr. Stanley, I presume.

Sir Oliver S. At your service.

Joseph S. Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir!

Sir Oliver S. Dear sir—there 's no occasion——too civil by half! [*Aside.*

Joseph S. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

Sir Oliver S. I was, sir;—so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

Joseph S. Dear sir, there needs no apology:—he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

Sir Oliver S. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

Joseph S. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

Sir Oliver S. I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

Joseph S. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise, and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir Oliver S. What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

Joseph S. Oh, dear sir, nothing of the kind!—No, no—a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

Sir Oliver S. Here 's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers! [*Aside.*

Joseph S. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir Oliver S. Not I, for one! [*Aside.*

Joseph S. The sums I have lent him!—Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness: however, I don't pretend to defend it,—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir Oliver S. Dissembler! [*Aside.*]—Then, sir, you can't assist me?

Joseph S. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir Oliver S. I am extremely sorry——

Joseph S. Not more than I, believe me;—to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir Oliver S. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Joseph S. You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. —William, be ready to open the door.

Sir Oliver S. Oh, dear sir, no ceremony.

Joseph S. Your very obedient.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, your most obsequious.

Joseph S. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir Oliver S. Sweet sir, you are too good!

Joseph S. In the meantime I wish you health and spirits.

Sir Oliver S. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

Joseph S. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir Oliver S. Charles, you are my heir!

[*Aside. Exit.*

Joseph S. This is one bad effect of a good character;

it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Mr. Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

Joseph S. Always happy to see Mr. Rowley. [*Reads the letter.*]—Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

Rowley. He is, indeed: we have just parted—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

Joseph S. I am astonished!—William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he 's not gone.

Rowley. Oh! he 's out of reach, I believe.

Joseph S. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Rowley. I thought you had particular business;—but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

Joseph S. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.——Never, to be sure, was anything so damned unlucky. [*Aside.*

Rowley. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

Joseph S. Ah! I'm rejoiced to hear it.——Just at this time! [*Aside.*

Rowley. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

Joseph S. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him.—[*Exit* ROWLEY.]—Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

Enter MRS. CANDOUR *and* MAID.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs. Can. Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour ?

Maid. Yes, ma'am ; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs. Can. Do go again,—I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit* MAID.] Dear heart, how provoking ! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances ! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Oh, Sir Benjamin ! you have heard, I suppose——

Sir Benj. B. Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface——

Mrs. Can. And Sir Peter's discovery——

Sir Benj. B. Oh ! the strangest piece of business, to be sure !

Mrs. Can. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

Sir Benj. B. Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all : he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Can. Mr. Surface ! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

Sir Benj. B. No, no, I tell you—Mr. Surface is the gallant.

Mrs. Can. No such thing ! Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

Sir Benj. B. I tell you I had it from one——

Mrs. Can. And I have it from one——

Sir Benj. B. Who had it from one, who had it——

Mrs. Can. From one immediately——but here comes Lady Sneerwell ; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Lady Sneer. So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here 's a sad affair of our friend Lady Teazle.

Mrs. Can. Aye, my dear friend, who would have thought——

Lady Sneer. Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

Mrs. Can. To be sure, her manners were a little too free: but then she was so young!

Lady Sneer. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

Mrs. Can. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

Lady Sneer. No; but everybody says that Mr. Surface——

Sir Benj. B. Aye, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

Mrs. Can. No, no: indeed the assignation was with Charles.

Lady Sneer. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

Mrs. Can. Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

Sir Benj. B. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not——

Mrs. Can. Sir Peter's wound! Oh, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

Lady Sneer. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir Benj. B. No! what, no mention of the duel?

Mrs. Can. Not a word.

Sir Benj. B. Oh, yes: they fought before they left the room.

Lady Sneer. Pray, let us hear.

Mrs. Can. Aye, do oblige us with the duel.

Sir Benj. B. 'Sir,' says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, 'you are a most ungrateful fellow.'

Mrs. Can. Aye, to Charles——

Sir Benj. B. No, no—to Mr. Surface—'a most un-

grateful fellow; and old as I am, sir,' says he, 'I insist on immediate satisfaction.'

Mrs. Can. Aye, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

Sir Benj. B. Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—'Giving me immediate satisfaction.' On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords——

Enter CRABTREE.

Crabt. With pistols, nephew—pistols: I have it from undoubted authority.

Mrs. Can. Oh, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

Crabt. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded——

Sir Benj. B. By a thrust in second quite through his left side——

Crabt. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

Mrs. Can. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

Crabt. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

Mrs. Can. I knew Charles was the person.

Sir Benj. B. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

Crabt. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

Sir Benj. B. That I told you, you know——

Crabt. Do, nephew, let me speak! and insisted on immediate——

Sir Benj. B. Just as I said——

Crabt. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too. A pair of pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

Sir Benj. B. I heard nothing of this.

Crabt. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Sir Benj. B. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

Lady Sneer. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information.

[*Aside. Exit* LADY SNEERWELL.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

Crabt. Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that 's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Can. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

Crabt. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

Mrs. Can. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

Crabt. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

Sir Benj. B. Hey! who comes here?

Crabt. Oh, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

Mrs. Can. Oh, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Crabt. Well, doctor, what hopes?

Mrs. Can. Aye, doctor, how 's your patient?

Sir Benj. B. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword?

Crabt. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

Sir Oliver S. Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

Sir Benj. B. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor ?

Sir Oliver S. Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

Crabt. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident ?

Sir Oliver S. Not a word !

Crabt. Not of his being dangerously wounded ?

Sir Oliver S. The devil he is !

Sir Benj. B. Run through the body——

Crabt. Shot in the breast——

Sir Benj. B. By one Mr. Surface——

Crabt. Aye, the younger.

Sir Oliver S. Hey ! what the plague ! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts : however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

Sir Benj. B. Oh, yes, we agree there.

Crabt. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

Sir Oliver S. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive ; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Odds heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you ; for we had just given you over.

Sir Benj. B. Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery !

Sir Oliver S. Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax ?

Sir Peter T. A small sword, and a bullet !

Sir Oliver S. Aye, these gentlemen would have killed you without law, or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

Sir Peter T. Why, what is all this ?

Sir Benj. B. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

Sir Peter T. So, so ; all over the town already. [*Aside.*

Crabt. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

Sir Peter T. Sir, what business is that of yours?

Mrs. Can. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he 's very much to be pitied.

Sir Peter T. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

Sir Benj. B. However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

Sir Peter T. Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

Crabt. 'Tis no uncommon case, that 's one comfort.

Sir Peter T. I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony—I insist on your leaving my house directly.

Mrs. Can. Well, well, we are going, and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter T. Leave my house!

Crabt. And tell how hardly you've been treated. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter T. Leave my house!

Sir Benj. B. And how patiently you bear it. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter T. Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

Sir Oliver S. They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

Rowley. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

Sir Oliver S. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

Sir Peter T. A precious couple they are!

Rowley. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgement was right, Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

Rowley. Aye, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

Sir Oliver S. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

Rowley. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

Sir Oliver S. Oh, he 's a model for the young men of the age !——But how 's this, Sir Peter ? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

Sir Peter T. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

Rowley. What ! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life ?

Sir Peter T. Pshaw ! Plague on you both ! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you !

Rowley. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

Sir Peter T. And does Sir Oliver know all this ?

Sir Oliver S. Every circumstance.

Sir Peter T. What, of the closet and the screen, hey ?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. Oh, I have been vastly diverted with the story ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Peter T. 'Twas very pleasant.

Sir Oliver S. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you : ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Peter T. Oh, vastly diverting ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

Rowley. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments : ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, his sentiments ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Hypocritical villain !

Sir Oliver S. Aye, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet : ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Peter T. Ha ! ha ! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure !

Sir Oliver S. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down : ha ! ha !

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

Sir Oliver S. But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

Sir Peter T. Oh, pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. Oh, yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S——, Lady T——, and Sir P——, will be so entertaining!

Rowley. Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools: but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

Sir Oliver S. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

Sir Peter T. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

Rowley. We'll follow. [*Exit* SIR OLIVER.

Sir Peter T. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

Rowley. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

Sir Peter T. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

Rowley. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Sir Peter T. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers evidently intended for Charles?

Rowley. A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

Sir Peter T. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

Rowley. Certainly.

Sir Peter T. Though when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Rowley. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

Sir Peter T. I'faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

Rowley. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion——

Sir Peter T. Hold, master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter anything like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Library.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE *and* LADY SNEERWELL.

Lady Sneer. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

Joseph S. Can passion furnish a remedy?

Lady Sneer. No, nor cunning neither. Oh! I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

Joseph S. Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

Lady Sneer. Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

Joseph S. But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment?

Lady Sneer. Are you not the cause of it? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavour to seduce his wife? I hate such an avarice of crimes; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

Joseph S. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

Lady Sneer. No!

Joseph S. You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

Lady Sneer. I do believe so.

Joseph S. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

Lady Sneer. This, indeed, might have assisted.

Joseph S. Come, come; it is not too late yet. [*Knocking at the door.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

Lady Sneer. Well, but if *he* should find you out too?

Joseph S. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

Lady S. I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time.

[*Exit* LADY SNEERWELL.

Joseph S. I will, I will. So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—— hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now—I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and——

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

Joseph S. Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg——Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

Sir Oliver S. No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

Sir Oliver S. Nay, sir——

Joseph S. Sir, I insist on't: here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment—this is such insolence!

[*Going to push him out.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Hey day! what 's the matter now! What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. What 's the matter, my little fellow?

Joseph S. So! he has been with you too, has he?

Charles S. To be sure he has. Why, he 's as honest a little——But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

Joseph S. Borrowing! no! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every——

Charles S. O Gad, that 's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure.

Joseph S. Yet Mr. Stanley insists——

Charles S. Stanley! why his name 's Premium.

Joseph S. No, sir, Stanley.

Charles S. No, no, Premium.

Joseph S. Well, no matter which—but——

Charles S. Aye, aye, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the

same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.

[*Knocking.*

Joseph S. 'Sdeath! here 's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley——

Charles S. Aye, aye, and I beg, Mr. Premium——

Sir Oliver S. Gentlemen——

Joseph S. Sir, by Heaven you shall go!

Charles S. Aye, out with him, certainly!

Sir Oliver S. This violence——

Joseph S. Sir, 'tis your own fault.

Charles S. Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing* SIR OLIVER *out.*

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE, MARIA, *and* ROWLEY.

Sir Peter T. My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at a first visit!

Lady T. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

Rowley. Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

Sir Oliver S. Nor of Premium either: the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and now, egad, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

Joseph S. Charles!

Charles S. Joseph!

Joseph S. 'Tis now complete!

Charles S. Very!

Sir Oliver S. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him: judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of faith, charity, and gratitude.

Sir Peter T. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised

at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.

Lady T. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

Sir Peter T. Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

Charles S. If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to *me*, by and by? [*Aside.*

Sir Oliver S. As for that prodigal, his brother, there——

Charles S. Aye, now comes my turn: the damned family pictures will ruin me. [*Aside.*

Joseph S. Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

Charles S. Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely? [*To* JOSEPH.

Joseph S. I trust I could.

Sir Oliver S. Well, sir!—and you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

Charles S. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver S. What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

Charles S. True, sir; but they were *family* secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

Rowley. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

Sir Oliver S. Odds heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either.——Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

Charles S. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgement against me, there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my

follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

Sir Oliver S. Charles, I believe you; give me your hand again: the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

Charles S. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

Lady T. Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

Sir Oliver S. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush——

Sir Peter T. Well, child, speak your sentiments!

Maria. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me—whatever claim I had to his affection, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

Charles S. How, Maria!

Sir Peter T. Hey day! what 's the mystery now?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

Maria. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

Charles S. Lady Sneerwell!

Joseph S. Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed. [*Opens the door.*

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Sir Peter T. So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

Lady Sneer. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate, situation your perfidy has forced me into.

Charles S. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

Joseph S. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

Sir Peter T. And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake.—Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

Rowley. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE.

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

Lady Sneer. A villain! Treacherous to me at last! —Speak, fellow; have you too conspired against me?

Snake. I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

Sir Peter T. Plot and counterplot, egad!

Lady Sneer. The torments of shame and disappointment on you all!

Lady T. Hold, Lady Sneerwell—before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they gave her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

Lady Sneer. You too, madam—provoking—insolent —May your husband live these fifty years! [*Exit.*

Sir Peter T. Oons! what a fury!

Lady T. A malicious creature, indeed!

Sir Peter T. Hey! Not for her last wish?

Lady T. Oh, no!

Sir Oliver S. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

Joseph S. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter T. Moral to the last drop!

Sir Oliver S. Aye, and marry her, Joseph, if you can.—Oil and Vinegar, egad! you'll do very well together.

Rowley. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present?

Snake. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

Snake. But I must request of the company that it shall never be known.

Sir Peter T. Hey!—What the plague!—Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

Snake. Ah, sir! consider,—I live by the badness of my character; I have nothing but my infamy to depend on! and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well,—we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear.

[*Exit* SNAKE.

Sir Peter T. There's a precious rogue!

Lady T. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

Sir Oliver S. Aye, aye, that's as it should be, and egad, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Charles S. Thank you, dear uncle!

Sir Peter T. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

Charles S. Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked *yes*.

Maria. For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

Sir Oliver S. Well, then, the fewer the better;—may your love for each other never know abatement!

Sir Peter T. And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

Charles S. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

Sir Oliver S. You do indeed, Charles.

Rowley. If my efforts to serve you had not succeeded, you would have been in my debt for the attempt; but deserve to be happy, and you overpay me.

Sir Peter T. Aye, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

Charles S. Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide—ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst waive thy beauty's
sway,
Thou still must rule, because I will obey:
A humble fugitive from Folly view,
No sanctuary near but Love and you;
[*To the audience.*
You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,
For even Scandal dies if you approve.

EPILOGUE

BY MR. COLMAN

SPOKEN BY LADY TEAZLE

I, who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one dull rusty weathercock—my spouse!
So wills our virtuous bard—the motley Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays!
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives:
Each bring his dear to town, all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honour.

Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves:
Such is my case; and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation 's o'er.
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money—when I just knew how to waste it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
  Must I then watch the early crowing cock,
The melancholy ticking of a clock;
In a lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curate can I now retire
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire),
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven 's the main! Dear sound that must expire,
Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd head, the cushion'd tête,
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!
The spirit-stirring drum! card drums I mean,
Spadille—odd trick—pam—basto—king and queen!
And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,
The welcome visitors' approach denote;
Farewell all quality of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious Town!
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation 's o'er!
All this I told our bard; he smiled, and said 'twas clear,
I ought to play deep tragedy next year.
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:
'Blest were the fair like you; her faults who stopt,
And closed her follies when the curtain dropt!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage.'

THE CRITIC

OR

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED

A DRAMATIC PIECE IN THREE ACTS

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE

[London: Printed for BECKET & PORTER,
No. 81 Pall Mall. 1811.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE IN 1779.

DANGLE	Mr. Dodd.
SNEER	Mr. Palmer.
SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY . . .	Mr. Parsons.
SIGNOR PASTICCIO RITORNELLO	Mr. Delpini.
INTERPRETER	Mr. Baddeley.
UNDER PROMPTER	Mr. Phillimore.
PUFF	Mr. King.
MRS. DANGLE	Mrs. Hopkins.
ITALIAN GIRLS	Miss Field and the Miss Abrams.

CHARACTERS OF THE TRAGEDY.

LORD BURLEIGH	Mr. Moody.
GOVERNOR OF TILBURY FORT .	Mr. Wrighten.
EARL OF LEICESTER	Mr. Farren.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH . . .	Mr. Burton.
SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON . .	Mr. Waldron.
MASTER OF THE HORSE . . .	Mr. Kenny.
BEEFEATER	Mr. Wright.
JUSTICE	Mr. Packer.
SON	Mr. Lamash.
CONSTABLE	Mr. Fawcett.
THAMES	Mr. Gawdry.
DON FEROLO WHISKERANDOS .	Mr. Bannister, jun.
FIRST NIECE	Miss Collet.
SECOND NIECE	Miss Kirby.
JUSTICE'S LADY	Mrs. Johnston.
CONFIDANTE	Mrs. Bradshaw.
TILBURINA	Miss Pope.

Guards, Constables, Servants, Chorus, Rivers, Attendants, &c., &c.

TO MRS. GREVILLE

MADAM,

IN requesting your permission to address the following pages to you, which as they aim themselves to be critical, require every protection and allowance that approving taste or friendly prejudice can give them, I yet ventured to mention no other motive than the gratification of private friendship and esteem. Had I suggested a hope that your implied approbation would give a sanction to their defects, your particular reserve, and dislike to the reputation of critical taste, as well as of poetical talent, would have made you refuse the protection of your name to such a purpose. However, I am not so ungrateful as now to attempt to combat this disposition in you. I shall not here presume to argue that the present state of poetry claims and expects every assistance that taste and example can afford it: nor endeavour to prove that a fastidious concealment of the most elegant productions of judgement and fancy is an ill return for the possession of those endowments. Continue to deceive yourself in the idea that you are known only to be eminently admired and regarded for the valuable qualities that attach private friendships, and the graceful talents that adorn conversation. Enough of what you have written has stolen into full public notice to answer my purpose; and you will, perhaps, be the only person, conversant in elegant literature, who shall read this address and not perceive that by publishing your particular approbation of the following drama, I have a more interested object than to boast the true respect and regard with which

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your very sincere

And obedient humble servant,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

PROLOGUE

BY THE HON. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

THE Sister Muses, whom these realms obey,
Who o'er the Drama hold divided sway,
Sometimes, by evil counsellors, 'tis said,
Like earth-born potentates have been misled:
In those gay days of wickedness and wit,
When Villiers criticiz'd what Dryden writ,
The Tragic Queen, to please a tasteless crowd,
Had learn'd to bellow, rant, and roar so loud,
That frighten'd Nature, her best friend before,
The blust'ring beldam's company forswore.
Her Comic Sister, who had wit, 'tis true,
With all her merits, had her failings too;
And would sometimes in mirthful moments use
A style too flippant for a well-bred Muse.
Then female modesty abash'd began
To seek the friendly refuge of the fan,
Awhile behind that slight entrenchment stood,
'Till driv'n from thence, she left the stage for good.
In our more pious, and far chaster times,
These sure no longer are the Muse's crimes!
But some complain that, former faults to shun,
The reformation to extremes has run.
The frantic hero's wild delirium past,
Now insipidity succeeds bombast;
So slow Melpomene's cold numbers creep,
Here Dullness seems her drowsy court to keep,
And we are scarce awake, whilst you are fast asleep.
Thalia, once so ill-behav'd and rude,
Reform'd, is now become an arrant prude,
Retailing nightly to the yawning pit
The purest morals, undefil'd by wit!
Our Author offers in these motley scenes
A slight remonstrance to the Drama's queens:
Nor let the goddesses be over-nice;
Free-spoken subjects give the best advice.

Although not quite a novice in his trade,
His cause to-night requires no common aid.
To this, a friendly, just, and pow'rful court,
I come Ambassador to beg support.
Can he undaunted, brave the critic's rage?
In civil broils, with brother bards engage?
Hold forth their errors to the public eye,
Nay more, e'en newspapers themselves defy!
Say, must his single arm encounter all?
By numbers vanquish'd, e'en the brave may fall;
And though no leader should success distrust
Whose troops are willing, and whose cause is just;
To bid such hosts of angry foes defiance,
His chief dependence must be, YOUR ALLIANCE.

THE CRITIC

OR, A TRAGEDY REHEARSED

ACT I

SCENE I.—MR. *and* MRS. DANGLE *at breakfast, and reading newspapers.*

Dang. [*reading*]. 'Brutus to Lord North.' 'Letter the second on the State of the Army'—Pshaw! 'To the first L— dash D of the A— dash Y.'—'Genuine Extract of a Letter from St. Kitt's.'—'Coxheath Intelligence.'—'It is now confidently asserted that Sir Charles Hardy.'—Pshaw!—Nothing but about the fleet and the nation!—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where 's the *Morning Chronicle*?

Mrs. Dang. Yes, that 's your *Gazette.*

Dang. So, here we have it.—'*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.*—We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre, called *The Spanish Armada,* said to be written by Mr. Puff, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world; if we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.'—So! I am very glad my friend Puff's tragedy is in such forwardness.—Mrs. Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy——

Mrs. Dang. Lord, Mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense? Now the plays are begun I shall have no peace. Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you? Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?

Dang. Nay, my dear, I was only going to read——

Mrs. Dang. No, no; you will never read anything that's worth listening to:—you hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with Roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone. But you never will read anything to entertain one.

Dang. What has a woman to do with politics, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. Dang. And what have you to do with the theatre, Mr. Dangle? Why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you! haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business? Are not you called a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Maecenas to second-hand authors?

Dang. True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest? From lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements.

Mrs. Dang. Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

Dang. I am sure, Mrs. Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; *you* have all the advantages of it:—mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? And doesn't Mr. Fosbrook let you take places for a play before it is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season? And didn't my friend, Mr. Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you at my particular request, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. Dang. Yes; but wasn't the farce damned, Mr. Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature—the very high 'Change of trading authors and jobbing critics!—Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors, and poets without character; then to be continually

alarmed with misses and ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliets and Dorindas, Pollies and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovoked rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets! And what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopolized the Opera House, haven't we the signors and signoras calling here, sliding their smooth semibreves, and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for aught I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure-dancers!

Dang. Mercy! Mrs. Dangle!

Mrs. Dang. And to employ yourself so idly at such an alarming crisis as this, too—when, if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations—or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground? But you—o' my conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow your first inquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

Dang. Mrs. Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is 'the mirror of Nature,' and the actors are 'the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time':—and pray, what can a man of sense study better? Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse!

Mrs. Dang. Ridiculous! Both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions. The Public is their Critic—without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

Dang. Very well, madam—very well.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

Dang. Oh, show Mr. Sneer up. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

Mrs. Dang. With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are.

Dang. You are enough to provoke——

Enter MR. SNEER.

Ha! my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you. My dear, here 's Mr. Sneer.

Mrs. Dang. Good morning to you, sir.

Dang. Mrs. Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers. Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury Lane Theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

Sneer. Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept; I can tell you that, for 'tis written by a person of consequence.

Dang. So! now my plagues are beginning.

Sneer. Aye, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

Dang. It 's a great trouble—yet, egad, it 's pleasant too. Why, sometimes of a morning, I have a dozen people call on me at breakfast time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

Sneer. That must be very pleasant indeed!

Dang. And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

Sneer. An amusing correspondence!

Dang. [*Reading.*] 'Bursts into tears, and exit.' What, is this a tragedy?

Sneer. No, that 's a genteel comedy, not a translation—only *taken from the French*; it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

Mrs. Dang. Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage: there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr. Sneer!

Sneer. I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle; the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment.

Mrs. Dang. It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

Sneer. Undoubtedly, madam, and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved *two* houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!

Dang. Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience. No double entendre, no smart innuendo admitted; even Vanbrugh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation!

Sneer. Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan, who increases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

Dang. Sneer can't even give the public a good word! —But what have we here? This seems a very odd——

Sneer. Oh, that 's a comedy, on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is called *The Reformed Housebreaker*; where by the mere force of humour, *housebreaking* is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

Dang. Egad, this is new indeed!

Sneer. Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society are subjects unworthy the notice of the Comic Muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbeting capital offences in five acts and pillorying petty lar-

cenies in two. In short, his idea is to dramatize the penal laws, and make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

Dang. It is truly moral.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dang. Beg him to walk up.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. Dang. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgement.

Dang. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that 's the truth on't—though he 's my friend.

Sneer. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty: and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dang. Very true, egad—though he 's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dang. There 's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dang. Oh, yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dang. Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he 's my friend—that it is one of the most—— He 's here [*Aside*]—finished and most admirable perform——

Sir Fret. [*without*]. Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL.

Dang. Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir Fret. You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgement I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. Dang. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that——

Dang. Mrs. Dangle! Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and——

Sir Fret. O Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to——A damned double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*

Dang. Yes, yes,—Sneer *will* jest—but a better-humoured——

Sir Fret. Oh, I know——

Dang. He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.

Sir Fret. No, egad,—or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Dang. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dang. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir Fret. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it. I thank you, though—I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought, now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

Sir Fret. O Lud! no—never send a play there while I live—hark'ee! [*Whispers* SNEER.

Sneer. Writes himself!—I know he does——

Sir Fret. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—But this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir Fret. Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir Fret. Steal!—to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and *he*, you know, never——

Sir Fret. That 's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir Fret. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole——

Dang. If it succeeds.

Sir Fret. Aye,—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir Fret. How?

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir Fret. Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir Fret. Hey!—Sir!——

Dang. Oh, you know, he never means what he says.

Sir Fret. Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir Fret. But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dang. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir Fret. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fret. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir Fret. Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fret. Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgement I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dang. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fret. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dang. No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fret. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no, it don't fall off!

Dang. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dang. No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fret. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. Dang. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece! but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir Fret. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dang. O Lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fret. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dang. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fret. Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dang. I hope to see it on the stage next.

Dang. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fret. The *newspapers*! Sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them—No—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dang. You are quite right, for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fret. No!—quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true—and that attack now on you the other day——

Sir Fret. What? where?

Dang. Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fret. Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dang. Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for——

Sir Fret. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir Fret. O Lud, no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least.—I—But one may as well hear, you know.

Dang. Sneer, do *you* recollect?—Make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will. [*To* DANGLE.]—Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fret. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

Sneer. That as to Comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost-and-Stolen Office.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste: but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encum-

brance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir Fret. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fret. Ha!——

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir Fret. [*After great agitation.*] Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fret. I know it—I *am* diverted—ha! ha! ha! —not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha! very good! —very good!

Sneer. Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dang. A severe rogue! ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fret. To be sure—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, there is an Italian gentleman with a French interpreter, and three young ladies, and a dozen musicians, who say they are sent by Lady Rondeau and Mrs. Fuge.

Dang. Gadso! they come by appointment. Dear Mrs. Dangle, do let them know I'll see them directly.

Mrs. Dang. You know, Mr. Dangle, I shan't understand a word they say.

Dang. But you hear there 's an interpreter.

Mrs. Dang. Well, I'll try to endure their complaisance till you come. [*Exit.*

Serv. And Mr. Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

Dang. That 's true—I shall certainly be at home. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer—egad, Mr. Puff's your man.

Sir Fret. Pshaw! sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

Dang. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr. Sneer——

Sir Fret. Zounds! no, Mr. Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

Dang. Nay, I only thought——

Sir Fret. And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damned affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

Sir Fret. Gad's life! Mr. Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle; how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damned nonsense you have been repeating to me!—and let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen—and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms—and I shall treat it—with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt—and so, your servant. [*Exit.*

Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir Fretful! Now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors. But, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

Dang. I'll answer for't, he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of this musical family; they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you.

Sneer. I am at your disposal the whole morning—but I thought you had been a decided critic in music, as well as in literature.

Dang. So I am—but I have a bad ear. I'faith, Sneer, though, I am afraid we were a little too severe on Sir Fretful—though he is my friend.

Sneer. Why, 'tis certain, that unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer, is a cruelty which mere dullness never can deserve; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarter nor pity.

Dang. That 's true, egad!—though he 's my friend!

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room, Harpsichord, &c.* ITALIAN FAMILY, FRENCH INTERPRETER, MRS. DANGLE, *and* SERVANTS *discovered.*

Interp. Je dis, madame, j'ai l'honneur *to introduce* et de vous demander votre protection pour le Signor Pasticcio Ritornello et pour sa charmante famille.

Signor Past. Ah! vossignoria, noi vi preghiamo di favorirci colla vostra protezione.

First Daugh. Vossignoria, fateci questa grazia.

Sec. Daugh. Sì, signora.

Interp. Madame—*me interpret.* C'est-à-dire—*in English*—qu'ils vous prient de leur faire l'honneur——

Mrs. Dang. I say again, gentlemen, I don't understand a word you say.

Signor Past. Questo signore spiegherà.

Interp. Oui—*me interpret.* Nous avons les lettres de recommandation pour Monsieur Dangle de——

Mrs. Dang. Upon my word, sir, I don't understand you.

Signor Past. La Contessa Rondeau è nostra padrona.

Third Daugh. Sì, padre, et Miladi Fuge.

Interp. Oh!—*me interpret.* Madame, ils disent—*in English*—qu'ils ont l'honneur d'être protégés de ces dames. *You understand?*

Mrs. Dang. No, sir—no understand!

Enter DANGLE *and* SNEER.

Interp. Ah, voici Monsieur Dangle!

All Italians. Ah! Signor Dangle!

Mrs. Dang. Mr. Dangle, here are two very civil gentlemen trying to make themselves understood, and I don't know which is the interpreter.

Dang. Eh bien!

[INTERP. *and* SIGNOR PAST. *speak together.*

Interp. Monsieur Dangle—le grand bruit de vos talens pour la critique, et de votre intérêt avec messieurs les directeurs à tous les théâtres—

Signor Past. Vossignoria siete si famoso per la vostra conoscenza, e vostro interesse coi direttori da——

Dang. Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two!

Sneer. Why, I thought, Dangle, you had been an admirable linguist!

Dang. So I am, if they would not talk so damned fast.

Sneer. Well, I'll explain that—the less time we lose in hearing them the better—for that, I suppose, is what they are brought here for.

[SNEER *speaks to* SIGNOR PASTICCIO. *They sing trios, &c.,* DANGLE *beating out of time.* SERVANT *enters and whispers* DANGLE.

Dang. Show him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Bravo! admirable! bravissimo! admirabilissimo! Ah, Sneer! where will you find voices such as these in England?

Sneer. Not easily.

Dang. But Puff is coming. Signor and little signoras—obligatissimo!—Sposa Signora Danglena—Mrs. Dangle, shall I beg you to offer them some refreshments, and take their address in the next room.

[*Exit* MRS. DANGLE *with the* ITALIANS *and* INTERPRETER *ceremoniously.*

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir!

Dang. My dear Puff !

Enter PUFF.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you ?

Dang. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer, is this ? Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgement——

Sneer. Dear sir——

Dang. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer, my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession !

Puff. Yes, sir ; I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce.* I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or to speak more plainly—a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or anybody else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging !—I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town. Devilish hard work all the summer, friend Dangle ! never worked harder ! But, hark'ee—the winter managers were a little sore, I believe.

Dang. No—I believe they took it all in good part.

Puff. Aye ! Then that must have been affectation in them ; for, egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at !

Sneer. Aye, the humorous ones. But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why, yes—but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say now you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends ?

No such thing. Nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers, I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit theirs! —take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues!——No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the bidders in their own auction-rooms! From *me* they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by *me* too their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by *me* they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dang. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him; they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Egad, sir—sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention: you must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement my success was such, that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes ?

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes! You practised as a doctor and an attorney at once ?

Puff. No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer. Hey!—what the plague!

Dang. 'Tis true, i'faith.

Puff. Hark'ee! By advertisements—'To the charitable and humane!' and 'To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!'

Sneer. Oh, I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time! Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! Then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times! I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs! That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dang. Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me——

Puff. In November last? Oh, no!—I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend! I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption! I was then reduced to—oh, no, then, I became a widow with six helpless children—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into a hospital!

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

Puff. Why, yes, though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se*; but as I did not find those *rash actions* answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, through my favourite channels of diurnal communication—and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative indeed; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition. But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery, sir! I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. O Lud, sir, you are very ignorant, I am afraid. Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts: the principal are, the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of Letter to the Editor—Occasional Anecdote—Impartial Critique—Observation from Correspondent, or Advertisement from the Party.

Sneer. The puff direct, I can conceive——

Puff. Oh, yes, that's simple enough; for instance, a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though, by the by, they don't bring out half what they ought to do): the author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper—or any particular friend of mine. Very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received: I have the plot from the author, and only add—Characters strongly drawn—highly

coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—Attic salt! Then for the performance—Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King! Indeed, he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! As to the scenery—The miraculous powers of Mr. de Loutherbourg's pencil are universally acknowledged! In short, we are at a loss which to admire most—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!

Sneer. That 's pretty well indeed, sir.

Puff. Oh, cool—quite cool—to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this.

Puff. O Lud! yes, sir; the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

Sneer. Well, sir—the puff preliminary?

Puff. Oh, that, sir, does well in the form of a *caution*. In a matter of gallantry now—Sir Flimsy Gossamer wishes to be well with Lady Fanny Fete. He applies to me—I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the *Morning Post*:—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished Lady F four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character, Sir F dash G; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*—in italics. Here, you see, Sir Flimsy Gossamer is introduced to the particular notice of Lady Fanny—who, perhaps, never thought of him before; she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him; the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment, this produces

a sort of sympathy of interest—which, if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

Dang. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

Puff. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St. James's Street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park—'Good God, Lady Mary, I'm surprised to meet you in a white jacket, for I expected never to have seen you but in a full-trimmed uniform and a light-horseman's cap!' 'Heavens, George, where could you have learned that?' 'Why,' replied the wit, 'I just saw a print of you, in a new publication called the *Camp Magazine*, which, by the by, is a devilish clever thing, and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, price only one shilling!'

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed!

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets.—An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem called *Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpine's Fête Champêtre,* is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!—Here, you see, the two strongest inducements are held forth: first, that nobody ought to read it; and secondly, that everybody buys it; on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first; and then

establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for *scan. mag.*!

Dang. Ha! ha! ha!—'gad, I know it is so.

Puff. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance; it attracts in titles and presumes in patents; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach. It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honour* on the *patrons*; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen—who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribbon for implied services, in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands, to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me is of the highest dignity—yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics: the applause of genius! the register of charity! the triumph of heroism! the self-defence of contractors! the fame of orators!—and the gazette of ministers!

Sneer. Sir, I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, sir, there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your new trage——

Puff. Hush, for Heaven's sake. *My* tragedy! Egad, Dangle, I take this very ill—you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

Dang. I'faith, I would not have told, but it's in the papers, and your name at length—in the *Morning Chronicle.*

Puff. Ah! those damned editors never can keep a secret! Well, Mr. Sneer, no doubt you will do me great honour—I shall be infinitely happy—highly flattered——

Dang. I believe it must be near the time—shall we go together?

Puff. No; it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre: besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go. [*Looking at memorandums.*] Here is 'A conscientious baker, on the subject of the army bread'; and 'A detester of visible brick-work, in favour of the new-invented stucco'; both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow. The Thames navigation too is at a stand. Miso-mad or Anti-shoal must go to work again directly. Here too are some political memorandums, I see; aye—To take Paul Jones, and get the Indiamen out of the Shannon—reinforce Byron—compel the Dutch to—so!—I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the *Morning Herald*; for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow, besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the *Public Advertiser*, and to shoot Charles Fox in the *Morning Post.* So, egad, I ha'n't a moment to lose!

Dang. Well!—we'll meet in the Green Room.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II

Scene I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter Dangle, Puff, *and* Sneer, *as before the Curtain.*

Puff. No, no, sir; what Shakespeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays; *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the

times.' Therefore when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes anything like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest he will take advantage of it; so, sir, I call my tragedy *The Spanish Armada*; and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

Sneer. A most happy thought, certainly!

Dang. Egad, it was—I told you so. But pray, now, I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

Puff. Love! Oh, nothing so easy: for it is a received point among poets, that where history gives you a good heroic outline for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion: in doing which, nine times out of ten, you only make up a deficiency in the private history of the times. Now I rather think I have done this with some success.

Sneer. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

Puff. O Lud! no, no. I only suppose the Governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish admiral.

Sneer. Oh, is that all!

Dang. Excellent, i'faith! I see it at once. But won't this appear rather improbable?

Puff. To be sure it will—but what the plague! a play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that though they never *did*, they might happen.

Sneer. Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

Puff. Very true, and for that matter Don Ferolo Whiskerandos—for that's the lover's name—might have been over here in the train of the Spanish ambassador; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with—or for any other good female reason. However, sir, the fact is, that though she is but a knight's daughter, egad! she is in love like any princess!

Dang. Poor young lady! I feel for her already! for I can conceive how great the conflict must be between her passion and her duty! her love for her country, and her love for Don Ferolo Whiskerandos!

Puff. Oh, amazing!—her poor susceptible heart is swayed to and fro by contending passions, like——

Enter UNDER PROMPTER.

Und. Promp. Sir, the scene is set, and everything is ready to begin, if you please.

Puff. 'Egad; then we'll lose no time.

Und. Promp. Though I believe, sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

Puff. Hey! what!

Und. Promp. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence.

Puff. Well, well. They are in general very good judges; and I know I am luxuriant.—Now, Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please.

Und. Promp. [*to the music*]. Gentlemen, will you play a few bars of something, just to——

Puff. Aye, that 's right—for as we have the scenes and dresses, egad, we'll go to't, as if it was the first night's performance; but you need not mind stopping between the Acts. [*Exit* UNDER PROMPTER. *Orchestra play. Then the bell rings.*] Soh! stand clear, gentlemen. Now you know there will be a cry of Down!—down!—hats off!—silence! Then up curtain, and let us see what our painters have done for us.

SCENE II.—*The Curtain rises and discovers Tilbury Fort.*

Two SENTINELS *asleep.*

Dang. Tilbury Fort!—very fine indeed!

Puff. Now, what do you think I open with?

Sneer. Faith, I can't guess.

Puff. A clock. Hark! [*Clock strikes.*] I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.

Dang. But pray, are the sentinels to be asleep?

Puff. Fast as watchmen.

Sneer. Isn't that odd, though, at such an alarming crisis?

Puff. To be sure it is, but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that 's a rule. And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them, so, egad, I must either have sent them off their posts, or set them asleep.

Sneer. Oh, that accounts for it! But tell us, who are these coming?

Puff. These are they—Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton. You'll know Sir Christopher by his turning out his toes—famous, you know, for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character.—Now attend.

Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

SIR CHRIST. True, gallant Raleigh!

Dang. What, they had been talking before?

Puff. Oh, yes; all the way as they came along.—I beg pardon, gentlemen [*to the actors*], but these are particular friends of mine, whose remarks may be of great service to us.—Don't mind interrupting them whenever anything strikes you. [*To* SNEER *and* DANG.

SIR CHRIST. True, gallant Raleigh!
But oh, thou champion of thy country's fame,
There *is* a question which I yet must ask;
A question which I never asked before—
What mean these mighty armaments?
This general muster? and this throng of chiefs?

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

Puff. What, before the play began? how the plague could he?

Dang. That 's true, i'faith!

Puff. But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

SIR CHRIST. Alas, my noble friend, when I behold
Yon tented plains in martial symmetry
Arrayed—when I count o'er yon glittering lines
Of crested warriors, where the proud steeds neigh,
And valour-breathing trumpet's shrill appeal
Responsive vibrates on my listening ear;
When virgin majesty herself I view,
Like her protecting Pallas veiled in steel,
With graceful confidence exhort to arms!
When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp
Of martial vigilance and stern defence,
I cannot but surmise—Forgive, my friend,
If the conjecture 's rash—I cannot but
Surmise——the State some danger apprehends!

Sneer. A very cautious conjecture that.

Puff. Yes, that 's his character; not to give an opinion, but on secure grounds.—Now then.

SIR WALT. Oh, most accomplished Christopher——

Puff. He calls him by his Christian name, to show that they are on the most familiar terms.

SIR WALT. Oh, most accomplished Christopher, I find
Thy stanch sagacity still tracks the future,
In the fresh print of the o'ertaken past.

Puff. Figurative!

SIR WALT. Thy fears are just.
SIR CHRIST. But where? whence? when? and what
The danger is—methinks I fain would learn.
SIR WALT. You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns
And three revolving moons have closed their course,
Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,
With hostile hand hath struck at England's trade.
SIR CHRIST. I know it well.

SIR WALT. Philip, you know, is proud Iberia's king!
SIR CHRIST. He is.
SIR WALT. His subjects in base bigotry
And Catholic oppression held,—while we,
You know, the Protestant persuasion hold.
SIR CHRIST. We do.
SIR WALT. You know, beside, his boasted armament,
The famed Armada, by the Pope baptized,
With purpose to invade these realms——
SIR CHRIST. Is sailed,
Our last advices so report.
SIR WALT. While the Iberian admiral's chief hope,
His darling son——
SIR CHRIST. Ferolo Whiskerandos hight——
SIR WALT. The same—by chance a prisoner hath been ta'en,
And in this fort of Tilbury——
SIR CHRIST. Is now
Confined,—'tis true, and oft from yon tall turret's top
I've marked the youthful Spaniard's haughty mien—
Unconquered, though in chains.
SIR WALT. You also know——

Dang. Mr. Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does Sir Walter go on telling him?

Puff. But the audience are not supposed to know anything of the matter, are they?

Sneer. True, but I think you manage ill: for there certainly appears no reason why Sir Walter should be so communicative.

Puff. 'Fore Gad, now, that is one of the most ungrateful observations I ever heard—for the less inducement he has to tell all this the more, I think, you ought to be obliged to him; for I am sure you'd know nothing of the matter without it.

Dang. That 's very true, upon my word.

Puff. But you will find he was *not* going on.

SIR CHRIST. Enough, enough,—'tis plain—and I no more
Am in amazement lost!——

Puff. Here now, you see, Sir Christopher did not in fact ask any one question for his own information.

Sneer. No, indeed: his has been a most disinterested curiosity!

Dang. Really, I find we are very much obliged to them both.

Puff. To be sure you are. Now then for the Commander-in-Chief, the Earl of Leicester; who, you know, was no favourite but of the Queen's—We left off—'in amazement lost!'——

SIR CHRIST. Am in amazement lost.——
But see, where noble Leicester comes! supreme
In honours and command.
SIR WALT. And yet methinks,
At such a time, so perilous, so feared,
That staff might well become an abler grasp.
SIR CHRIST. And so, by Heaven! think I; but soft, he's here!

Puff. Aye, they envy him.

Sneer. But who are these with him?

Puff. Oh! very valiant knights; one is the Governor of the fort, the other the Master of the Horse.—And now, I think, you shall hear some better language: I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it; but now, i'faith, you have trope, figure, and metaphor as plenty as noun-substantives.

Enter EARL OF LEICESTER, *the* GOVERNOR, *and others.*

LEIC. How's this, my friends! is't thus your new-fledged zeal
And plumèd valour moulds in roosted sloth?
Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,
Whose red'ning blaze, by patriot spirit fed,
Should be the beacon of a kindling realm?
Can the quick current of a patriot heart
Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,
Or freeze in tideless inactivity?
No! rather let the fountain of your valour
Spring through each stream of enterprise,
Each petty channel of conducive daring,
Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath
O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!

Puff. There it is—followed up!

SIR WALT. No more! the freshening breath of thy rebuke
Hath filled the swelling canvas of our souls!
And thus, though fate should cut the cable of [*All take hands.*
Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line
We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,
We'll fall in Glory's wake!

LEIC. There spoke Old England's genius!
Then, are we all resolved?

ALL. We are—all resolved!

LEIC. To conquer—or be free?

ALL. To conquer, or be free!

LEIC. All?

ALL. All!

Dang. *Nem. con.* egad!

Puff. Oh, yes, where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful!

LEIC. Then let 's embrace—and now——

Sneer. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Puff. Yes, hush!—in great emergencies there is nothing like a prayer!

LEIC. O mighty Mars!

Dang. But why should he pray to *Mars*?

Puff. Hush!

LEIC. If in thy homage bred,
Each point of discipline I've still observed;
Nor but by due promotion, and the right
Of service, to the rank of Major-General
Have risen; assist thy votary now!

GOV. Yet do not rise,—hear me!

MAST. And me!

KNIGHT. And me!

SIR WALT. And me!

SIR CHRIST. And me!

Puff. Now, pray all together.

ALL. Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;

Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them!

Sneer. A very orthodox quintetto!

Puff. Vastly well, gentlemen.—Is that well managed or not? Have you such a prayer as that on the stage?

Sneer. Not exactly.

Leic. [*to* PUFF]. But, sir, you haven't settled how we are to get off here.

Puff. You could not go off kneeling, could you?

Sir Walt. [*to* PUFF]. Oh, no, sir! impossible!

Puff. It would have a good effect, i'faith, if you could! exeunt praying![1] Yes, and would vary the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit.

Sneer. Oh, never mind; so as you get them off, I'll answer for it the audience won't care how.

Puff. Well, then, repeat the last line standing, and go off the old way.

ALL. And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them. [*Exeunt*.

Dang. Bravo! a fine exit.

Sneer. Stay a moment.—

The SENTINELS *get up*.

FIRST SENT. All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.

SEC. SENT. 'Tis meet it should. [*Exeunt Sentinels*.

Dang. Hey! why, I thought those fellows had been asleep?

Puff. Only a pretence, there's the art of it; they were spies of Lord Burleigh's.

Sneer. But isn't it odd, they were never taken notice of, not even by the Commander-in-Chief?

Puff. O Lud, sir, if people who want to listen, or overhear, were not always connived at in a tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

Dang. That's certain!

Puff. But take care, my dear Dangle, the morning gun is going to fire. [*Cannon fires*.

[1] could exeunt praying! some edd.

Dang. Well, that will have a fine effect.

Puff. I think so, and helps to realize the scene. [*Cannon twice.*] What the plague!—*three* morning guns!—there never is but one!—aye, this is always the way at the theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no more cannon to fire?

Prompt. [*From within.*] No, sir.

Puff. Now, then, for soft music.

Sneer. Pray, what 's that for?

Puff. It shows that Tilburina is coming; nothing introduces you a heroine like soft music.—Here she comes.

Dang. And her confidant, I suppose?

Puff. To be sure: here they are—inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne! [*Soft music.*

Enter TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT.

TILB. Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn
Bade Nature's voice and Nature's beauty rise;
While orient Phœbus with unborrowed hues
Clothes the waked loveliness which all night slept
In heavenly drapery! Darkness is fled.
Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
And blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.
The striped carnation and the guarded rose,
The vulgar wallflower and smart gillyflower,
The polyanthus mean—the dapper daisy,
Sweet-william and sweet marjoram, and all
The tribe of single and of double pinks!
Now, too, the feathered warblers tune their notes
Around, and charm the listening grove—The lark!
The linnet! chaffinch! bullfinch! goldfinch! greenfinch!
But oh, to me no joy can they afford!
Nor rose, nor wallflower, nor smart gillyflower,
Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,
Nor William-sweet, nor marjoram—nor lark,
Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!

Puff. Your white handkerchief, madam.

Tilb. I thought, sir, I wasn't to use that 'till 'heart-rending woe.'

Puff. Oh, yes, madam—at 'the finches of the grove,' if you please.

TILB. Nor lark,
Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove! [*Weeps.*

Puff. Vastly well, madam!

Dang. Vastly well, indeed!

TILB. For, oh, too sure, heart-rending woe is now
The lot of wretched Tilburina!

Dang. Oh!—'tis too much.

Sneer. Oh!—it is, indeed.

CON. Be comforted, sweet lady—for who knows
But Heaven has yet some milk-white day in store.

TILB. Alas, my gentle Nora,
Thy tender youth as yet hath never mourned
Love's fatal dart. Else wouldst thou know, that when
The soul is sunk in comfortless despair,
It cannot taste of merriment.

Dang. That's certain.

CON. But see where your stern father comes;
It is not meet that he should find you thus.

Puff. Hey, what the plague! what a cut is here!—why, what is become of the description of her first meeting with Don Whiskerandos? his gallant behaviour in the sea fight, and the simile of the canary bird?

Tilb. Indeed, sir, you'll find they will not be missed.

Puff. Very well.—Very well!

Tilb. The cue, ma'am, if you please.

CON. It is not meet that he should find you thus.

TILB. Thou counsel'st right, but 'tis no easy task
For barefaced grief to wear a mask of joy.

Enter GOVERNOR.

GOV. How's this—in tears?—O Tilburina, shame!
Is this a time for maudling tenderness,
And Cupid's baby woes?—hast thou not heard
That haughty Spain's Pope-consecrated fleet
Advances to our shores, while England's fate,
Like a clipped guinea, trembles in the scale!

TILB. Then is the crisis of *my* fate at hand!
I see the fleet's approach—I see——

Puff. Now pray, gentlemen, mind. This is one of the most useful figures we tragedy writers have, by which a hero or heroine, in consideration of their being often obliged to overlook things that *are* on the stage, is allowed to hear and see a number of things that are not.

Sneer. Yes—a kind of poetical second-sight!

Puff. Yes.—Now then, madam.

TILB. I see their decks
Are cleared!—I see the signal made!
The line is formed!—a cable's length asunder!
I see the frigates stationed in the rear;
And now I hear the thunder of the guns!
I hear the victor's shouts—I also hear
The vanquished groan!—and now 'tis smoke—and now
I see the loose sails shiver in the wind!
I see—I see—what soon you'll see——

GOV. Hold, daughter! peace! this love hath turned thy brain:
The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because
——It is not yet in sight!

Dang. Egad, though, the Governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

Puff. No, a plain matter-of-fact man—that's his character.

TILB. But will you then refuse his offer?
GOV. I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.
TILB. Think what a noble price.
GOV. No more—you urge in vain.
TILB. His liberty is all he asks.

Sneer. All *who* asks, Mr. Puff? Who is——

Puff. Egad, sir, I can't tell. Here has been such cutting and slashing, I don't know where they have got to myself.

Tilb. Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

——And your reward secure.

Puff. Oh, if they hadn't been so devilish free with their cutting here, you would have found that Don Whiskerandos has been tampering for his liberty, and

has persuaded Tilburina to make this proposal to her father. And now, pray observe the conciseness with which the argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro* and *con* goes as smart as hits in a fencing match. It is indeed a sort of small-sword logic, which we have borrowed from the French.

TILB. A retreat in Spain!
GOV. Outlawry here!
TILB. Your daughter's prayer!
GOV. Your father's oath!
TILB. My lover!
GOV. My country!
TILB. Tilburina!
GOV. England!
TILB. A title!
GOV. Honour!
TILB. A pension!
GOV. Conscience!
TILB. A thousand pounds!
GOV. Hah! thou hast touched me nearly!

Puff. There, you see—she threw in *Tilburina.* Quick, parry carte with *England*! Hah! thrust in tierce *a title*!—parried by *honour.* Hah! *a pension* over the arm! put by by *conscience.* Then flankonade with *a thousand pounds*—and a palpable hit, egad!

TILB. Canst thou
Reject the *suppliant,* and the *daughter* too?
GOV. No more; I would not hear thee plead in vain,
The *father* softens—but the *governor*
Is fixed! [*Exit.*

Dang. Aye, that antithesis of persons is a most established figure.

TILB. 'Tis well—hence, then, fond hopes, fond passion hence;
Duty, behold I am all over thine——
WHISK. [*Without.*] Where is my love—my——
TILB. Ha!
WHISK. [*Entering.*] My beauteous enemy——

Puff. Oh, dear, ma'am, you must start a great deal more than that; consider you had just determined in

favour of duty, when in a moment the sound of his voice revives your passion, overthrows your resolution, destroys your obedience. If you don't express all that in your start you do nothing at all.

Tilb. Well, we'll try again!

Dang. Speaking from within has always a fine effect.

Sneer. Very.

WHISK. My conquering Tilburina! How! is't thus
We meet? why are thy looks averse? what means
That falling tear—that frown of boding woe?
Hah! now indeed I am a prisoner!
Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these
Disgraceful chains—which, cruel Tilburina!
Thy doting captive gloried in before.—
But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone!

TILB. Oh, no; how little dost thou know thy Tilburina!

WHISK. Art thou then true? Begone cares, doubts, and fears,
I make you all a present to the winds;
And if the winds reject you—try the waves.

Puff. The wind, you know, is the established receiver of all stolen sighs, and cast-off griefs and apprehensions.

TILB. Yet must we part?—stern duty seals our doom:
Though here I call yon conscious clouds to witness,
Could I pursue the bias of my soul,
All friends, all right of parents I'd disclaim,
And thou, my Whiskerandos, shouldst be father
And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,
And friend to me!

WHISK. O matchless excellence!—and must we part?
Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case
The less is said the better.

Puff. Hey day! here's a cut! What, are all the mutual protestations out?

Tilb. Now pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here, you ruin our feelings.

Puff. *Your* feelings!—but zounds, *my* feelings, ma'am!

Sneer. No; pray don't interrupt them.

WHISK. One last embrace——
TILB. Now—farewell, for ever.
WHISK. For ever!
TILB. Aye, for ever. [*Going.*

Puff. 'Sdeath and fury! Gad's life! sir! madam, if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out. Here, here!

Con. But pray, sir, how am *I* to get off here?

Puff. *You*, pshaw! what the devil signifies how *you* get off! edge away at the top, or where you will. [*Pushes the* CONFIDANT *off.*] Now, ma'am, you see——

Tilb. We understand you, sir.

——Aye, for ever.
BOTH. Oh!— [*Turning back and exeunt. Scene closes.*

Dang. Oh, charming!

Puff. Hey!—'tis pretty well, I believe: you see I don't attempt to strike out anything new, but I take it I improve on the established modes.

Sneer. You do, indeed. But pray, is not Queen Elizabeth to appear?

Puff. No, not once—but she is to be talked of for ever; so that, egad, you'll think a hundred times that she is on the point of coming in.

Sneer. Hang it, I think it 's a pity to keep *her* in the green room all the night.

Puff. Oh, no, that always has a fine effect—it keeps up expectation.

Dang. But are we not to have a battle?

Puff. Yes, yes, you will have a battle at last, but, egad, it 's not to be by land, but by sea—and that is the only quite new thing in the piece.

Dang. What, Drake at the Armada, hey?

Puff. Yes, i'faith—fireships and all: then we shall end with the procession. Hey! that will do, I think?

Sneer. No doubt on't.

Puff. Come, we must not lose time—so now for the *underplot.*

Sneer. What the plague, have you another plot?

Puff. O Lord, yes—ever while you live have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them is only to let your underplot have as little connexion with your main plot as possible. I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine, for as in my chief plot the characters are all great people, I have laid my underplot in low life ; and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce.—Now, Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please.

Enter UNDER PROMPTER.

Und. Promp. Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the park scene yet.

Puff. The park scene ! No—I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

Und. Promp. Sir, the performers have cut it out.

Puff. Cut it out !

Und. Promp. Yes, sir.

Puff. What! the whole account of Queen Elizabeth ?

Und. Promp. Yes, sir.

Puff. And the description of her horse and side-saddle ?

Und. Promp. Yes, sir.

Puff. So, so, this is very fine indeed ! Mr. Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this ?

Hopkins. [*From within.*] Sir, indeed the pruning-knife——

Puff. The pruning-knife—zounds, the axe ! why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently. Very well, sir—the performers must do as they please, but upon my soul, I'll print it, every word.

Sneer. That I would, indeed.

Puff. Very well, sir—then we must go on. Zounds ! I would not have parted with the description of the horse ! Well, sir, go on.—Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things.—Very well, sir, let them go on.—There you had him and his accoutrements from the bit to the crupper.—Very well, sir, we must go to the park scene.

Und. Promp. Sir, there is the point, the carpenters say that unless there is some business put in here before the drop, they shan't have time to clear away the fort, or sink Gravesend and the river.

Puff. So! this is a pretty dilemma, truly!—Gentlemen, you must excuse me, these fellows will never be ready unless I go and look after them myself.

Sneer. Oh, dear sir, these little things will happen.

Puff. To cut out this scene!—but I'll print it—egad, I'll print it, every word! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Before the Curtain.*

Enter PUFF, SNEER, *and* DANGLE.

Puff. Well, we are ready—now then for the justices.

[*Curtain rises;* JUSTICES, CONSTABLES, *&c.*, *discovered.*

Sneer. This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.

Puff. To be sure—there has not been one yet.

Dang. It is the underplot, isn't it?

Puff. Yes. What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery scene?

Just. If you please, sir.

Puff. Oh, very well—hark'ee, I don't choose to say anything more, but i'faith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner!

Dang. It's a great pity!

Puff. Now then, Mr. Justice, if you please.

JUST. Are all the volunteers without?
CONST. They are,
Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk.
JUST. Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame
And clear convicted crimes have stamped him soldier?
CONST. He waits your pleasure; eager to repay

The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields
Of glory, there to raise his branded hand
In honour's cause.

JUST. 'Tis well—'tis Justice arms him!
Oh! may he now defend his country's laws
With half the spirit he has broke them all!
If 'tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.

CONST. I fly, the herald of your will.

[*Exit* CONSTABLE.

Puff. Quick, sir!

Sneer. But, Mr. Puff, I think not only the Justice but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them.

Puff. Heaven forbid they should not in a free country! Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

Dang. That 's very noble in you indeed.

Enter JUSTICE'S LADY.

Puff. Now pray mark this scene.

LADY. Forgive this interruption, good my love;
But as I just now passed a prisoner youth,
Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seized
My fluttering heart, and to myself I said,
An if our Tom had lived, he'd surely been
This stripling's height!

JUST. Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs
Us both——

Enter SON *and* CONSTABLE.

JUST. What is thy name?

SON. My name 's Tom Jenkins—*alias*, have I none—
Though orphaned, and without a friend!

JUST. Thy parents?

SON. My father dwelt in Rochester, and was,
As I have heard, a fishmonger—no more.

Puff. What, sir, do you leave out the account of your birth, parentage, and education?

Son. They have settled it so, sir, here.

Puff. Oh! oh!

LADY. How loudly nature whispers at my heart!
Had he no other name?
SON. I've seen a bill
Of his, signed *Tomkins*, creditor.
JUST. This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gipsy told!—Prepare!
SON. I do.
JUST. No orphan, nor without a friend, art thou—
I am thy father, *here*'s thy mother, *there*
Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those
Are all your near relations!
MOTHER. O ecstasy of bliss!
SON. O most unlooked-for happiness!
JUST. O wonderful event!
[*They faint alternately in each other's arms.*

Puff. There, you see relationship, like murder, will out.

JUST. Now let's revive—else were this joy too much!
But come—and we'll unfold the rest within,
And thou, my boy, must needs want rest and food.
Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,
To find a father—where he least expects! [*Exeunt.*

Puff. What do you think of that?

Dang. One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw. Why, this underplot would have made a tragedy itself.

Sneer. Aye, or a comedy either.

Puff. And keeps quite clear, you see, of the other.

Enter SCENEMEN, *taking away the seats.*

Puff. The scene remains, does it?

Sceneman. Yes, sir.

Puff. You are to leave one chair, you know. But it is always awkward in a tragedy to have you fellows coming in in your playhouse liveries to remove things. I wish that could be managed better.—So now for my mysterious yeoman.

Enter a BEEFEATER.

BEEF. Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee.

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not. Where, pray?

Dang. Yes, I think there is something like it in *Othello.*

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is; but that 's of no consequence—all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakespeare made use of it first, that 's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit—that 's a rule.

BEEF. Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
It never can endure a rival's bliss!
But soft—I am observed. [*Exit* BEEFEATER.

Dang. That 's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes, but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff.

Puff. Hark'ee, I would not have you be too sure that he *is* a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter—I only give you a hint. But now for my principal character. Here he comes—Lord Burleigh in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

Enter BURLEIGH, *goes slowly to a chair and sits.*

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush! vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dang. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that—yes, it is a very likely thing that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk!—but hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he 's not going to say anything?

Puff. There 's a reason! why his part is to *think*. and how the plague do you imagine he can *think* if you keep talking?

Dang. That 's very true, upon my word!

BURLEIGH *comes forward, shakes his head, and exit.*

Sneer. He is very perfect, indeed. Now pray, what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No; I don't, upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures, yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil!—did he mean all that by shaking his head?

Puff. Every word of it. If he shook his head as I taught him.

Dang. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show, and expression of face, and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. Oh, here are some of our old acquaintance.

Enter HATTON *and* RALEIGH.

SIR CHRIST. *My* niece, and *your* niece too!
By Heaven! there 's witchcraft in't—he could not else
Have gained their hearts.—But see where they approach,
Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!

SIR WALT. Let us withdraw and mark them.

[*They withdraw.*

Sneer. What is all this?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos. Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call *situation* and *stage effect*, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark!

Enter the two NIECES.

FIRST NIECE. Ellena here!
She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still!

Puff. Oh, dear madam, you are not to say that to her face!—*aside*, ma'am, *aside*. The whole scene is to be *aside*.

FIRST NIECE. She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still! [*Aside.*
SEC. NIECE. I know he prizes not Pollina's love,
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart. [*Aside.*
FIRST NIECE. But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
Revenge is all the good I've left. [*Aside.*
SEC. NIECE. He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.
Now vengeance do thy worst.— [*Aside.*

Enter WHISKERANDOS.

WHISK. O hateful liberty—if thus in vain
I seek my Tilburina!
BOTH NIECES. And ever shalt!

SIR CHRISTOPHER *and* SIR WALTER *come forward.*

BOTH. Hold! we will avenge you.
WHISK. Hold *you*——or see your nieces bleed.—

[*The two nieces draw their two daggers to strike* WHISKERANDOS; *the two uncles at the instant, with their two swords drawn, catch their two nieces' arms, and turn the points of their swords to* WHISKERANDOS, *who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two nieces' bosoms.*

Puff. There 's situation for you! there 's a heroic group! You see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill him because of their nieces. I have them all at a dead lock!—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then, they must stand there for ever.

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't. Now mind——

Enter BEEFEATER *with his Halberd.*

BEEF. In the Queen's name I charge you all to drop
Your swords and daggers!
[*They drop their swords and daggers.*

Sneer. That is a contrivance, indeed.

Puff. Aye—in the Queen's name.

SIR CHRIST. Come, niece!
SIR WALTER. Come, niece! [*Exeunt with the two nieces.*
WHISK. What 's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard?
BEEF. Thou must do more—renounce thy love!
WHISK. Thou liest—base Beefeater!
BEEF. Ha! Hell! the lie!
By Heaven, thou'st roused the lion in my heart!
Off, yeoman's habit!—base disguise! off! off!
[*Discovers himself, by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine waistcoat.*
Am I a Beefeater now?
Or beams my crest as terrible as when
In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop?

Puff. There, egad! he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner, and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's.

Dang. Admirably managed, indeed.

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

WHISK. I thank thee, Fortune! that hast thus bestowed
A weapon to chastise this insolent.
[*Takes up one of the swords.*
BEEF. I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank
Thee, Fortune, too!— [*Takes up the other sword.*

Dang. That 's excellently contrived!—it seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

WHISK. Vengeance and Tilburina!
BEEF. Exactly so.
[*They fight, and after the usual number of wounds given,* WHISKERANDOS *falls.*

WHISK. Oh, cursed parry!—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal!—Captain, thou hast fenced well!
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——

BEEF. ——nity—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once!

Puff. Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow; now mind me. Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

WHISK. And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——

BEEF. ——nity—he would have added——

Puff. No, sir—that 's not it—once more, if you please.

Whisk. I wish, sir, you would practise this without me. I can't stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well, we'll go over it by and by.—I must humour these gentlemen! [*Exit* WHISKERANDOS.

BEEF. Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when next——

Puff. Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech as the body has walked off.

Beef. That 's true, sir—then I'll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please. [*Exit* BEEFEATER.] Now, who comes on?

Enter GOVERNOR, *with his hair properly disordered.*

GOV. A hemisphere of evil planets reign!
And every planet sheds contagious frenzy!
My Spanish prisoner is slain! my daughter,
Meeting the dead corse borne along, has gone
Distract! [*A loud flourish of trumpets.*
But hark! I am summoned to the fort;
Perhaps the fleets have met! amazing crisis!
O Tilburina! from thy aged father's beard
Thou'st plucked the few brown hairs which time had left! [*Exit* GOVERNOR.

Sneer. Poor gentleman!

Puff. Yes—and no one to blame but his daughter!

Dang. And the planets.

Puff. True. Now enter Tilburina!

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir—now she comes in stark mad in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin?

Puff. O Lord, sir, when a heroine goes mad she always goes into white satin—don't she, Dangle?

Dang. Always—it 's a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is. [*Looking at the book.*] 'Enter Tilburina stark mad in white satin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen.'

Enter TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT *mad, according to custom.*

Sneer. But what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too?

Puff. To be sure she is: the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad. Now, madam confidant—but keep your madness in the background, if you please.

TILB. The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
They have killed my squirrel in his cage!
Is this a grasshopper!—Ha! no, it is my
Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
I know you have him in your pocket—
An oyster may be crossed in love!—Who says
A whale 's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?
—He 's here! He 's there!—He 's everywhere!
Ah me! He 's nowhere! [*Exit* TILBURINA.

Puff There, do you ever desire to see anybody madder than that?

Sneer. Never, while I live!

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre?

Dang. Yes, egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

Sneer. And pray, what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea, to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes, yes—you know my play is *called* the

Spanish Armada; otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all. Now, then, for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession! You are all ready?

Promp. [*Within.*] Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames dressed?

Enter THAMES *with two* ATTENDANTS.

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well, indeed. See, gentlemen, there 's a river for you! This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy, a new fancy, you know, and very useful in my case: for as there *must be a procession*, I suppose Thames and all his tributary rivers to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

Puff. Yes, one crowned with alders and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions? But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side. Here, sir, come round. Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks. [*Bell rings.*] There, soh! now for't! Stand aside, my dear friends!—away, Thames! [*Exit* THAMES *between his banks.*

[*Flourish of drums—trumpets—cannon, &c., &c. Scene changes to the sea—the fleets engage—the music plays 'Britons, strike home.'—Spanish fleet destroyed by fire-ships, &c.—English fleet advances—music plays 'Rule Britannia.'—The procession of all the English rivers and their tributaries with their emblems, &c., begins with Handel's water music, ends with a chorus, to the march in 'Judas Maccabaeus.'—During this scene,* PUFF *directs and applauds everything——then*

Puff. Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect. So, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

CURTAIN DROPS.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH

A COMEDY

AS PERFORMED AT

DRURY LANE THEATRE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE IN 1777

MEN.

LORD FOPPINGTON . .	Mr. Dodd.
SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY .	Mr. Moody.
COLONEL TOWNLY . .	Mr. Brereton.
LOVELESS	Mr. Smith.
TOM FASHION	Mr. J. Palmer.
LA VAROLE	Mr. Burton.
LORY	Mr. Baddeley.
PROBE	Mr. Parsons.
MENDLEGS	Mr. Norris.
JEWELLER	Mr. Lamash.
SHOEMAKER	Mr. Carpenter.
TAILOR	Mr. Parker.

WOMEN.

AMANDA	Mrs. Robinson.
BERINTHIA	Miss Farren.
MISS HOYDEN	Mrs. Abington.
MRS. COUPLER	Mrs. Booth.
NURSE	Mrs. Bradshaw.

SEMPSTRESS, POSTILION, MAID, *and* SERVANTS.

SCENE.—*Scarborough and its neighbourhood.*

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. KING

WHAT various transformations we remark,
From east Whitechapel to the west Hyde Park!
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,
State, stage, trade, taste, the humours and the passions;
The Exchange, 'Change Alley, wheresoe'er you're ranging,
Court, city, country, all are changed or changing:
The streets, some time ago, were paved with stones,
Which, aided by a hackney-coach, half broke your bones.
The purest lovers then indulged in bliss;
They ran great hazard if they stole a kiss.
'One chaste salute!'—the damsel cried 'Oh, fie!'
As they approach'd, slap went the coach awry—
Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.
But now weak nerves in hackney-coaches roam,
And the cramm'd glutton snores, unjolted, home:
Of former times, that polish'd thing, a beau,
Is metamorphosed now from top to toe;
Then the full flaxen wig, spread o'er the shoulders,
Conceal'd the shallow head from the beholders!
But now the whole 's reversed—each fop appears
Cropp'd and trimm'd up, exposing head and ears:
The buckle then its modest limits knew,
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke its bounds, and swallows up the shoe;
The wearer's foot, like his once fine estate,
Is almost lost, the encumbrance is so great.
Ladies may smile—are they not in the plot?
The bounds of nature have not they forgot?
Were they design'd to be, when put together,
Made up, like shuttlecocks, of cork and feather?
Their pale-faced grandmammas appear'd with grace,
When dawning blushes rose upon the face;

No blushes now their once-loved station seek;
The foe is in possession of the cheek!
No heads of old, too high in feather'd state,
Hinder'd the fair to pass the lowest gate;
A church to enter now, they must be bent,
If ever they should try the experiment.
  As change thus circulates throughout the nation,
Some plays may justly call for alteration;
At least to draw some slender covering o'er,
That *graceless wit*[1] which was too bare before:
Those writers well and wisely use their pens,
Who turn our wantons into Magdalens;
And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,
We hope to find in you their stage asylum.

[1] 'And *Van* wants grace, who never wanted wit.'—POPE.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH

ACT I

Scene I.—*The Hall of an Inn.*

Enter Tom Fashion *and* Lory, Postilion *following with a portmanteau.*

Fash. Lory, pay the postboy, and take the portmanteau.

Lory. [*Aside to* Tom Fashion.] Faith, sir, we had better let the postboy take the portmanteau and pay himself.

Fash. [*Aside to* Lory.] Why, sure, there 's something left in it!

Lory. Not a rag, upon my honour, sir! We eat the last of your wardrobe at Newmalton—and, if we had had twenty miles further to go, our next meal must have been of the cloak-bag.

Fash. Why, 'sdeath, it appears full!

Lory. Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage.

Fash. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do?—[*Aloud.*] Hark'ee, boy, what 's the chaise?

Post. Thirteen shillings, please your honour.

Fash. Can you give me change for a guinea?

Post. Oh, yes, sir.

Lory. [*Aside.*] So, what will he do now?—[*Aloud.*] Lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below.

Fash. Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will be as well.

Lory. Yes, yes; I'll tell them to discharge you below, honest friend.

Post. Please your honour, there are the turnpikes too.

Fash. Aye, aye, the turnpikes by all means.

Post. And I hope your honour will order me something for myself.

Fash. To be sure; bid them give you a crown.

Lory. Yes, yes—my master doesn't care what you charge them—so get along, you——

Post. And there 's the ostler, your honour.

Lory. Psha! damn the ostler!—would you impose upon the gentleman's generosity?—[*Pushes him out.*] A rascal, to be so cursed ready with his change!

Fash. Why, faith, Lory, he had nearly posed me.

Lory. Well, sir, we are arrived at Scarborough, not worth a guinea! I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—you have outlived all your cares.

Fash. How so, sir?

Lory. Why, you have nothing left to take care of.

Fash. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Sir, if you could prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for it. But now, sir, for my Lord Foppington, your elder brother.

Fash. Damn my eldest brother!

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Fash. Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him nor starve.

Lory. Why, what will you do then?

Fash. Cut his throat, or get some one to do it for me.

Lory. 'Gad so, sir, I'm glad to find I was not so well acquainted with the strength of your conscience as with the weakness of your purse.

Fash. Why, art thou so impenetrable a blockhead as to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him *de haut en bas*, as you used to do.

Fash. Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout—tickle him.

Fash. I can't flatter.

Lory. Can you starve ?

Fash. Yes.

Lory. I can't—good-bye t'ye, sir.

Fash. Stay—thou'lt distract me. But who comes here ? My old friend, Colonel Townly.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

My dear colonel, I am rejoiced to meet you here.

Col. Town. Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure ! What, are you come to Scarborough to be present at your brother's wedding ?

Lory. Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure.

Col. Town. What, honest Lory, are you with your master still ?

Lory. Yes, sir, I have been starving with him ever since I saw your honour last.

Fash. Why, Lory is an attached rogue—there 's no getting rid of him.

Lory. True, sir, as my master says, there 's no seducing me from his service.—[*Aside.*] Till he 's able to pay me my wages.

Fash. Go, go, sir—and take care of the baggage.

Lory. Yes, sir—the baggage !—O Lord ! [*Takes up the portmanteau.*] I suppose, sir, I must charge the landlord to be very particular where he stows this ?

Fash. Get along, you rascal.—[*Exit* LORY, *with the portmanteau.*] But, colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed sister-in-law ?

Col. Town. Only by character. Her father, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, lives within a quarter of a mile of this place, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near. She never goes abroad, nor sees company at home ; to prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors ; the parson of the parish teaches her to play upon the dulcimer, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance ;—in short, nobody has free admission there but our old acquaintance, Mother Coupler, who has procured your brother this match, and is, I believe, a distant relation of Sir Tunbelly's.

Fash. But is her fortune so considerable?

Col. Town. Three thousand a year, and a good sum of money, independent of her father, beside.

Fash. 'Sdeath! that my old acquaintance, Dame Coupler, could not have thought of me, as well as my brother, for such a prize.

Col. Town. Egad, I wouldn't swear that you are too late—his lordship, I know, hasn't yet seen the lady, and, I believe, has quarrelled with his patroness.

Fash. My dear colonel, what an idea have you started!

Col. Town. Pursue it, if you can, and I promise you you shall have my assistance; for, besides my natural contempt for his lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him.

Fash. What, has he been addressing your old flame, the widow Berinthia?

Col. Town. Faith, Tom, I am at present most whimsically circumstanced. I came here a month ago to meet the lady you mention; but she failing in her promise, I, partly from pique and partly from idleness, have been diverting my chagrin by offering up incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife.

Fash. I never have seen her, but have heard her spoken of as a youthful wonder of beauty and prudence.

Col. Town. She is so, indeed; and Loveless being too careless and insensible of the treasure he possesses, my lodging in the same house has given me a thousand opportunities of making my assiduities acceptable; so that, in less than a fortnight, I began to bear my disappointment from the widow with the most Christian resignation.

Fash. And Berinthia has never appeared?

Col. Town. Oh, there 's the perplexity! for, just as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, last night she arrived.

Fash. And instantly resumed her empire.

Col. Town. No, faith—we met—but, the lady not condescending to give me any serious reasons for having fooled me for a month, I left her in a huff.

Fash. Well, well, I'll answer for it she'll soon resume her power, especially as friendship will prevent your pursuing the other too far.—But my coxcomb of a brother is an admirer of Amanda's too, is he ?

Col. Town. Yes, and I believe is most heartily despised by her. But come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless.

Fash. I must pay my respects to his lordship—perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings.

Col. Town. Come with me ; I shall pass by it.

Fash. I wish you could pay this visit for me, or could tell me what I should say to him.

Col. Town. Say nothing to him—apply yourself to his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuff-box ; and when you are well with them desire him to lend you a thousand pounds, and I'll engage you prosper.

Fash. 'Sdeath and furies ! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me ? O Fortune, Fortune, thou art a jilt, by Gad ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LORD FOPPINGTON'S *Dressing-room.*

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON *in his nightgown, and* LA VAROLE.

Lord Fop. [*Aside.*] Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb ! Even the boors of this northern spa have learned the respect due to a title.—[*Aloud.*] La Varole !

La Var. Milor——

Lord Fop. You ha'n't yet been at Muddymoat Hall, to announce my arrival, have you ?

La Var. Not yet, milor.

Lord Fop. Then you need not go till Saturday—[*exit* LA VAROLE] as I am in no particular haste to view my intended sposa. I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend Loveless's wife. Amanda is a charming creature—strike me ugly ! and, if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my Lord Foppington.

Re-enter LA VAROLE.

La Var. Milor, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord Fop. 'Tis well; admit them.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez!

Enter TAILOR, SHOEMAKER, SEMPSTRESS, JEWELLER, *and* MENDLEGS.

Lord Fop. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions?

Tai. I think I may presume, sir——

La Var. Milor, you clown, you!

Tai. My lord—I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord. I hope, my lord, your lordship will be pleased to own I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever peer of England wore, my lord. Will your lordship please to view 'em now?

Lord Fop. Aye; but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round. [*Puts on his clothes.*

Enter TOM FASHION *and* LORY. *They remain behind, conversing apart.*

Fash. Heyday! what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman 's grown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levée.

Lory. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies.

Fash. Good Heaven! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them!

Lory. Sir, tailors and hairdressers debauch all the women.

Fash. Thou sayest true. But now for my reception.

Lord Fop. [*To* TAILOR.] Death and eternal tortures! Sir, I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

Tai. My lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hooked nor buttoned.

Lord Fop. Rat the hooks and buttons, sir! Can anything be worse than this? As Gad shall jedge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

Tai. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Lory. There, sir, observe what respect does.

Fash. Respect! damn him for a coxcomb!—But let 's accost him.—[*Coming forward.*] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord Fop. O Lard, Tam! I did not expect you in England—brother, I'm glad to see you. But what has brought you to Scarborough, Tam?—[*To the* TAILOR.] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping-gown, therefore pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion.—[*Exit* TAILOR.] Well but, Tam, you don't tell me what has driven you to Scarborough.—Mrs. Calico, are not you of my mind?

Semp. Directly, my lord. I hope your lordship is pleased with your ruffles?

Lord Fop. In love with them, stap my vitals! Bring my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow.

Semp. I humbly thank your lordship. [*Exit.*

Lord Fop. Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes aren't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, I think they fit you very well.

Lord Fop. They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoe. [*Feels his foot.*] No, my lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Fop. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be damned.

Lord Fop. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade.

Lord Fop. Now, by all that 's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensive coxcomb!—but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Fop. Well, prithee be gone about thy business.—[*Exit* SHOEMAKER.] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you.—The calves of these stockings are thickened a little too much; they make my legs look like a porter's.

Mend. My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Lord Fop. Aye, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have studied them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less.

Mend. Indeed, my lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your lordship with in town.

Lord Fop. Very possibly, Mr. Mendlegs; but that was in the beginning of the winter, and you should always remember, Mr. Hosier, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a manstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter. [*Exit* MENDLEGS.

Jewel. I hope, my lord, these buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your lordship's approbation?

Lord Fop. Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

Jewel. My lord, they could not well be larger, to keep on your lordship's shoe.

Lord Fop. My good sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be; formerly, indeed, the buckle was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use but to keep on the buckle.—Now give me my watches [SERVANT *fetches the watches*], my chapeau [SERVANT *brings a dress hat*], my handkerchief [SERVANT *pours some scented liquor on a handkerchief and brings it*], my snaff-bax [SERVANT *brings snuff-box*]. There, now the business of the morning is pretty well over. [*Exit* JEWELLER.

Fash. [*Aside to* LORY.] Well, Lory, what dost think

on't ?—a very friendly reception from a brother, after three years' absence!

Lory. [*Aside to* TOM FASHION.] Why, sir, 'tis your own fault—here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him. [SERVANTS *all go off.*

Fash. [*Aside to* LORY.] Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.—[*To* LORD FOPPINGTON.] Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you?

Lord Fop. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind.—Hey! there!—is my carriage at the door?—You'll excuse me, brother. [*Going.*

Fash. Shall you be back to dinner?

Lord Fop. As Gad shall jedge me, I can't tell; for it is passible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

Fash. Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

Lord Fop. That I'm afraid mayn't be quite so praper; for those I commonly eat with are people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large. But there are other ordinaries in town—very good beef ordinaries—I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef? However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals!

[*Exit,* LA VAROLE *following.*

Fash. Hell and furies! is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I could almost have given him a knock o' the pate myself.

Fash. 'Tis enough; I will now show you the excess of my passion by being very calm. Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than both our loggerheads, if she would but join in the confederacy.

Fash. By this light, Madam Coupler! she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her.

Enter MRS. COUPLER.

Mrs. Coup. So! I am likely to be well rewarded for my services, truly; my suspicions, I find, were but too just. What! refuse to advance me a petty sum, when I am upon the point of making him master of a galleon! But let him look to the consequences; an ungrateful narrow-minded coxcomb!

Fash. So he is, upon my soul, old lady; it must be my brother you speak of.

Mrs. Coup. Ha! stripling, how came you here? What, hast spent all, eh? And art thou come to dun his lordship for assistance?

Fash. No, I want somebody's assistance to cut his lordship's throat, without the risk of being hanged for him.

Mrs. Coup. Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burned in the hand for't.

Fash. How—how, old Mischief?

Mrs. Coup. Why, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Fash. I am very much beholden to you, truly!

Mrs. Coup. You may, before the wedding-day yet: the lady is a great heiress, the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and his lordship is come hither to put the finishing hand to the business.

Fash. I understand as much.

Mrs. Coup. Now, you must know, stripling, your brother 's a knave.

Fash. Good.

Mrs. Coup. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promised me as much more, in ready money, upon the day of the marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he never designs to pay me; and his just now refusing to pay me a part is a proof of it. If, therefore, you will be a generous young rogue, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll help you to the lady.

Fash. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Mrs. Coup. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all his letters go through my hands. Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, my relation—for that 's the old gentleman's name—is apprised of his lordship's being down here, and expects him to-morrow to receive his daughter's hand; but the peer, I find, means to bait here a few days longer, to recover the fatigue of his journey, I suppose. Now you shall go to Muddymoat Hall in his place. I'll give you a letter of introduction: and if you don't marry the girl before sunset, you deserve to be hanged before morning.

Fash. Agreed! agreed! and for thy reward——

Mrs. Coup. Well, well;—though I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—no—one may see it in thy face.

Fash. Not a sous, by Jupiter!

Mrs. Coup. Must I advance, then? Well, be at my lodgings, next door, this evening, and I'll see what may be done—we'll sign and seal, and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail and begone. [*Exit.*

Fash. So, Lory, Fortune, thou seest, at last takes care of merit! we are in a fair way to be great people.

Lory. Aye, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he used to do.

Fash. Why, faith, he has played me many a damned trick to spoil my fortune; and, egad, I am almost afraid he 's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lory. Indeed, sir, I should not.

Fash. How dost know?

Lory. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Fash. No! What wouldst thou say, if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lory. I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Fash. Why, faith, Lory, though I have played many

a roguish trick, this is so full-grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't—I have scruples.

Lory. They are strong symptoms of death. If you find they increase, sir, pray make your will.

Fash. No, my conscience shan't starve me neither; but thus far I'll listen to it. Before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about him as to assist me—though with a moderate aid—I'll drop my project at his feet, and show him how I can do for him much more than what I'd ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make.

Succeed or fail, still victory is my lot;
If I subdue his heart, 'tis well—if not,
I will subdue my conscience to my plot.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—LOVELESS'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LOVELESS *and* AMANDA.

Love. How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay here, if you are satisfied.

Aman. I am satisfied with everything that pleases you, else I had not come to Scarborough at all.

Love. Oh, a little of the noise and folly of this place will sweeten the pleasures of our retreat; we shall find the charms of our retirement doubled when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I engage in those empty pleasures which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Love. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; yet there are delights of which a private life is destitute,

which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman: good music is one; and truly (with some small allowance) the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. Plays, I must confess, have some small charms. What do you think of that you saw last night?

Love. To say truth, I did not mind it much—my attention was for some time taken off to admire the workmanship of Nature in the face of a young lady who sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Love. Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

Aman. Because you seemed to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Love. Then you are alarmed, Amanda?

Aman. It is my duty to be so when you are in danger.

Love. You are too quick in apprehending for me. I viewed her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions. But were your eyes the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place my tongue, I fancy, had been curious too. I should have asked her where she lived—yet still without design: who was she, pray?

Love. Indeed, I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Love. Upon my honour, then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Love. I do not. But why are you so earnest?

Aman. I thought I had cause.

Love. But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story: should you come home and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous because you had eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he was exquisitely so, and that I had gazed on him with admiration, should you not think 'twere possible I might go one step further and inquire his name?

Love. [*Aside.*] She has reason on her side; I have talked too much; but I must turn off another way.—
[*Aloud.*] Will you then make no difference, Amanda,
Between the language of our sex and yours?
There is a modesty restrains your tongues,
Which makes you speak by halves when you command;
But roving flattery gives a loose to ours,
Which makes us still speak double what we think.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, there is a lady at the door in a chair desires to know whether your ladyship sees company; her name is Berinthia.

Aman. Oh, dear! 'tis a relation I have not seen these five years; pray her to walk in.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] Here 's another beauty for you; she was, when I saw her last, reckoned extremely handsome.

Love. Don't be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ha! by heavens, the very woman! [*Aside.*

Ber. [*Salutes* AMANDA.] Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet you in Scarborough.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you.—Mr. Loveless, here 's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Love. [*Salutes* BERINTHIA.] If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He 's at the next door; and, if it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait upon you.

Love. Give my compliments to his lordship, and I shall be glad to see him.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] If you

are not acquainted with his lordship, madam, you will be entertained with his character.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth to see a man whom nature has made no fool be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Love. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt: pity those whom nature abuses, never those who abuse nature.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Lord Fop. Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

Love. My lord, I'm yours.

Lord Fop. Madam, your ladyship's very obedient slave.

Love. My lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

Lord Fop. [*Salutes* BERINTHIA.] The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me! Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here: I am, stap my vitals!—[*To* AMANDA.] For Gad's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life?

Aman. My life has been very far from that, my lord; it has been a very quiet one.

Lord Fop. Why, that's the fatigue I speak of, madam; for 'tis impossible to be quiet without thinking: now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading, then?

Lord Fop. Oh, passionately, madam; but I never think of what I read. For example, madam, my life is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, when in tawn, about twelve o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion: nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look decent, lest he makes so odious a figure in the

side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at twelve o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it is a good day, I resalve to take the exercise of riding; so drink my chocolate, and draw on my boots by two. On my return, I dress; and, after dinner, lounge perhaps to the opera.

Ber. Your lordship, I suppose, is fond of music?

Lord Fop. Oh, passionately, on Tuesdays and Saturdays; for then there is always the best company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening.

Aman. Does your lordship think that the case at the opera?

Lord Fop. Most certainly, madam. There is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Sneer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin—these have boxes in the front, and while any favourite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the waurld, stap my vitals!—Mayn't we hope for the honour to see you added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas! my lord, I am the worst company in the world at a concert, I'm so apt to attend to the music.

Lord Fop. Why, madam, that is very pardonable in the country or at church, but a monstrous inattention in a polite assembly. But I am afraid I tire the company?

Love. Not at all. Pray, go on.

Lord Fop. Why then, ladies, there only remains to add, that I generally conclude the evening at one or other of the clubs; nat that I ever play deep; indeed, I have been for some time tied up from losing above five thousand paunds at a sitting.

Love. But isn't your lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

Lord Fop. Sir, as to weighty affairs, I leave them to weighty heads; I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

Ber. Nay, my lord, but you are a pillar of the state.

Lord Fop. An ornamental pillar, madam; for sooner than undergo any part of the fatigue, rat me, but the whole building should fall plump to the ground!

Aman. But, my lord, a fine gentleman spends a great deal of his time in his intrigues; you have given us no account of them yet.

Lord Fop. [*Aside.*] So! she would inquire into my amours—that 's jealousy, poor soul! I see she 's in love with me.—[*Aloud.*] O Lord, madam, I had like to have forgot a secret I must needs tell your ladyship.—Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Love. [*Leading* BERINTHIA *up the stage.*] Not I, my lord; I am too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

Lord Fop. [*Aside to* AMANDA, *squeezing her hand.*] I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless!

Aman. [*Strikes him on the ear.*] Then thus I return your passion.—An impudent fool!

Lord Fop. Gad's curse, madam, I am a peer of the realm!

Love. [*Hastily returning.*] Hey! what the devil, do you affront my wife, sir? Nay, then——

[*Draws. They fight.*

Aman. What has my folly done?—Help! murder! help! Part them, for Heaven's sake.

Lord Fop. [*Falls back and leans on his sword.*] Ah! quite through the body, stap my vitals!

Enter SERVANTS.

Love. [*Runs to* LORD FOPPINGTON.] I hope I ha'n't killed the fool, however. Bear him up.—Call a surgeon there.

Lord Fop. Aye, pray make haste. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Love. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

Lord Fop. I may so; love 's the devil indeed, Ned.

Re-enter SERVANT, *with* PROBE.

Serv. Here 's Mr. Probe, sir, was just going by the door.

Lord Fop. He 's the welcomest man alive.

Probe. Stand by, stand by, stand by; pray, gentlemen, stand by. Lord have mercy upon us, did you

never see a man run through the body before?—Pray, stand by.

Lord Fop. Ah, Mr. Probe, I'm a dead man.

Probe. A dead man, and I by! I should laugh to see that, egad.

Love. Prithee, don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

Probe. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Love. Why, then he'll bleed to death, sir.

Probe. Why, then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Love. 'Slife! he 's run through the body, I tell thee.

Probe. I wish he was run through the heart, and I should get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope you are satisfied? Come, now let me come at him—now let me come at him.—[*Viewing his wound.*] Oons! what a gash is here! why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

Lord Fop. Oh!

Probe. Why, what the devil, have you run the gentleman through with a scythe?—[*Aside.*] A little scratch between the skin and the ribs, that 's all.

Love. Let me see his wound.

Probe. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if anybody but looks upon it I won't.

Love. Why, thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw!

Probe. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

Lord Fop. Surgeon!

Probe. Sir.

Lord Fop. Are there any hopes?

Probe. Hopes! I can't tell. What are you willing to give for a cure?

Lord Fop. Five hundred paunds, with pleasure.

Probe. Why, then, perhaps there may be hopes; but we must avoid further delay.—Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently—that 's the properest place—[*Aside*] to bubble him out of his money.—[*Aloud.*] Come, a chair—a chair, quickly—there, in with him.

[SERVANTS *put* LORD FOPPINGTON *into a chair.*

Lord Fop. Dear Loveless, adieu! If I die, I forgive thee; and if I live, I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am sorry you and I should quarrel, but I hope here 's an end on't; for if you are satisfied, I am.

Love. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

Lord Fop. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb!—[*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals!

Probe. So—carry him off, carry him off! We shall have him prate himself into a fever by and by.—Carry him off! [*Exit with* LORD FOPPINGTON.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. Town. So, so, I am glad to find you all alive—I met a wounded peer carrying off. For Heaven's sake, what was the matter?

Love. Oh, a trifle! he would have made love to my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box o' the ear, and I ran him through the body, that was all.

Col. Town. Bagatelle on all sides. But pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been a humble servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't—so, I suppose, 'tis his quality more than his love has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman's heart below the degree of a peeress.

Col. Town. He 's coxcomb enough to think anything; but I would not have you brought into trouble for him. I hope there 's no danger of his life?

Love. None at all. He 's fallen into the hands of a roguish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him: but I saw his wound—'tis nothing: he may go to the ball to-night if he pleases.

Col. Town. I am glad you have corrected him without further mischief, or you might have deprived me of the pleasure of executing a plot against his lordship, which I have been contriving with an old acquaintance of yours.

Love. Explain.

Col. Town. His brother, Tom Fashion, is come down here, and we have it in contemplation to save him the trouble of his intended wedding; but we want your assistance. Tom would have called, but he is preparing for his enterprise, so I promised to bring you to him—so, sir, if these ladies can spare you——

Love. I'll go with you with all my heart.—[*Aside.*] Though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature. Good gods! how engaging she is!—but what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go. [*Exit* COLONEL TOWNLY.

Love. What would my dear?

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question: how do you like my cousin here?

Love. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all: I ask you for another reason.

Love. [*Aside.*] Whate'er the reason be, I must not tell her true.—[*Aloud.*] Why, I confess, she 's handsome: but you must not think I slight your kinswoman if I own to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last that would triumph in my heart.

Aman. I'm satisfied.

Love. Now tell me why you asked?

Aman. At night I will—adieu!

Love. I'm yours. [*Kisses her, and exit.*

Aman. I'm glad to find he does not like her, for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*Aside.*

Ber. So! I find my colonel continues in his airs: there must be something more at the bottom of this than the provocation he pretends from me. [*Aside.*

Aman. For Heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me.

Ber. Why, one way in the world there is, and but one.

Aman. And pray what is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en sleep here to-night.

Ber. To-night!

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda? Why, then, they shall think what they please: for I'm a young widow, and I care not what anybody thinks.—Ah, Amanda, it's a delicious thing to be a young widow!

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Poh! because you are in love with your husband.

Aman. Pray, 'tis with a world of innocence I would inquire whether you think those we call women of reputation do really escape all other men as they do those shadows of beaux?

Ber. Oh, no, Amanda; there are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em, men that may be called the beau's antipathy, for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains, the beau has none. These are in love with their mistress, the beau with himself. They take care of their reputation, the beau is industrious to destroy it. They are decent, he's a fop; in short, they are men, he's an ass.

Aman. If this be their character, I fancy we had here, e'en now, a pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His lordship and Colonel Townly?

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the lord, he is eminently so; and for the other, I can assure you there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women that are worth having an interest with.

Aman. He answers the opinion I had ever of him.—[*Takes her hand.*] I must acquaint you with a secret—'tis not that fool alone has talked to me of love; Townly has been tampering too.

Ber. [*Aside.*] So, so! here the mystery comes out!—[*Aloud.*] Colonel Townly! impossible, my dear!

Aman. 'Tis true, indeed; though he has done it in vain; nor do I think that all the merit of mankind combined could shake the tender love I bear my husband; yet I will own to you, Berinthia, I did not start at his addresses, as when they came from one whom I contemned.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Oh, this is better and better! - [*Aloud.*] Well said, Innocence! and you really think, my dear, that nothing could abate your constancy and attachment to your husband?

Aman. Nothing, I am convinced.

Ber. What, if you found he loved another woman better?

Aman. Well!

Ber. Well!—why, were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband. Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly, indeed!

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowance for your humour: but you resolve, then, never to marry again?

Ber. Oh, no! I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't: but I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my opinion is, form what resolutions you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. I doubt it—but a——Heavens! I have business at home, and am half an hour too late.

Aman. As you are to return with me, I'll just give some orders, and walk with you.

Ber. Well, make haste, and we'll finish this subject as we go.—[*Exit* AMANDA.] Ah, poor Amanda! you have led a country life. Well, this discovery is lucky! Base Townly! at once false to me and treacherous to his friend!—And my innocent and demure cousin too! I have it in my power to be revenged on her, however.

Her husband, if I have any skill in countenance, would be as happy in my smiles as Townly can hope to be in hers. I'll make the experiment, come what will on't. The woman who can forgive the being robbed of a favoured lover must be either an idiot or something worse. [*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—LORD FOPPINGTON'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON *and* LA VAROLE.

Lord Fop. Hey, fellow, let my *vis-à-vis* come to the door.

La Var. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

Lord Fop. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies.

La Var. I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

Lord Fop. My wound!—I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have had in my heart. So mind, Varole, let these cards be left as directed; for this evening I shall wait on my future father-in-law, Sir Tunbelly, and I mean to commence my devoirs to the lady by giving an entertainment at her father's expense; and hark thee, tell Mr. Loveless I request he and his company will honour me with their presence, or I shall think we are not friends.

La Var. I will be sure, milor. [*Exit.*

Enter TOM FASHION.

Fash. Brother, your servant; how do you find yourself to-day?

Lord Fop. So well that I have ardered my coach to

the door—so there's no danger of death this baut, Tam.

Fash. I'm very glad of it.

Lord Fop. [*Aside.*] That I believe 's a lie.—[*Aloud.*] Prithee, Tam, tell me one thing—did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was run through the bady?

Fash. Why do you think it should?

Lord Fop. Because I remember mine did so when I heard my uncle was shot through the head.

Fash. It, then, did very ill.

Lord Fop. Prithee, why so?

Fash. Because he used you very well.

Lord Fop. Well!—Naw, strike me dumb! he starved me; he has let me want a thausand women for want of a thausand paund.

Fash. Then he hindered you from making a great many ill bargains; for I think no woman worth money that will take money.

Lord Fop. If I was a younger brother I should think so too.

Fash. Then you are seldom much in love?

Lord Fop. Never, stap my vitals!

Fash. Why, then, did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

Lord Fop. Because she 's a woman of insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqued, in honour, to debauch her.

Fash. Very well.—[*Aside.*] Here 's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of ten thousand pounds a year! But now for my business with him.—[*Aloud.*] Brother, though I know to talk of any business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord Fop. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worst argument in the waurld for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb! it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Fash. I'm sorry you think so.

Lord Fop. I do believe thou art: but come, let 's know the affair quickly.

Fash. Why, then, my case in a word is this: the necessary expenses of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent. So, unless you are so kind as to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

Lord Fop. Why, faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the waurld; for if you succeed, you are relieved that way, if you are taken [*drawing his hand round his neck*], you are relieved t'other.

Fash. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Lord Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing, that I should give you five hundred paunds ?

Fash. I do not ask it as a due, brother; I am willing to receive it as a favour.

Lord Fop. Then thou art willing to receive it anyhow, strike me speechless! But these are damned times to give money in; taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and bouquets so dear, that, the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet pawder, till I have brought it down to five guineas a maunth—now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred paunds.

Fash. If you can't I must starve, that 's all.—[*Aside.*] Damn him!

Lord Fop. All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Fash. Oons! if you can't live upon ten thousand a year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Lord Fop. Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the waurld—to the face. Look you, I don't love to say anything to you to make you melancholy, but upon this occasion

I must take leave to put you in mind that a running horse does require more attendance than a coach-horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me.

Fash. Yes—she has made you older.—[*Aside.*] Plague take her!

Lord Fop. That is not all, Tam.

Fash. Why, what is there else?

Lord Fop. [*Looks first on himself, and then on his brother.*] Ask the ladies.

Fash. Why, thou essence-bottle, thou musk-cat! dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me but what Fortune has given thee?

Lord Fop. I do, stap my vitals!

Fash. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs!

Lord Fop. Sir, I am proud at being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Fash. Will nothing provoke thee?—Draw, coward!

Lord Fop. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishest plats broke out that I have seen a lang time. Your poverty makes life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain. But I will disappoint you both in your designs; far with the temper of a philasapher, and the discretion of a statesman—I shall leave the room with my sword in the scabbard. [*Exit.*

Fash. So! farewell, brother; and now, conscience, I defy thee. Lory!

Enter LORY.

Lory. Sir!

Fash. Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again: for I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Fash. Be at peace; it will come there no more: my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kicked it downstairs. So run away to the inn, get the chaise ready quickly, and bring it to Dame Coupler's without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune?

Fash. I am.—Away! fly, Lory!

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already. Now then I shall get my wages. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden behind* LOVELESS'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LOVELESS *and* SERVANT.

Love. Is my wife within?

Serv. No, sir, she has gone out this half-hour.

Love. Well, leave me.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] How strangely does my mind run on this widow! Never was my heart so suddenly seized on before. That my wife should pick out her, of all womankind, to be her playfellow! But what fate does, let fate answer for: I sought it not. So! by heavens! here she comes.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, sir? I hope you are not ill.

Love. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not, and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I thought all people were acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

Love. What if the distemper I suspect be in the mind?

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Love. Alas! you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least, then, you allow me to be a physician.

Love. Nay, I'll allow you to be so yet further; for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

Ber. How?

Love. Oh, you might betray me to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Love. Will you then keep my secret?

Ber. I will.

Love. Well, but swear it.

Ber. I swear by woman.

Love. Nay, that 's swearing by my deity; swear by your own, and I shall believe you.

Ber. Well, then, I swear by man!

Love. I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these: when I saw you at the play, a random glance you threw at first alarmed me. I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came—I gazed upon you till my heart began to pant—nay, even now, on your approaching me, my illness is so increased that if you do not help me I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes. [*Takes her hand.*

Ber. O Lord, let me go! 'tis the plague, and we shall be infected. [*Breaking from him.*

Love. Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O Gad! the devil 's in you! Lord, let me go! here 's somebody coming.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my lady 's come home, and desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell her I'm coming.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] But before I go, one glass of nectar to drink her health. [*To* BERINTHIA.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens!

Love. [*Kissing her.*] In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's. [*Exit.*

Ber. Um!

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. Town. [*Aside.*] So! what 's here—Berinthia and

Loveless—and in such close conversation! I cannot now wonder at her indifference in excusing herself to me! O rare woman!—Well, then, let Loveless look to his wife, 'twill be but the retort courteous on both sides. —[*Aloud.*] Your servant, madam; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. No better than I used to have, I suppose.

Col. Town. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Ber. I have been walking!

Col. Town. Is that all? Pray was it Mr. Loveless went from here just now?

Ber. Oh, yes—he has been walking with me.

Col. Town. He has!

Ber. Upon my word I think he is a very agreeable man; and there is certainly something particularly insinuating in his address!

Col. Town. [*Aside.*] So, so! she hasn't even the modesty to dissemble!—[*Aloud.*] Pray, madam, may I, without impertinence, trouble you with a few serious questions?

Ber. As many as you please; but pray let them be as little serious as possible.

Col. Town. Is it not near two years since I have presumed to address you?

Ber. I don't know exactly, but it has been a tedious long time.

Col. Town. Have I not, during that period, had every reason to believe that my assiduities were far from being unacceptable?

Ber. Why, to do you justice, you have been extremely troublesome, and I confess I have been more civil to you than you deserved.

Col. Town. Did I not come to this place at your express desire, and for no purpose but the honour of meeting you?—and after waiting a month in disappointment, have you condescended to explain, or in the slightest way apologize for, your conduct?

Ber. O heavens! apologize for my conduct!—apologize to you! Oh, you barbarian! But pray now, my good serious colonel, have you anything more to add?

Col. Town. Nothing, madam, but that after such behaviour I am less surprised at what I saw just now; it is not very wonderful that the woman who can trifle with the delicate addresses of an honourable lover should be found coquetting with the husband of her friend.

Ber. Very true: no more wonderful than it was for this honourable lover to divert himself, in the absence of this coquette, with endeavouring to seduce his friend's wife! O colonel, colonel, don't talk of honour or your friend, for Heaven's sake!

Col. Town. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! how came she to suspect this!—[*Aloud.*] Really, madam, I don't understand you.

Ber. Nay, nay, you saw I did not pretend to misunderstand you.—But here comes the lady: perhaps you would be glad to be left with her for an explanation.

Col. Town. O madam, this recrimination is a poor resource; and to convince you how much you are mistaken, I beg leave to decline the happiness you propose me.—Madam, your servant.

Enter AMANDA. COLONEL TOWNLY *whispers* AMANDA, *and exit.*

Ber. [*Aside.*] He carries it off well, however; upon my word, very well! How tenderly they part!—[*Aloud.*] So, cousin; I hope you have not been chiding your admirer for being with me? I assure you we have been talking of you.

Aman. Fie, Berinthia!—my admirer! will you never learn to talk in earnest of anything?

Ber. Why, this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact.

Aman. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me on this subject, I scarce know how to take it. I have just parted with Mr. Loveless; perhaps it is fancy, but I think there is an alteration in his manner which alarms me.

Ber. And so you are jealous! is that all?

Aman. That all! is jealousy, then, nothing?

Ber. It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

Aman. Why, what would you do?

Ber. I'd cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. Care as little for my husband as he did for me. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin, and lean, and pale, and ugly, if you please; but I tell you, no man worth having is true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Ber. Think so? I am sure of it.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively—he fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right—the very same! But who could have told you this?

Ber. Um!—Oh, Townly! I suppose your husband has made him his confidant.

Aman. O base Loveless! And what did Townly say on't?

Ber. [*Aside.*] So, so! why should she ask that?—[*Aloud.*] Say! why he abused Loveless extremely, and said all the tender things of you in the world.

Aman. Did he?—Oh! my heart!—I'm very ill—dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Outside of* SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S *House.*

Enter TOM FASHION *and* LORY.

Fash. So, here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession. But methinks the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the

orders of building here: get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Fash. Get but the house, let the devil take the heiress, *I* say.—But come, we have no time to squander; knock at the door.—[LORY *knocks two or three times at the gate.*] What the devil! have they got no ears in this house? Knock harder.

Lory. Egad, sir, this will prove some enchanted castle; we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Fash. Hush, they come.

Serv. [*Within.*] Who is there?

Lory. Open the door and see: is that your country breeding?

Serv. Aye, but two words to that bargain.—Tummas, is the blunderbuss primed?

Fash. Oons! give 'em good words, Lory,—or we shall be shot here a fortune-catching.

Lory. Egad, sir, I think you're in the right on't.—Ho! Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um, will you please to let us in? or are we to be left to grow like willows by your moat side?

SERVANT *appears at the window with a blunderbuss.*

Serv. Well naw, what 's ya're business?

Fash. Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Serv. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly! why, you'll find that 's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Fash. But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Serv. Why, look you, d'ye see, with good words much may be done.—Ralph, go thy ways, and ask Sir Tunbelly if he pleases to be waited upon—and dost hear, call to nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the gates open.

Fash. D'ye hear that, Lory?

Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, *with* SERVANTS, *armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks, &c.*

Lory. Oh! [*Runs behind his master.*] O Lord! O Lord! Lord! we are both dead men!

Fash. Fool! thy fear will ruin us. [*Aside to* LORY.

Lory. My fear, sir? 'sdeath, sir, I fear nothing.—[*Aside.*] Would I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond!

Sir Tun. Who is it here hath any business with me?

Fash. Sir, 'tis I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsy.

Sir Tun. Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, whether you have any business with me or not. So you see I am not ashamed of my name, nor my face either.

Fash. Sir, you have no cause that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no cause either, I desire to know who you are; for, till I know your name, I shan't ask you to come into my house: and when I do know your name, 'tis six to four I don't ask you then.

Fash. Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport. [*Gives him a letter.*

Sir Tun. Cod's my life, from Mrs. Coupler!—I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times.—[*To a* SERVANT.] Here, run in a-doors quickly; get a Scotch coal fire in the parlour, set all the Turkey-work chairs in their places, get the brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the socket full of laurel—run!—[*Turns to* TOM FASHION.] My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon.—[*To* SERVANT.] And, do you hear, run away to nurse; bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family. We are not used to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day. Pray, where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Fash. Sir, that I might give you and your daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer akin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir Tun. Your lordship does me too much honour—it was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and, though I say it that should not say it, Hoyden has charms.

Fash. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her; common fame has done her justice.

Sir Tun. My lord, I am common fame's very grateful, humble servant. My lord, my girl 's young—Hoyden is young, my lord: but this I must say for her, what she wants in art she has in breeding; and what 's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution.—So pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Fash. Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S *House.* MISS HOYDEN *discovered alone.*

Miss Hoyd. Sure, nobody was ever used as I am! I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool o' me. It 's well I have a husband a-coming, or ecod I'd marry the baker, I would so. Nobody can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up; and here 's the young greyhound can run loose about the house all the day long, so she can.—'Tis very well!

Nurse. [*Without, opening the door.*] Miss Hoyden! miss, miss, miss! Miss Hoyden!

Enter NURSE.

Miss Hoyd. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha? What do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here 's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss Hoyd. What care I who 's come? I care not a fig who comes, or who goes, so long as I must be locked up like the ale-cellar.

Nurse. That, miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss Hoyd. Oh, don't trouble your head about that; I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well! Now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss Hoyd. My lord! why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry, is he; and a goodly person too.

Miss Hoyd. [*Hugs* NURSE.] Oh, my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing! see now, it melts; it 's as full of good-nature as an egg 's full of meat.

Miss Hoyd. But, my dear nurse, don't lie now—is he come, by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss Hoyd. O Lord! I'll go and put on my laced tucker, though I'm locked up for a month for't.

[*Exeunt.* MISS HOYDEN *goes off capering, and twirling her doll by its leg.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Room in* SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S *House.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE.

Nurse. Well, miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss Hoyd. O Lord, nurse, I'm so overjoyed I can scarce contain myself!

Nurse. Oh, but you must have a care of being too fond; for men, nowadays, hate a woman that loves 'em.

Miss Hoyd. Love him! why, do you think I love him, nurse? Ecod, I would not care if he was hanged, so I were but once married to him. No, that which pleases me is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a lady both, ecod, I'll flaunt it with the best of 'em. Aye, and I shall have money enough to do so too, nurse.

Nurse. Ah, there 's no knowing that, miss; for though these lords have a power of wealth indeed, yet,

as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing, and has not a spare half-crown to buy her a *Practice of Piety*.

Miss Hoyd. Oh, but for that, don't deceive yourself, nurse; for this I must say of my lord, he 's as free as an open house at Christmas; for this very morning he told me I should have six hundred a year to buy pins. Now if he gives me six hundred a year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy petticoats?

Nurse. Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he 's no better than a rogue for his pains! These Londoners have got a gibberish with 'em would confound a gipsy. That which they call pin-money, is to buy everything in the 'versal world, down to their very shoe-knots. Nay, I have heard some folks say that some ladies, if they'll have gallants, as they call 'em, are forced to find them out of their pin-money too.—But look, look, if his honour be not coming to you! Now, if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss Hoyd. That 's my best nurse; do as you'd be done by. Trust us together this once, and if I don't show my breeding, I wish I may never be married, but die an old maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you. But if you disparage me——

Miss Hoyd. Never fear. [*Exit* NURSE.

Enter TOM FASHION.

Fash. Your servant, madam; I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss Hoyd. Sir (my lord, I meant), you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Fash. You give so obliging an one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words what I think, both for

your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband; and I hope I may obtain your consent to perform what he desires.

Miss Hoyd. Sir, I never disobey my father in anything but eating green gooseberries.

Fash. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife. I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss Hoyd. Pray, my lord, how long is that?

Fash. Madam, a thousand years—a whole week.

Miss Hoyd. Why, I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure nurse told me so.

Fash. And it shall be to-morrow morning, if you'll consent.

Miss Hoyd. If I'll consent! Why, I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

Fash. That 's when we are married. Till then, I'm to obey you.

Miss Hoyd. Why, then, if we are to take it by turns, it 's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married you shall obey me.

Fash. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss Hoyd. No more we shan't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a-preaching to her by his good will.

Fash. Why, then, my dear, if you'll call her hither we'll persuade her presently.

Miss Hoyd. O Lud! I'll tell you a way how to persuade her to anything.

Fash. How 's that?

Miss Hoyd. Why, tell her she 's a handsome comely woman, and give her half a crown.

Fash. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss Hoyd. O Gemini! for half that she'd marry you herself.—I'll run and call her. [*Exit.*

Fash. So! matters go on swimmingly. This is a rare girl, i'faith. I shall have a fine time on't with her at London.

Enter LORY.

So, Lory, what 's the matter?

Lory. Here, sir—an intercepted packet from the enemy; your brother's postilion brought it. I knew the livery, pretended to be a servant of Sir Tunbelly's, and so got possession of the letter.

Fash. [*Looks at the letter.*] Oons! he tells Sir Tunbelly here that he will be with him this evening, with a large party to supper.—Egad, I must marry the girl directly.

Lory. Oh, zounds, sir, directly to be sure. Here she comes. [*Exit.*

Fash. And the old Jezebel with her.

Re-enter MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE.

How do you do, good Mrs. Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and kind conduct in her education: pray accept of this small acknowledgement for it at present, and depend upon my further kindness when I shall be that happy thing, her husband. [*Gives her money.*

Nurse. [*Aside.*] Gold, by the maakins!—[*Aloud.*] Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing thrived, and how it would look up in my face, and crow and laugh, it would.

Miss Hoyd. [*To* NURSE, *taking her angrily aside.*] Pray, one word with you. Prithee, nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is cares for a fiddlecome tale of a child? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him

what one can do now.—[*To* TOM FASHION.] I hope your honour will excuse my mis-manners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

Fash. Oh, everything, madam, is to give way to business; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss Hoyd. Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London town? Do they darn their own linen?

Fash. Oh, no, they study how to spend money, not to save.

Miss Hoyd. Ecod, I don't know but that may be better sport, ha, nurse?

Fash. Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

Miss Hoyd. Shall I? then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can.—[*To* NURSE.] His honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear madam?

Fash. Aye, faith, nurse, you may well be surprised at miss's wanting to put it off so long. To-morrow! no, no; 'tis now, this very hour, I would have the ceremony performed.

Miss Hoyd. Ecod, with all my heart.

Nurse. Oh, mercy! worse and worse!

Fash. Yes, sweet nurse, now and privately; for all things being signed and sealed, why should Sir Tunbelly make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner?

Nurse. But if you should be married now, what will you do when Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be married?

Miss Hoyd. Why, then we will be married again.

Nurse. What, twice, my child?

Miss Hoyd. Ecod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing. So you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

Miss Hoyd. Shall I? O Lord, I could leap over the moon!

Fash. Dear nurse, this goodness of yours shall be still more rewarded. But now you must employ your power with the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him ?

Nurse. Prevail with him ! or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Fash. I'm glad to hear it ; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay, then, I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him !

Miss Hoyd. Faith, do, nurse, make him marry you too ; I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living.

Fash. Well, nurse, while you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden.—[*Exit* NURSE.] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me ?

[*Takes* MISS HOYDEN *by the hand.*

Miss Hoyd. Oh dear, yes, sir ; I don't think you'll do anything to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—AMANDA'S *Dressing-room.*

Enter AMANDA, *followed by her* MAID.

Maid. If you please, madam, only to say whether you'll have me buy them or not ?

Aman. Yes—no—Go, teaser ; I care not what you do. Prithee, leave me. [*Exit* MAID.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. What, in the name of Jove, is the matter with you ?

Aman. The matter, Berinthia ! I'm almost mad ; I'm plagued to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you ?

Aman. Who do you think should plague a wife but her husband ?

Ber. Oh, ho! is it come to that?—We shall have you wish yourself a widow, by and by.

Aman. Would I were anything but what I am! A base, ungrateful man, to use me thus!

Ber. What, has he given you fresh reason to suspect his wandering?

Aman. Every hour gives me reason.

Ber. And yet, Amanda, you perhaps at this moment cause in another's breast the same tormenting doubts and jealousies which you feel so sensibly yourself.

Aman. Heaven knows I would not.

Ber. Why, you can't tell but there may be some one as tenderly attached to Townly, whom you boast of as your conquest, as you can be to your husband?

Aman. I'm sure I never encouraged his pretensions.

Ber. Psha! psha! no sensible man ever perseveres to love without encouragement. Why have you not treated him as you have Lord Foppington?

Aman. Because he presumed not so far. But let us drop the subject. Men, not women, are riddles. Mr. Loveless now follows some flirt for variety, whom I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That 's more than you know, madam.

Aman. Why, do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. I think I can guess at the person; but she 's no such ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly, I think so.

Aman. Whate'er she be, I'm sure he does not like her well enough to bestow anything more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Outward gallantry! I can't bear this.—[*Aloud.*] Come, come, don't you be too secure, Amanda: while you suffer Townly to imagine that you do not detest him for his designs on you, you have no right to complain that your husband is engaged elsewhere. But here comes the person we were speaking of.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. Town. Ladies, as I come uninvited, I beg, if

I intrude, you will use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it is near the time Loveless said he would be at home. He talked of accepting of Lord Foppington's invitation to sup at Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's.

Col. Town. His lordship has done me the honour to invite me also. If you'll let me escort you, I'll let you into a mystery as we go, in which you must play a part when we arrive.

Aman. But we have two hours yet to spare; the carriages are not ordered till eight, and it is not a five minutes' drive. So, cousin, let us keep the colonel to play at piquet with us, till Mr. Loveless comes home.

Ber. As you please, madam; but you know I have a letter to write.

Col. Town. Madam, you know you may command me, though I am a very wretched gamester.

Aman. Oh, you play well enough to lose your money, and that 's all the ladies require; and so, without any more ceremony, let us go into the next room, and call for cards and candles. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—BERINTHIA'S *Dressing-room.*

Enter LOVELESS.

Love. So, thus far all 's well: I have got into her dressing-room, and it being dusk, I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house. I heard Berinthia tell my wife she had some particular letters to write this evening, before she went to Sir Tunbelly's, and here are the implements of correspondence.—How shall I muster up assurance to show myself when she comes? I think she has given me encouragement; and, to do my impudence justice, I have made the most of it.—I hear a door open, and some one coming. If it should be my wife, what the devil should I say? I believe she mistrusts me, and, by my life, I don't deserve her tenderness; however, I am determined to reform—

though not yet. Ha! Berinthia!—So, I'll step in here, till I see what sort of humour she is in.

[*Goes into the closet.*

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Was ever so provoking a situation! To think I should sit and hear him compliment Amanda to my face. I have lost all patience with them both! I would not for something have Loveless know what temper of mind they have piqued me into; yet I can't bear to leave them together. No, I'll put my papers away, and return to disappoint them.—[*Goes to the closet.*]—O Lord! a ghost! a ghost! a ghost!

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. Peace, my angel! it's no ghost, but one worth a hundred spirits.

Ber. How, sir, have you had the insolence to presume to——run in again, here's somebody coming.

[LOVELESS *goes into the closet.*

Enter MAID.

Maid. O Lord, ma'am! what's the matter?

Ber. O heavens! I'm almost frightened out of my wits! I thought verily I had seen a ghost, and 'twas nothing but a black hood pinned against the wall. You may go again; I am the fearfullest fool! [*Exit* MAID.

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. Is the coast clear?

Ber. The coast clear! Upon my word, I wonder at your assurance!

Love. Why, then, you wonder before I have given you a proof of it. But where's my wife?

Ber. At cards.

Love. With whom?

Ber. With Townly.

Love. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. You are so! Some husbands would be of another mind, were he at cards with their wives.

Love. And they'd be in the right on't, too; but I dare trust mine.

Ber. Indeed! and she, I doubt not, has the same confidence in you. Yet do you think she'd be content to come and find you here?

Love. Egad, as you say, that's true!—Then, for fear she should come, hadn't we better go into the next room, out of her way?

Ber. What, in the dark?

Love. Aye, or with a light, which you please.

Ber. You are certainly very impudent.

Love. Nay, then—let me conduct you, my angel!

Ber. Hold, hold! you are mistaken in your angel, I assure you.

Love. I hope not; for by this hand I swear——

Ber. Come, come, let go my hand, or I shall hate you!—I'll cry out, as I live!

Love. Impossible! you cannot be so cruel.

Ber. Ha! here's some one coming. Begone instantly!

Love. Will you promise to return, if I remain here?

Ber. Never trust myself in a room again with you while I live.

Love. But I have something particular to communicate to you.

Ber. Well, well, before we go to Sir Tunbelly's, I'll walk upon the lawn. If you are fond of a moonlight evening, you'll find me there.

Love. I'faith, they're coming here now!—I take you at your word. [*Exit into the closet.*

Ber. 'Tis Amanda, as I live! I hope she has not heard his voice; though I mean she should have her share of jealousy in her turn.

Enter AMANDA.

Aman. Berinthia, why did you leave me?

Ber. I thought I only spoiled your party.

Aman. Since you have been gone, Townly has attempted to renew his importunities. I must break with him, for I cannot venture to acquaint Mr. Loveless with his conduct.

Ber. Oh, no ! Mr. Loveless mustn't know of it by any means.

Aman. Oh, not for the world !—I wish, Berinthia, you would undertake to speak to Townly on the subject.

Ber. Upon my word, it would be a very pleasant subject for me to talk upon ! But, come, let us go back ; and you may depend on't I'll not leave you together again, if I can help it. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. So—so ! a pretty piece of business I have overheard. Townly makes love to my wife, and I am not to know it for all the world. I must inquire into this—and, by Heaven, if I find that Amanda has, in the smallest degree—yet what have I been at here ?—Oh, 'sdeath ! that 's no rule.

That wife alone unsullied credit wins
Whose virtues can atone her husband's sins.
Thus, while the man has other nymphs in view,
It suits the woman to be doubly true. [*Exit.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Garden behind* LOVELESS'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LOVELESS.

Love. Now, does she mean to make a fool of me, or not ? I shan't wait much longer, for my wife will soon be inquiring for me to set out on our supping party. Suspense is at all times the devil, but of all modes of suspense the watching for a loitering mistress is the worst.—But let me accuse her no longer ; she approaches with one smile to o'erpay the anxieties of a year.

Enter BERINTHIA.

O Berinthia, what a world of kindness are you in my debt! had you stayed five minutes longer——

Ber. You would have gone, I suppose?

Love. Egad, she 's right enough. [*Aside.*

Ber. And I assure you 'twas ten to one that I came at all. In short, I begin to think you are too dangerous a being to trifle with; and as I shall probably only make a fool of you at last, I believe we had better let matters rest as they are.

Love. You cannot mean it, sure?

Ber. What more would you have me give to a married man?

Love. How doubly cruel to remind me of my misfortunes!

Ber. A misfortune to be married to so charming a woman as Amanda?

Love. I grant all her merit, but——'sdeath! now see what you have done by talking of her—she 's here, by all that 's unlucky, and Townly with her.—I'll observe them.

Ber. O Gad, we had better get out of the way; for I should feel as awkward to meet her as you.

Love. Aye, if I mistake not, I see Townly coming this way also. I must see a little into this matter. [*Steps aside.*

Ber. Oh, if that 's your intention, I am no woman if I suffer myself to be outdone in curiosity. [*Goes on the other side.*

Enter AMANDA.

Aman. Mr. Loveless come home, and walking on the lawn! I will not suffer him to walk so late, though perhaps it is to show his neglect of me.—Mr. Loveless, I must speak with you.—Ha! Townly again! How I am persecuted!

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. Town. Madam, you seem disturbed.

Aman. Sir, I have reason.

Col. Town. Whatever be the cause, I would to Heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, or to remove the malady.

Aman. Your interference can only add to my distress.

Col. Town. Ah, madam, if it be the sting of unrequited love you suffer from, seek for your remedy in revenge: weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms, and rouse up that spirit a woman ought to bear. Disdain the false embraces of a husband. See at your feet a real lover; his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love.

Love. So, so, very fine, i'faith! [*Aside.*

Aman. Why do you presume to talk to me thus? Is this your friendship to Mr. Loveless? I perceive you will compel me at last to acquaint him with your treachery.

Col. Town. He could not upbraid me if you were. He deserves it from me; for he has not been more false to you than faithless to me.

Aman. To you?

Col. Town. Yes, madam; the lady for whom he now deserts those charms which he was never worthy of, was mine by right; and, I imagined too, by inclination. Yes, madam, Berinthia, who now——

Aman. Berinthia! Impossible!

Col. Town. 'Tis true, or may I never merit your attention. She is the deceitful sorceress who now holds your husband's heart in bondage.

Aman. I will not believe it.

Col. Town. By the faith of a true lover, I speak from conviction. This very day I saw them together, and overheard——

Aman. Peace, sir! I will not even listen to such slander—this is a poor device to work on my resentment, to listen to your insidious addresses. No, sir, though Mr. Loveless may be capable of error, I am convinced I cannot be deceived so grossly in him as to believe what you now report; and for Berinthia, you should have fixed on some more probable person for

my rival than her who is my relation and my friend: for while I am myself free from guilt, I will never believe that love can beget injury, or confidence create ingratitude.

Col. Town. If I do not prove to you——

Aman. You never shall have an opportunity. From the artful manner in which you first showed yourself to me, I might have been led, as far as virtue permitted, to have thought you less criminal than unhappy; but this last unmanly artifice merits at once my resentment and contempt. [*Exit.*

Col. Town. Sure there 's divinity about her; and she has dispensed some portion of honour's light to me: yet can I bear to lose Berinthia without revenge or compensation? Perhaps she is not so culpable as I thought her. I was mistaken when I began to think lightly of Amanda's virtue, and may be in my censure of my Berinthia. Surely I love her still, for I feel I should be happy to find myself in the wrong. [*Exit.*

Re-enter LOVELESS *and* BERINTHIA.

Ber. Your servant, Mr. Loveless.

Love. Your servant, madam.

Ber. Pray, what do you think of this?

Love. Truly, I don't know what to say.

Ber. Don't you think we steal forth two contemptible creatures?

Love. Why, tolerably so, I must confess.

Ber. And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

Love. No, I think we never should, indeed.

Ber. We! why, monster, you don't pretend that I ever entertained a thought?

Love. Why, then, sincerely and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness.

Ber. Nay, prithee, don't let your respect for me

prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly, and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may depend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

Love. By no means inform him; for though I may choose to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again?

Ber. How will you presume to look *him* in the face again?

Love. He, who has dared to attempt the honour of my wife!

Ber. You, who have dared to attempt the honour of his mistress! Come, come, be ruled by me, who affect more levity than I have, and don't think of anger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

Love. Then I will be ruled by you; and when you shall think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good qualities make as sincere a convert of him as Amanda's have of me. When truth 's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a sacred habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan—
Could they but reach the deep reserve of man—
To keep our love they'd rate their virtue high,
They live together, and together die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S *House.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN, NURSE, *and* TOM FASHION.

Fash. This quick dispatch of the chaplain's I take so kindly, it shall give him claim to my favour as long as I live, I assure you.

Miss Hoyd. And to mine too, I promise you.

Nurse. I most humbly thank your honours; and may your children swarm about you like bees about a honeycomb!

Miss Hoyd. Ecod, with all my heart—the more the merrier, I say—ha, nurse?

Enter LORY.

Lory. One word with you, for Heaven's sake.
[*Taking* TOM FASHION *hastily aside.*

Fash. What the devil 's the matter ?

Lory. Sir, your fortune 's ruined if you are not married. Yonder 's your brother arrived, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen, and a coat worth fourscore pounds—so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Fash. Is he in the house yet ?

Lory. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate. Sir Tunbelly luckily takes him for an impostor ; and I have told him that we have heard of this plot before.

Fash. That 's right.—[*Turning to* MISS HOYDEN.] My dear, here 's a troublesome business my man tells me of, but don't be frightened ; we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here 's an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither incognito) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss Hoyd. Oh, the brazen-faced varlet ! it 's well we are married, or may-be we might never have been so.

Fash. [*Aside.*] Egad, like enough.—[*Aloud.*] Prithee, nurse, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate before I speak with him.

Nurse. An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Fash. Do so, if you please.

Miss Hoyd. Not so fast ; I won't be locked up any more, now I'm married.

Fash. Yes, pray, my dear, till we have seized this rascal.

Miss Hoyd. Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do anything. [*Exit with* NURSE.

Fash. Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding 's over.

Lory. The devil it is, sir ! [*Capers about.*

Fash. Not a word—all 's safe—but Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet. So I am resolved to brazen the brunt of the business out, and have the

pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY.

Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking ?

Sir Tun. Never, by the mass ; but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant you.

Fash. They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir Tun. Aye, aye, rogues enow, but we have mastered them. We only fired a few shot over their heads, and the regiment scoured in an instant.—Here, Tummas, bring in your prisoner.

Fash. If you please, Sir Tunbelly, it will be best for me not to confront the fellow yet, till you have heard how far his impudence will carry him.

Sir Tun. Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person. Your lordship then will please to step aside.

Lory. [*Aside.*] 'Fore Heaven, I applaud my master's modesty ! [*Exit with* TOM FASHION.

Enter SERVANTS, *with* LORD FOPPINGTON *disarmed.*

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

Lord Fop. What the plague do you mean, gentlemen ? is it fair-time, that you are all drunk before supper ?

Sir Tun. Drunk, sirrah ! here 's an impudent rogue for you now. Drunk or sober, bully, I'm a justice o' the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

Lord Fop. Strollers !

Sir Tun. Aye, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What 's your name ? where do you live ? do you pay scot and lot ? Come, are you a freeholder or a copyholder ?

Lord Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions ?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em, before I have done with you, you rascal you !

Lord Fop. Before Gad, all the answer I can make to them is, that you are a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals !

Sir Tun. Nay, if thou art joking deputy-lieutenants, we know how to deal with you.—Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

Lord Fop. A warrant! What the devil is't thou wouldst be at, old gentleman?

Sir Tun. I would be at you, sirrah (if my hands were not tied as a magistrate), and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you!
[*Driving him.*

Lord Fop. And why wouldst thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

Lord Fop. Rob thee of thy daughter! Now do I begin to believe I am in bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream. Prithee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

Lord Fop. Why, then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry, did I, and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she 's a day older.

Lord Fop. Now give me thy hand, old dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. The fellow 's mad!—Here, bind him hand and foot. [*They bind him.*

Lord Fop. Nay, prithee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say—he 's mad: bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

Lord Fop. Prithee, Sir Tunbelly, why should you take such an aversion to the freedom of my address as to suffer the rascals thus to skewer down my arms like a rabbit!—[*Aside.*] Egad, if I don't awake, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life.

Re-enter MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE.

Miss Hoyd. [*Going up to* LORD FOPPINGTON.] Is this he that would have run? Fough, how he stinks of sweets!—Pray, father, let him be dragged through the horsepond.

Lord Fop. This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband. [*Aside.*

Miss Hoyd. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him—hang him?

Sir Tun. That at least, child.

Nurse. Aye, and it 's e'en too good for him too.

Lord Fop. Madame la gouvernante, I presume: hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality matched into. [*Aside.*

Sir Tun. What 's become of my lord, daughter?

Miss Hoyd. He 's just coming, sir.

Lord Fop. My lord! what does he mean by that, now? [*Aside.*

Re-enter TOM FASHION *and* LORY.

Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream 's out! [*Runs.*

Fash. Is this the fellow, sir, that designed to trick me of your daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my lord; how do you like him? is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Fash. I find by his dress he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss Hoyd. O Gemini! is this a beau? let me see him again. [*Surveys him.*] Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

Fash. [*Aside.*] Egad, she'll be in love with him presently—I'll e'en have him sent away to jail.—[*To* LORD FOPPINGTON.] Sir, though your undertaking shows you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha'n't confidence enough to expect much favour from me?

Lord Fop. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Nurse. Look, if the varlet has not the effrontery to call his lordship plain Thomas!

Lord Fop. My Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. Ho, ho, it's my lord with him now! See how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss Hoyd. Pray, my lord—[*To* FASHION]—don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

Lord Fop. I am not altogether so hungry as your ladyship is pleased to imagine.—[*Aside to* TOM FASHION.] Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive me what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer—thou mayst live in extreme splendour with it, stap my vitals!

Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease than to cure it. A quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress, twice as much cannot redeem her. [*Aside to* LORD FOPPINGTON.

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Fash. Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Aye, he shall go, with a plague to him!—Lead on, constable.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here is Muster Loveless, and Muster Colonel Townly, and some ladies to wait on you.

[*To* TOM FASHION.

Lory. [*Aside to* TOM FASHION.] So, sir, what will you do now?

Fash. [*Aside to* LORY.] Be quiet; they are in the plot.—[*Aloud.*] Only a few friends, Sir Tunbelly, whom I wish to introduce to you.

Lord Fop. Thou art the most impudent fellow, Tam, that ever nature yet brought into the world.—Sir Tunbelly, strike me speechless, but these are my friends and acquaintance, and my guests, and they will soon inform thee whether I am the true Lord Foppington or not.

Enter LOVELESS, COLONEL TOWNLY, AMANDA, *and* BERINTHIA.—LORD FOPPINGTON *accosts them as they pass, but none answer him.*

Fash. So, gentlemen, this is friendly; I rejoice to see you.

Col. Town. My lord, we are fortunate to be the witnesses of your lordship's happiness.

Love. But your lordship will do us the honour to introduce us to Sir Tunbelly Clumsy?

Aman. And us to your lady.

Lord Fop. Gad take me, but they are all in a story! [*Aside.*

Sir Tun. Gentlemen, you do me much honour; my Lord Foppington's friends will ever be welcome to me and mine.

Fash. My love, let me introduce you to these ladies.

Miss Hoyd. By goles, they look so fine and so stiff, I am almost ashamed to come nigh 'em.

Aman. A most engaging lady, indeed!

Miss Hoyd. Thank ye, ma'am.

Ber. And I doubt not will soon distinguish herself in the beau-monde.

Miss Hoyd. Where is that?

Fash. You'll soon learn, my dear.

Love. But Lord Foppington——

Lord Fop. Sir!

Love. Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, sir! —Pray, who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament——

Col. Town. For so well-dressed a person, a little oddly circumstanced, indeed.

Sir Tun. Ha! ha! ha!—So, these are your friends and your guests, ha, my adventurer?

Lord Fop. I am struck dumb with their impudence, and cannot positively say whether I shall ever speak again or not.

Sir Tun. Why, sir, this modest gentleman wanted to pass himself upon me as Lord Foppington, and carry off my daughter.

Love. A likely plot to succeed, truly, ha! ha!

Lord Fop. As Gad shall judge me, Loveless, I did not expect this from thee. Come, prithee, confess the joke; tell Sir Tunbelly that I am the real Lord Foppington, who yesterday made love to thy wife; was honoured by her with a slap on the face, and afterwards pinked through the body by thee.

Sir Tun. A likely story, truly, that a peer would behave thus!

Love. A pretty fellow, indeed, that would scandalize the character he wants to assume; but what will you do with him, Sir Tunbelly?

Sir Tun. Commit him, certainly, unless the bride and bridegroom choose to pardon him.

Lord Fop. Bride and bridegroom! For Gad's sake, Sir Tunbelly, 'tis tarture to me to hear you call 'em so.

Miss Hoyd. Why, you ugly thing, what would you have him call us—dog and cat?

Lord Fop. By no means, miss; for that sounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other.

Sir Tun. A precious rogue this to come a-wooing!

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. There are some gentlefolks below to wait upon Lord Foppington. [*Exit.*

Col. Town. 'Sdeath, Tom, what will you do now? [*Aside to* TOM FASHION.

Lord Fop. Now, Sir Tunbelly, here are witnesses who, I believe, are not corrupted.

Sir Tun. Peace, fellow!—Would your lordship choose to have your guests shown here, or shall they wait till we come to 'em?

Fash. I believe, Sir Tunbelly, we had better not have these visitors here yet.—[*Aside.*] Egad, all must out.

Love. Confess, confess; we'll stand by you. [*Aside to* TOM FASHION.

Lord Fop. Nay, Sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides, and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor——

Fash. Brother, I will save you the trouble, by now confessing that I am not what I have passed myself for.—Sir Tunbelly, I am a gentleman, and, I flatter myself, a man of character; but 'tis with great pride I assure you I am not Lord Foppington.

Sir Tun. Oons!—what 's this?—an impostor?—a cheat?—fire and faggots, sir, if you are not Lord Foppington, who the devil are you?

Fash. Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer.

Lord Fop. Impudent to the last, Gad dem me!

Sir Tun. My son-in-law! not yet, I hope.

Fash. Pardon me, sir; thanks to the goodness of your chaplain, and the kind offices of this gentlewoman.

Lory. 'Tis true, indeed, sir; I gave your daughter away, and Mrs. Nurse, here, was clerk.

Sir Tun. Knock that rascal down!—But speak, Jezebel, how 's this?

Nurse. Alas! your honour, forgive me; I have been overreached in this business as well as you. Your worship knows, if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you would have given her away with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this without acquainting me?

Nurse. Alas! if your worship had seen how the poor thing begged and prayed, and clung and twined about me like ivy round an old wall, you would say, I who had nursed it, and reared it, must have had a heart like stone to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Oons! I shall go mad! Unloose my lord there, you scoundrels!

Lord Fop. Why, when these gentlemen are at leisure, I should be glad to congratulate you on your son-in-law, with a little more freedom of address.

Miss Hoyd. Egad, though, I don't see which is to be my husband after all.

Love. Come, come, Sir Tunbelly, a man of your understanding must perceive that an affair of this kind is not to be ended by anger and reproaches.

Col. Town. Take my word for it, Sir Tunbelly, you are only tricked into a son-in-law you may be proud of: my friend Tom Fashion is as honest a fellow as ever breathed.

Love. That he is, depend on't; and will hunt or drink with you most affectionately: be generous, old boy, and forgive them.

Sir Tun. Never! the hussy!—when I had set my heart on getting her a title.

Lord Fop. Now, Sir Tunbelly, that I am untrussed, give me leave to thank thee for the very extraordinary reception I have met with in thy damned, execrable mansion; and at the same time to assure you, that of all the bumpkins and blockheads I have had the misfortune to meet with, thou art the most obstinate and egregious, strike me ugly!

Sir Tun. What's this? I believe you are both rogues alike.

Lord Fop. No, Sir Tunbelly, thou wilt find to thy unspeakable mortification, that I am the real Lord Foppington, who was to have disgraced myself by an alliance with a clod; and that thou hast matched thy girl to a beggarly younger brother of mine, whose title-deeds might be contained in thy tobacco-box.

Sir Tun. Puppy! puppy!—I might prevent their being beggars, if I chose it; for I could give 'em as good a rent-roll as your lordship.

Lord Fop. Aye, old fellow, but you will not do that—for that would be acting like a Christian, and thou art a barbarian, stap my vitals.

Sir Tun. Udzookers! now six such words more, and I'll forgive them directly.

Love. 'Slife, Sir Tunbelly, you should do it, and bless yourself—Ladies, what say you?

Aman. Good Sir Tunbelly, you must consent.

Ber. Come, you have been young yourself, Sir Tunbelly.

Sir Tun. Well, then, if I must, I must; but turn—turn that sneering lord out, however, and let me be revenged on somebody. But first look whether I am

a barbarian or not; there, children, I join your hands; and when I'm in a better humour, I'll give you my blessing.

Love. Nobly done, Sir Tunbelly! and we shall see you dance at a grandson's christening yet.

Miss Hoyd. By goles, though, I don't understand this! What, an't I to be a lady after all? only plain Mrs.——What 's my husband's name, nurse?

Nurse. Squire Fashion.

Miss Hoyd. Squire, is he?—Well, that 's better than nothing.

Lord Fop. [*Aside.*] Now I will put on a philosophic air, and show these people that it is not possible to put a man of my quality out of countenance.—[*Aloud.*] Dear Tam, since things are fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb! You have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners, and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in person, modest in her deportment, refined in her sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe!

Miss Hoyd. By goles, husband, break his bones, if he calls me names!

Fash. Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine, by Sir Tunbelly's favour, with this lady and three thousand pounds a year.

Lord Fop. Well, adieu, Tam!—Ladies, I kiss your hands.—Sir Tunbelly, I shall now quit this thy den; but while I retain the use of my arms, I shall ever remember thou art a demned horrid savage; Ged demn me! [*Exit.*

Sir Tun. By the mass, 'tis well he 's gone, for I should ha' been provoked, by and by, to ha' dun un a mischief. Well, if this is a lord, I think Hoyden has luck o' her side, in troth.

Col. Town. She has indeed, Sir Tunbelly.—But I hear the fiddles; his lordship, I know, had provided 'em.

Love. Oh, a dance and a bottle, Sir Tunbelly, by all means!

Sir Tun. I had forgot the company below; well—what—we must be merry then, ha? and dance and drink, ha? Well, 'fore George, you shan't say I do these things by halves. Son-in-law there looks like a hearty rogue, so we'll have a night on't: and which of these ladies will be the old man's partner, ha?—Ecod, I don't know how I came to be in so good a humour.

Ber. Well, Sir Tunbelly, my friend and I both will endeavour to keep you so: you have done a generous action, and are entitled to our attention. If you should be at a loss to divert your new guests, we will assist you to relate to them the plot of your daughter's marriage and his lordship's deserved mortification; a subject which perhaps may afford no bad evening's entertainment.

Sir Tun. Ecod, with all my heart; though I am a main bungler at a long story.

Ber. Never fear; we will assist you, if the tale is judged worth being repeated; but of this you may be assured, that while the intention is evidently to please, British auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance. [*Exeunt omnes.*

PIZARRO

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

KOTZEBUE

AND ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

[Fifteenth Edition. London: Printed for JAMES RIDGWAY, York Street, St. James's Square. 1799.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, IN 1799.

ATALIBA, *King of Quito* .	Mr. Powell
ROLLA } *Commanders of his Army*	Mr. Kemble
ALONZO } *Commanders of his Army*	Mr. C. Kemble.
CORA, *Alonzo's wife* . .	Mrs. Jordan.
PIZARRO, *Leader of the Spaniards*	Mr. Barrymore.
ELVIRA, *Pizarro's mistress*	Mrs. Siddons.
ALMAGRO	Mr. Caulfield.
GONZALO } *Pizarro's associates*	Mr. Wentworth.
DAVILLA } *Pizarro's associates*	Mr. Trueman.
GOMEZ } *Pizarro's associates*	Mr. Surmont.
VALVERDE, *Pizarro's Secretary*	Mr. R. Palmer.
LAS-CASAS, *a Spanish ecclesiastic*	Mr. Aickin.
AN OLD BLIND MAN . .	Mr. Cory.
OROZEMBO, *an old Cacique*	Mr. Dowton.
A BOY	Master Chatterley.
A SENTINEL	Mr. Holland.
ATTENDANT	Mr. Maddocks.
PERUVIAN OFFICER . .	Mr. Archer.
SOLDIERS	Messrs. Fisher, Evans, Chippendale, Webb, &c.

The Vocal Parts by

Messrs. Kelly, Sedgwick, Dignum, Danby, &c. Mrs. Crouch, Miss De Camp, Miss Stephens, Miss Leak, Miss Dufour, &c.

DEDICATION

To her, whose approbation of this Drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public, have been to *me* the highest gratification derived from its success—I dedicate this Play.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ADVERTISEMENT

As the two translations which have been published of Kotzebue's *Spaniards in Peru* have, I understand, been very generally read, the public are in possession of all the materials necessary to form a judgement on the merits and defects of the Play performed at Drury Lane Theatre.

PROLOGUE

Written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan

SPOKEN BY MR. KING

Chilled by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love;
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And Winter revels with protracted power:
Then blame not, critics, if, thus late, we bring
A winter drama, but reproach—the Spring.
What prudent Cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Horsed in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New Road, and dash through Grosvenor
Gate:—
Anxious—yet timorous too!—his steed to show,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten Row.
Careless he seems, yet, vigilantly sly,
Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by,
While his off heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains;
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains!
Where white-robed misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—'How'do, how'do?'
With generous questions that no answer wait,
'How vastly full! An't you come vastly late?
Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
An't you quite tired? Pray, can we set you down?'
These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay;
Should our play please—and you're indulgent ever—
Be your decree—''Tis better late than never.'

PIZARRO

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A magnificent pavilion near* PIZARRO'S *tent —a view of the Spanish camp in the background.* ELVIRA *is discovered sleeping under a canopy on one side of the pavilion.* VALVERDE *enters, gazes on* ELVIRA, *kneels, and attempts to kiss her hand;* ELVIRA, *awakened, rises and looks at him with indignation.*

Elv. Audacious! Whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harassed mind can snatch amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform your master of this presumptuous treachery? shall I disclose thee to Pizarro? Hey!

Val. I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I ask, by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart, by what fatality still holds he your affection?

Elv. Hold! thou trusty secretary!

Val. Ignobly born! in mind and manners rude, ferocious, and unpolished, though cool and crafty if occasion need—in youth audacious—ill his first manhood—a licensed pirate—treating men as brutes, the world as booty; yet now the Spanish hero is he styled —the first of Spanish conquerors! and for a warrior so accomplished, 'tis fit Elvira should leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to share the dangers, humours, and the crimes of such a lover as Pizarro!

Elv. What! Valverde moralizing! But grant I am in error, what is my incentive? Passion, infatuation, call it as you will; but what attaches *thee* to this despised, unworthy leader?—Base lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could you gain me, you only hope to win a higher interest in Pizarro—I know you.

Val. On my soul, you wrong me; what else my faults, I have none towards you: but indulge the scorn and levity of your nature; do it while yet the time permits; the gloomy hour, I fear, too soon approaches.

Elv. Valverde, a prophet too!

Val. Hear me, Elvira. Shame from his late defeat, and burning wishes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru; but trust me, he overrates his strength, nor measures well the foe. Encamped in a strange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a single friend, what have we to hope? The army murmuring at increasing hardships, while Pizarro decorates with gaudy spoil the gay pavilion of his luxury, each day diminishes our force.

Elv. But are you not the heirs of those that fall?

Val. Are gain and plunder then our only purpose? Is this Elvira's heroism?

Elv. No, so save me Heaven! I abhor the motive, means, and end of your pursuits; but I will trust none of you:—in your whole army there is not one of you that has a heart, or speaks ingenuously—aged Las-Casas, and he alone, excepted.

Val. He! an enthusiast in the opposite and worse extreme!

Elv. Oh! had I earlier known that virtuous man, how different might my lot have been!

Val. I will grant, Pizarro could not then so easily have duped you; forgive me, but at that event I still must wonder.

Elv. Hear me, Valverde.—When first my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my country's idol. Self-taught, self-raised, and self-supported, he became a hero; and I was formed to be won by glory and renown. 'Tis known that when he left Panama in a slight vessel, his force was not a hundred men. Arrived in the island of Gallo, with his sword he drew a line upon the sands, and said, 'Pass, those who fear to die or conquer with their leader.' Thirteen alone remained, and at the head of these the warrior stood

his ground. Even at the moment when my ears first caught this tale, my heart exclaimed, 'Pizarro is its lord!' What since I have perceived, or thought, or felt, you must have more worth to win the knowledge of.

Val. I press no further; still assured that while Alonzo de Molina, our general's former friend and pupil, leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror. [*Trumpets without.*

Elv. Silence! I hear him coming; look not perplexed.—How mystery and fraud confound the countenance! Quick, put on an honest face, if thou canst.

Piz. [*Speaking without.*] Chain and secure him: I will examine him myself.

PIZARRO *enters.* VALVERDE *bows*—ELVIRA *laughs.*

Piz. Why dost thou smile, Elvira?

Elv. To laugh or weep without a reason is one of the few privileges poor women have.

Piz. Elvira, I will know the cause, I am resolved!

Elv. I am glad of that, because I love resolution, and am resolved not to tell you. Now my resolution, I take it, is the better of the two, because it depends upon myself, and yours does not.

Piz. Psha! trifler!

Val. Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions that——

Piz. Apprehensions!

Val. Yes—that Alonzo's skill and genius should so have disciplined and informed the enemy, as to——

Piz. Alonzo! the traitor! How I once loved that man! His noble mother entrusted him, a boy, to my protection. At my table did he feast—in my tent did he repose. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Often I had talked to him of our first adventures—what storms we struggled with—what perils we surmounted! When landed with a slender host upon an unknown land—then, when I told how famine and fatigue, discord and toil, day

by, day, did thin our ranks; amid close-pressing enemies, how still undaunted I endured and dared—maintained my purpose and my power in despite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till with my faithful few remaining I became at last victorious!—When, I say, of these things I spoke, the youth, Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear, his soul's ambition owned no other leader.

Val. What could subdue attachment so begun?

Piz. Las-Casas. He it was, with fascinating craft and canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to forgo his country's claims for those of human nature.

Val. Yes, the traitor left you, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's.

Piz. But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

Val. They!—obdurate heathens!—they our brethren!

Piz. But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropped upon my bosom fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe: then, profiting by the lessons he had gained in wronged Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forced me—ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it!—in base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

Val. But the hour of revenge is come.

Piz. It is; I am returned—my force is strengthened, and the audacious boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

Val. 'Tis doubted whether still Alonzo lives.

Piz. 'Tis certain that he does; one of his armour-bearers is just made prisoner: twelve thousand is their

force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a solemn sacrifice on their ungodly altars. We must profit by their security, and attack them unprepared—the sacrificers shall become the victims.

Elv. Wretched innocents! And their own blood shall bedew their altars!

Piz. Right! [*Trumpets without.*] Elvira, retire!

Elv. Why should I retire?

Piz. Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

Elv. O men, men! ungrateful and perverse! O woman! still affectionate though wronged! The beings to whose eyes you turn for animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whose bosoms in the hour of sore calamity you seek for rest and consolation; *them*, when the pompous follies of your mean ambition are the question, you treat as playthings or as slaves!——I shall not retire.

Piz. Remain then—and, if thou canst, be silent.

Elv. They only babble who practise not reflection. I shall think—and thought is silence.

Piz. Ha!—there's somewhat in her manner lately—

[PIZARRO *looks sternly and suspiciously towards* ELVIRA, *who meets him with a commanding and unaltered eye.*

Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILLA, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.—*Trumpets without.*

Las-C. Pizarro, we attend your summons.

Piz. Welcome, venerable father—my friends, most welcome. Friends and fellow soldiers, at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice: if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity—trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

Alm. Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast—our stores exhausted, and our soldiers

murmuring. Battle ! battle !—then death to the armed, and chains for the defenceless.

Dav. Death to the whole Peruvian race !

Las-C. Merciful Heaven !

Alm. Yes, general, the attack, and instantly ! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering and scorn our force.

Las-C. Alonzo !—scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. 'Tis fit Las-Casas should defend his pupil.

Piz. Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed ?

Alm. and Dav. We are.

Gon. All !—Battle ! battle !

Las-C. Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete ?—Battle !—gracious Heaven ! Against whom ?—Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate ! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people who never wronged the living being their Creator formed : a people, who, children of innocence ! received you as cherished guests with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes : you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as gods you were received ; as fiends have you acted.

Piz. Las-Casas !

Las-C. Pizarro, hear me !—Hear me, chieftains !—And Thou, All-powerful ! whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamantine rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—oh ! let Thy power give effect to Thy servant's words, as Thy spirit gives courage to his will ! Do not, I implore you, chieftains—countrymen—do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race !—But hush, my sighs—fall not, drops of useless sorrow !—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance. All

I entreat is, send me once more to those you *call* your enemies. Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence from you, I shall return with blessings and with peace from them.—Elvira, you weep!—Alas! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?

Alm. Because there are no women here but she and thou.

Piz. Close this idle war of words: time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle?

Alm. We are.

Las-C. Oh, men of blood!—[*Kneels.*] God! Thou hast anointed me Thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against Thy goodness.—[*Rises.*] No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes! On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be feared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts will I commune: and when at length we meet again before the blessed tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall *you* feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now! [*Going.*

Elv. Las-Casas! Oh! take me with thee, Las-Casas.

Las-C. Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow creatures if thou canst: then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest. [*Exit.*

Piz. How, Elvira! wouldst thou leave me?

Elv. I am bewildered, grown terrified!—Your inhumanity—and that good Las-Casas—oh! he appeared

to me just now something more than heavenly: and you! ye all looked worse than earthly.

Piz. Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

Elv. Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

Alm. Well! Heaven be praised, we are rid of the old moralist.

Gon. I hope he'll join his preaching pupil, Alonzo.

Piz. Now to prepare our muster and our march. At mid-day is the hour of the sacrifice. Consulting with our guides, the route of your divisions shall be given to each commander. If we surprise, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

Alm. And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

Piz. Not so fast—ambition for a time must take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must hold the shadow of a sceptre in his hand—Pizarro still appear dependent upon Spain: while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, secures the proud succession to the crown I seek.

Alm. This is best. In Pizarro's plans observe the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's valour.

Val. [*To* ELVIRA.] You mark, Elvira?

Elv. Oh, yes—this is best—this is excellent.

Piz. You seem offended. Elvira still retains my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

Elv. Offended?—No!—Thou knowest thy glory is my idol; and this will be most glorious, most just and honourable.

Piz. What mean you?

Elv. Oh! nothing—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps: but let it not impede the royal hero's course.—[*Trumpets without.*] The call of arms invites you.—Away! away! you, his brave, his worthy fellow warriors.

Piz. And go you not with me?

Elv. Undoubtedly! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

Enter GOMEZ.

Alm. How, Gomez! what bringest thou?

Gom. On yonder hill among the palm-trees we have surprised an old cacique; escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breathe nought but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us.

[GOMEZ *leaves the tent, and returns conducting* OROZEMBO *and* ATTENDANT, *in chains, guarded.*

What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Ha!

Alm. Madman!—Tear out his tongue, or else——

Oro. Thou'lt hear some truth.

Dav. [*Showing his poniard.*] Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

Oro. [*To* PIZARRO.] Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

Piz. Audacious!—This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity perhaps might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree—it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish——

Oro. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee and thy offer!—Wealth!—I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons—I have stored in Heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost!

Gon. Obdurate Pagan!—How numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It has no weak part—on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him!—Alonzo!—Know him!—Our nation's benefactor!—The guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage!—I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled before God—why should I tremble before man?—Why before thee, thou less than man?

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee! [*Stabs him.*

Piz. Hold!

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True! Observe, young man—your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments—and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Elv. [*Supporting* OROZEMBO's *head upon her bosom.*] Oh! ye are monsters all. Look up, thou martyred innocent—look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me!—Me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. [OROZEMBO *is borne off dying.*

Piz. Away!—Davilla! If thus rash a second time——

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which——

Piz. No more—unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart; 'tis well he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance.—Hark!—our troops are moving.

Attendant. [*On passing* ELVIRA.] If through your gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult——

Elv. I understand you.

Att. His sons may yet thank your charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [*Exit.*

Piz. What says the slave?

Elv. A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

Piz. Our guard and guides approach. [*Soldiers march through the tents.*] Follow me, friends—each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peruvia's god shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner,

bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito. [*Exeunt.*

Manent ELVIRA *and* VALVERDE.

Val. Is it now presumption that my hopes gain strength with the increasing horrors which I see appal Elvira's soul?

Elv. I am mad with terror and remorse! Would I could fly these dreadful scenes!

Val. Might not Valverde's true attachment be thy refuge?

Elv. What wouldst thou do to save or to avenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand—a word —and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Elv. Perhaps we will speak again of this. Now leave me. [*Exit* VALVERDE.

Elv. [*Alone*] No! not this revenge—no! not this instrument. Fie, Elvira! even for a moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor!—Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be true to any pledge of love or honour?—Pizarro will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake, have sacrificed—O God!—what have I not sacrificed for him; yet, curbing the avenging pride that swells this bosom, I still will further try him. O men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the wanton's flattery a new delight, oh, ye may insult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, however you injure and desert them, have yet the proud retreat of an unspotted fame—of unreproaching conscience. But beware the desperate libertine who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection—of all self-consolation! What has he left her?—Despair and vengeance! [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A bank surrounded by a wild wood, and rocks* —CORA, *sitting on the root of a tree, is playing with her child.* ALONZO *hangs over them with delight and cheerfulness.*

Cora. Now confess, does he resemble thee, or not ?

Al. Indeed, he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.—Oh ! my lord's image, and my heart's adored !

[*Pressing the child to her bosom.*

Al. The little darling urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least he shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. Oh, no, Alonzo ! a mother's love for her sweet babe is not a stealth, from the dear father's store ; it is a new delight that turns with quickened gratitude to him, the author of her augmented bliss.

Al. Could Cora think me serious ?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon : then will be the last of the three holidays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Al. What are those three ?

Cora. The ecstacy of his birth I pass ; that in part is selfish : but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did encase them ; that is a day of joy : next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee ; that is the mother's heart's next holiday : and sweeter still the third, whene'er his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of Father, Mother !—Oh ! that is the dearest joy of all !

Al. Beloved Cora !

Cora. Oh ! my Alonzo ! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Al. To Heaven and Rolla.

Cora. Yes, to Heaven and Rolla: and art thou not grateful to them too, Alonzo ? art thou not happy ?

Al. Can Cora ask that question ?

Cora. Why then of late so restless on thy couch ? Why to my waking watching ear so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs ?

Al. Must not I fight against my country, against my brethren ?

Cora. Do they not seek our destruction, and are not all men brethren ?

Al. Should they prove victorious ?

Cora. I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

Al. Fly, with thy infant, Cora ?

Cora. What ! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child ?

Al. Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest ?

Cora. Oh, yes ! yes ! yes !

Al. Hasten then to the concealment in the mountains; where all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sisters', and her monarch's wish.

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot leave you. Oh ! how in every moment's absence would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandoned ! No, no, I cannot leave you.

Al. Rolla will be with me.

Cora. Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee. But I have sworn never to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo ! can you wish that I should break my vow ?

Al. Then be it so. Oh ! excellence in all that 's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth; my pride, my content, my all ! Can there on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit ?

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot thank you: silence is the gratitude of true affection: who seeks to follow it by sound will miss the track. [*Shout without.*] Does the king approach?

Al. No, 'tis the general placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes. [*Trumpets sound.*

ROLLA.

Rol. [*As entering.*] Then place them on the hill fronting the Spanish camp. [*Enters.*

Cora. Rolla! my friend, my brother!

Al. Rolla! my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe you?

Rol. Pass them in peace and bliss. Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.

Cora. Look on this child. He is the life-blood of my heart; but if ever he loves or reveres thee less than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him!

Rol. Oh, no more! What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness. I see her happy. Is not my object gained, and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice. You must away; you must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofaned recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and e'en the Virgins of the Sun, retire.

Cora. Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

Rol. We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surprise us. Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

Cora. Impede!

Rol. Yes, yes. Thou knowest how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our valour—vengeance will not be our own. No advantage will be pursued that leads us from the spot where thou art placed; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

Al. Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.

Cora. This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valour, flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

Rol. And is the mother unbelieving too?

Cora. No more. Do with me as you please. My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

Al. My adored! we thank you both. [*March without.*] Hark! the king approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise. A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

Rol. It matters not. We are everywhere prepared. Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks thou'lt implore a blessing in our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Temple of the Sun: it represents the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry. in the centre is the altar.—A solemn march.—The* WARRIORS *and* KING [ATALIBA] *enter on one side of the Temple;* ROLLA, ALONZO, *and* CORA *on the other.*

Ata. Welcome, Alonzo!—[*To* ROLLA.] Kinsman, thy hand.—[*To* CORA.] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. May the sun bless the father of his people!

Ata. In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rol. Such as becomes the cause which they support; their cry is, Victory or death! our king! our country! and our God!

Ata. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we pro-

ceed to consecrate the banners which thy valour knows so well to guard.

Rol. Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed.—My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No—*you* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: *we*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: *we* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship! They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this: The throne *we* honour is the *people's choice*—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us. [*Loud shouts of the soldiery.*

Ata. [*Embracing* ROLLA.] Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice. [*A solemn procession commences from the recess of the Temple above the altar.—The Priests and Virgins of the Sun arrange themselves on either side.—The High Priest*

approaches the altar, and the solemnity begins: the invocation of the High Priest is followed by the choruses of the Priests and Virgins—fire from above lights upon the altar.—The whole assembly rise, and join in the thanksgiving.] Our offering is accepted.—Now to arms, my friends; prepare for battle.

Enter ORANO.

Ora. The enemy!

Ata. How near?

Ora. From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. They must be met before they reach it.

Ata. And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

Cora. Oh, Alonzo! [*Embracing him.*

Al. We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more, ere you leave us.

Al. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

Ata. Haste, haste:—each moment is precious!

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

Rol. Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. [*Giving him her hand.*] Farewell! The God of war be with you: but bring me back Alonzo.

[*Exit with the* CHILD.

Ata. [*Draws his sword.*] Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour. Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts. If successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, straight forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God, and our native land! [*A march. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Wood between the Temple and the Camp.*

Enter ROLLA *and* ALONZO.

Rol. Here, my friend, we separate—soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

Al. Or perhaps we part to meet no more. Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

Rol. There is in language now no word but battle.

Al. Yes, one word more—Cora!

Rol. Cora! Speak!

Al. The next hour brings us——

Rol. Death or victory!

Al. It may be victory to one—death to the other.

Rol. Or both may fall.

Al. If so, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of Heaven and my king. But should I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

Rol. How?

Al. Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

Rol. Rouse thee, Alonzo! Banish these timid fancies.

Al. Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me: thou knowest it will not shake me in the fight: but give me the promise I exact.

Rol. If it be Cora's will—yes, I promise.

[*Gives his hand.*

Al. Tell her it was my last wish! and bear to her and to my son my last blessing.

Rol. I will.—Now then to our posts, and let our swords speak for us. [*They draw their swords.*

Al. For the king and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the king!

[*Exeunt different ways. Alarms without.*

SCENE IV.—*A view of the Peruvian Camp, with a distant view of a Peruvian Village. Trees growing from a rocky eminence on one side. Alarms continue.*

Enter an OLD BLIND MAN *and a* BOY.

O. Man. Have none returned to the camp?

Boy. One messenger alone. From the temple they all marched to meet the foe.

O. Man. Hark! I hear the din of battle. Oh! had I still retained my sight, I might now have grasped a sword, and died a soldier's death! Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes!—I hope my father will be safe!

O. Man. He will do his duty I am more anxious for thee, my child.

Boy. I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

O. Man. But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

Boy. Impossible, grandfather! for they will see at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me

O. Man. Poor child! you little know the hearts of these inhuman men.—[*Discharge of cannon heard.*] Hark! the noise is near—I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers.—[*Shouts at a distance.*] At every shout, with involuntary haste I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant soldiers!

Boy. O father! there are soldiers running——

O. Man. Spaniards, boy?

Boy. No, Peruvians!

O. Man. How! and flying from the field!—It cannot be.

Enter two PERUVIAN SOLDIERS.

Oh, speak to them, boy!—Whence come you? How goes the battle?

Sol. We may not stop; we are sent for the reserve behind the hill. The day 's against us.

[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.

O. Man. Quick, then, quick!

Boy. I see the points of lances glittering in the light.

O. Man. Those are Peruvians. Do they bend this way?

Enter a PERUVIAN SOLDIER.

Boy. Soldier, speak to my blind father.

Sol. I'm sent to tell the helpless father to retreat among the rocks: all will be lost, I fear. The king is wounded.

O. Man. Quick, boy! Lead me to the hill, where thou mayst view the plain. [*Alarms.*

Enter ATALIBA, *wounded, with* ORANO, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Ata. My wound is bound; believe me, the hurt is nothing: I may return to the fight.

Ora. Pardon your servant; but the allotted priest who attends the sacred banner has pronounced that the Inca's blood once shed, no blessing can await the day until he leave the field.

Ata. Hard restraint! Oh! my poor brave soldiers!—Hard that I may no longer be a witness of their valour. But haste you; return to your comrades: I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren. [*Exeunt* ORANO, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.] I will not repine; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear.

OLD MAN *and* BOY *advance.*

O. Man. Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate?—Who is it complains thus?

Ata. One almost by hope forsaken.

O. Man. Is the king alive?

Ata. The king still lives.

O. Man. Then thou art not forsaken! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ata. And who shall protect Ataliba?

O. Man. The immortal Powers that protect the just. The virtues of our monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of Heaven.

Ata. How impious, had I murmured! How wondrous, thou supreme Disposer, are Thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, Thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love.

Boy. [*Turning forward.*] O father!—Stranger! see those hideous men that rush upon us yonder!

Ata. Ha! Spaniards!—And I—Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive, without a sword even to try the ransom of a monarch's life.

Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, *and* SPANISH SOLDIERS.

Dav. 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the king!

Alm. Away! Follow with your prize. Avoid those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

[*Exeunt* DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, *and* SOLDIERS, *with* ATALIBA *prisoner.*

O. Man. The king! Wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form!—Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords!

Boy. Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

O. Man. No—to the rescue of their king—they never will desert him. [*Alarms without.*

Enter PERUVIAN OFFICERS *and* SOLDIERS, *flying across the stage;* ORANO *following.*

Ora. Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

Officer. We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Hold, recreants! cowards!—What, fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the king?

Ora. From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy, which you observed so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him; they are yet in sight.

Rol. And bear the Inca off a prisoner?—Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout! Look there! The dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts your king, your father—Ataliba in bondage! Now fly, and seek your own vile safety, if you can.

O. Man. Bless the voice of Rolla, and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale trembling wretches who dare not follow Rolla though to save their king!

Rol. Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe, and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now!—But do—alone I go -alone—to die with glory by my monarch's side!

Soldiers. Rolla! we'll follow thee.

[*Trumpets sound;* ROLLA *rushes out, followed by* ORANO, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

O. Man. O godlike Rolla!—And thou sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid!—Haste, my boy; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

Boy. I can climb this rock, and the tree above. [*Ascends a rock, and from thence into the tree.*] Oh, now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

O. Man. Rolla follows them?

Boy. He does—he does—he moves like an arrow!—now he waves his arm to our soldiers.—[*Report of cannon heard.*] Now there is fire and smoke.

O. Man. Yes, *fire* is the weapon of those fiends.

Boy. The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

O. Man. Seest thou the king?

Boy. Yes—Rolla is near him! His sword sheds fire as he strikes!

O. Man. Bless thee, Rolla! Spare not the monsters.

Boy. Father! father! the Spaniards fly!—Oh, now I see the king embracing Rolla. [*Waving his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.*]

O. Man. [*Falls on his knees.*] Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath bear to Thee thanks for this one moment of my life! My boy, come down, and let me kiss thee. My strength is gone.

[*The* BOY *having run to the* OLD MAN.

Boy. Let me help you, father. You tremble so——

O. Man. 'Tis with transport, boy!

[BOY *leads the* OLD MAN *off.*

Shouts, flourish, &c. Enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, *and* PERUVIAN OFFICERS *and* SOLDIERS.

Ata. In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. [*Giving* ROLLA *his sun of diamonds.*] The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

Rol. It was the hand of Heaven, not mine, that saved my king.

Enter PERUVIAN OFFICER *and* SOLDIERS.

Rol. Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

Off. Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks; but I fear we have to mourn Alonzo's loss; his eager spirit urged him too far in the pursuit!

Ata. How!, Alonzo slain?

First Sol. I saw him fall.

Sec. Sol. Trust me I beheld him up again and fighting—he was then surrounded and disarmed.

Ata. O victory, dearly purchased!

Rol. O Cora! Who shall tell thee this?

Ata. Rolla, our friend is lost—our native country saved! Our private sorrows must yield to the public claim for triumph. Now go we to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of those whose brave protectors have perished in their country's cause.

[*Triumphant march, and exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A wild retreat among stupendous rocks.*—CORA *and her* CHILD, *with other wives and children of the Peruvian warriors, are scattered about the scene in groups. They sing, alternately, stanzas expressive of their situation, with a chorus, in which all join.*

First Per. Woman. Zuluga, seest thou nothing yet?

Zul. Yes, two Peruvian soldiers, one on the hill; the other entering the thicket in the vale.

Sec. Per. Woman. One more has passed. He comes—but pale and terrified.

Cora. My heart will start from my bosom.

Enter a PERUVIAN SOLDIER, *panting for breath.*

Wom. Well! joy or death?

Sold. The battle is against us. The king is wounded, and a prisoner.

Wom. Despair and misery!

Cora. [*In a faint voice.*] And Alonzo?

Sold. I have not seen him.

First Wom. Oh! whither must we fly?

Sec. Wom. Deeper into the forest.

Cora. I shall not move.

Another Per. Soldier [*without*]. Victory! victory!

He enters hastily.

Rejoice! Rejoice! We are victorious!

Wom. [*Springing up.*] Welcome! welcome! thou messenger of joy: but the king!

Sold. He leads the brave warriors, who approach.

[*The triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance.—The women and children join in a strain expressive of anxiety and exultation.—The warriors enter singing the Song of Victory, in which all join.—The* KING *and* ROLLA *follow, and are met with rapturous and affectionate respect.* CORA, *during this scene, with her* CHILD *in her arms, runs through the ranks searching and inquiring for* ALONZO.

Ata. Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well, believe it; the blood once stopped, my wound was nothing.

[CORA *at length approaches* ROLLA, *who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.*

Cora. Where is Alonzo? [ROLLA *turns away in silence.* CORA. *falling at the* KING'S *feet.*] Give me my husband, give this child his father.

Ata. I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

Cora. Hoped you to find him?

Ata. Most anxiously.

Cora. Ataliba! is he not dead?

Ata. No! the gods will have heard our prayers.

Cora. Is he not dead, Ataliba?

Ata. He lives—in my heart.

Cora. O king! torture me not thus! speak out, is this child fatherless?

Ata. Dearest Cora! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

Cora. The little hope! yet still there *is* hope! Speak to me, Rolla: *you* are the *friend of truth.*

Rol. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found! What mean you? will not *you*, Rolla, tell me truth? Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once.—Say not that he is not found: say at once that he is dead.

Rol. Then should I say false.

Cora. *False!* Blessings on thee for that word! But snatch me from this terrible suspense. Lift up thy little hands, my child; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner! and by the Spaniards? Pizarro's prisoner? Then is he dead.

Ata. Hope better—the richest ransom which our realm can yield, a herald shall this instant bear.

Per. Wom. Oh! for Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems!—all! all!—Here, dear Cora—here! here!

[*The* PERUVIAN WOMEN *eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and run and take them from their children, to offer them to* CORA.

Ata. Yes, for Alonzo's ransom they would give all! —I thank Thee, Father, who hast given me such hearts to rule over!

Cora. Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

Ata. Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too: hazard not your own honour, and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee. Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

Cora. Teach me how to live till then.

Ata. Now we go to offer to the gods thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety.

[*March and procession. Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.—*The Wood.*

Enter CORA *and* CHILD.

Cora. Mild innocence, what will become of thee?

Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Cora, I attend thy summons at the appointed spot.

Cora. Oh, my child, my boy!—hast thou still a father?

Rol. Cora, can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives?

Cora. Will he not soon want a mother too? For canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss?

Rol. Yes! for his child's sake. Yes, as thou didst love Alonzo, Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend.

Cora. You bid me listen to the world. Who was not Alonzo's friend?

Rol. His parting words——

Cora. His parting words! [*Wildly.*] Oh, speak!

Rol. Consigned to me two precious trusts—his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

Cora. His *last* request! his *last*!—Oh, name it!

Rol. If I fall, said he—(and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke)—promise to take my Cora for thy wife; be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him, and we parted.—Observe me, Cora, I repeat this only, as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo—for myself, I neither cherish claim nor hope.

Cora. Ha! does my reason fail me, or what is this horrid light that presses on my brain? O Alonzo! It may be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart: hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms——

Rol. Cora! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

Cora. Yes, yes, 'tis clear—his spirit was ensnared; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valour could not front a host of murderers. He fell—in vain did he

exclaim for help to Rolla. At a distance you looked on and smiled. You could have saved him—could—but did not.

Rol. Oh, glorious sun! can I have deserved this? Cora, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

Cora. No! live! live for love! for that love thou seekest; whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betrayed and slaughtered friend!—But thou hast borne to me the *last words* of my *Alonzo*! Now hear *mine.* Sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast—sooner would I link me to the pallid corse of the meanest wretch that perished with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father—than I call Rolla husband!

Rol. Yet call me what I am—thy friend, thy protector!

Cora. [*Distractedly.*] Away! I have no protector but my God!—With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of slaughter. There with these hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body—seeking, howe'er by death disfigured, the sweet smile of my Alonzo:—with fearful cries I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest spark of life remain, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look: but if we find him not—oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp—that look of thine will win me passage through a thousand swords. They too are men. Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprisoned father? No, no, my child, everywhere we shall be safe. A wretched mother bearing a poor orphan in her arms has Nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father. [*Exit with the* CHILD.

Rol. [*After a pause of agitation.*] Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I should be the wretch I think I was not formed to be. *Her* safety must be my present purpose—then to convince her she has wronged me! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—PIZARRO'S *Tent.*

PIZARRO, *traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation.*

Piz. Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true. Yet ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

Enter ELVIRA.

Who 's there ? who dares intrude ? Why does my guard neglect their duty ?

Elv. Your guard did what they could—but they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

Piz. And what is it you desire ?

Elv. To see how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thyself.

Piz. Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accursed Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers ?

Elv. No !—I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm ; still and sullen as the awful pause that precedes Nature's convulsion : yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

Piz. Woman ! Elvira !—Why had not all my men hearts like thine ?

Elv. Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

Piz. Oh ! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

Elv. Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther : not now his courage, but his magnanimity—Alonzo is your prisoner.

Piz. How !

Elv 'Tis certain ; Valverde saw him even now

dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

Piz. Bless thee, Elvira, for the news!—Alonzo in my power!—then I am the conqueror—the victory is *mine*!

Elv. Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valour and whose genius awe Pizarro; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

Piz. Guard!—[*Enter* GUARD.] Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo!—Quick, bring the traitor here.

[*Exit* GUARD.

Elv. What shall be his fate?

Piz. Death! death! in lingering torments! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

Elv. Shame on thee! Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder?

Piz. Be it said—I care not. His fate is sealed.

Elv. Follow then thy will: but mark me; if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira 's lost to thee for ever.

Piz. Why this interest for a stranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

Elv. His fate, nothing!—thy glory, everything! —Thinkest thou I could love thee stript of fame, of honour, and a just renown? Know me better.

Piz. Thou shouldst have known *me* better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provoked to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.—[ALONZO *is brought in, in chains, guarded.* ELVIRA *observes him with attention and admiration.*]—Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina; 'tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amid the toils and cares of war thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

Al. Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace still is *here*.

[*Putting his hand to his heart.*

Piz. Sarcastic boy!

Elv. Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

Piz. And thou art wedded too, I hear; aye, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty; of all his mother's faith.

Al. The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

Piz. Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

Elv. Pizarro—no!

Piz. Hence, or dread my anger.

Elv. I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

Al. Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

Piz. Audacious rebel! Thou a renegado from thy monarch and thy God!

Al. 'Tis false.

Piz. Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country's legions—and, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

Al. No! Deserter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, *they* deserted *me*. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were Justice, Faith, and Mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

Piz. The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

Al. Where are my judges?

Piz. Thou wouldst appeal to the war council?

Al. If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes; if not, I appeal to Heaven!

Piz. And to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason?

Elv. The folly of Las-Casas! Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom!—Oh! would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas!

Al. To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito; there, in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wasting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, *is my work*! Next I should tell how hurtful customs, and superstitions strange and sullen, would often scatter and dismay the credulous minds of these deluded innocents; and then would I point out to him where now, in clustered villages, they live like brethren, social and confiding, while through the burning day Content sits basking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Pastime leads them to the hour of rest—this too is mine! And prouder yet—at that still pause between exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labour, or to rest, but unto Him who sanctions and ordains them all, I would show him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God!—this too I could tell him *is Alonzo's work*! Then would Las-Casas clasp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once *this* world's best proof that I had acted rightly *here*, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward *hereafter*.

Elv. Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

Piz. Daring, obstinate enthusiast! But know the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee—like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death.

Elv. Hold!—Pizarro, hear me! If not always *justly*, at least act always *greatly*. Name not thy country's wrongs—'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so—and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it—profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

Piz. Officious advocate for treason—peace!—Bear him hence: he knows his sentence.

Al. Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it—to me thy hate is mercy. For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon *savages*, as they are called, thou'dst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

Piz. Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

Al. Inhuman man! that pang at least might have been spared me; but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—Pizarro. [*Exit, guarded.*

Elv. Now by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened at the meanness of thy vengeance.

Piz. What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

Elv. He is in your power, and therefore is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue—I ask not from thee nobleness of mind—I require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired; be not the

assassin of thine own renown. How often have you sworn that the sacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high report had won you from subdued Elvira, was the proudest triumph of your fame! Thou knowest I bear a mind not cast in the common mould—not formed for tame sequestered love—content 'mid household cares to prattle to an idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an obscure lover's kindness. No! my heart was framed to look up with awe and homage to the object it adored; my ears to own no music but the thrilling records of his praise; my lips to scorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements; my brain to turn giddy with delight, reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's and his country's gratitude; my every faculty to throb with transport, while I heard the shouts of acclamation which announced the coming of my hero; my whole soul to love him with devotion! with enthusiasm! to see no other object—to own no other tie—but to make *him* my *world*! Thus to love is at least no common weakness.—Pizarro! was not such my love for thee?

Piz. It *was*, Elvira!

Elv. Then do not make me hateful to myself, by tearing off the mask at once—baring the hideous imposture that has undone me! Do not an act which, howe'er thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by posterity.

Piz. And should posterity applaud my deeds, thinkest thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with transport in my tomb? This is renown for visionary boys to dream of—I understand it not. The fame I value shall uplift my living estimation—o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes—advance my purposes, and aid my power.

Elv. Each word thou speakest—each moment that I hear thee—dispels the fatal mist through which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty name, but little soul, I see thou wert not born to feel what genuine fame and glory are. Go! prefer the flattery of thy

own fleeting day to the bright circle of a deathless name—go! prefer to stare upon the grain of sand on which you trample, to musing on the starred canopy above thee. Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worshipped so: who seeks alone for living homage, stands a mean canvasser in her temple's porch, wooing promiscuously from the fickle breath of every wretch that passes the brittle tribute of his praise. He dares not approach the sacred altar—no noble sacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever shall his worshipped image, fixed above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

Piz. Elvira, leave me.

Elv. Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Piz. It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect—this wondrous interest for a stranger! Take back thy reproach.

Elv. No, Pizarro; as yet I am not lost to you—one string still remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you—do not, for thine own sake, tear it asunder—shed not Alonzo's blood!

Piz. My resolution 's fixed.

Elv. Even though that moment lost you Elvira for ever?

Piz. Even so.

Elv. Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk in rushing to thy arms to bury myself in the bosom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils, heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

Piz. 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle—in war the soldier's pattern—and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

Elv. Convince me I possess the first—I exchange all title to the latter, for—mercy to Alonzo.

Piz. No more! Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

Elv. Alonzo then at morn will die?

Piz. Thinkest thou yon sun will set? As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

Elv. Then be it done—the string is cracked—sundered for ever. But mark me—thou hast heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution, howe'er offended—but mark me now: the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm which, unshaken by its bloody purpose, shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith!—Pizarro, scorn not my words—beware you slight them not! I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts—who *could* not feel as I do, I condemn—who, feeling so, yet *would* not act as I *shall*, I despise!

Piz. [*After a pause, looking at her with an affected smile of contempt.*] I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the *noble* motives which inspire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cause! Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo! He dies at sunrise! [*Exit.*

Elv. 'Tis well! 'tis just I should be humbled—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of innocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall, fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman can love Pizarro, thou hast known too well—how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted! Thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled! Thou, who on Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raving elements, that tore the silence of that horrid night—when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er

the trembling earth didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth! Thou, who when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters; wast seen—as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck—to wave thy glittering sword above thy head, as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity!—Come, fearless man—now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life—meet! and survive—an injured woman's fury, if thou canst. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon in the rock, near the Spanish Camp.*—ALONZO *in chains.* *A* SENTINEL *walking near the entrance.*

Al. For the last time I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O sun! (and soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dewdrops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall!—No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run by the mean reckoning of the hours and days which thou hast breathed: a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds, not years. Then wouldst thou murmur not, but bless the Providence which, in so short a span, made *thee* the instrument of wide and spreading blessings to the helpless and oppressed! Though sinking in decrepit age, *he* prematurely falls whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.

Enter a SOLDIER—*shows the* SENTINEL *a passport, who withdraws.*

Al. What bear you there?

Sol. These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

Al. By whom ordered ?

Sol. By the lady Elvira ; she will be here herself before the dawn.

Al. Bear back to her my humblest thanks ; and take thou the refreshments, friend—I need them not.

Sol. I have served under you, Don Alonzo. Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you. [*Exit.*

Al. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate no doubt requires forgiveness.—[*Looking out.*] Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the east. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn ; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to Thee, Power Supreme ! shall be for my wife and child ! Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace ; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless. [*Enters the cavern.*

Sent. Who 's there ? answer quickly ! who 's there ?

Rol. A friar, come to visit your prisoner.

ROLLA *enters, disguised as a Monk.*

Rol. Inform me, friend—is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon ?

Sent. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate ?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rol. Ha !—then I am come in time.

Sent. Just——to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sent. Back, back. It is impossible !——

Rol. I do entreat you, but for one moment !

Sent. You entreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sent. He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sent. Away !—wouldst thou corrupt me ? Me ! an old Castilian !—I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier ! hast thou a wife ?

Sent. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children ?

Sent. Four—honest, lively boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them ?

Sent. In my native village—even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife ?

Sent. Do I love them ! God knows my heart—I do.

Rol. Soldier ! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land. What would be thy last request ?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh ! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate—and should there be told——thy fellow soldier dies at sunrise—yet thou shalt not for a moment see him—nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife—what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door ?

Sent. How !

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child—I am come but to receive for *her*, and for her *babe*, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in.—[*Retires.*]

Rol. O holy Nature ! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild or giddy air—around whose parent bosom *thou* hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee.

On iron pennons borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm—yet is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently! —Yes, now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate! Alonzo! Alonzo!—my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep!—Alonzo—rise!

Al. How! Is my hour elapsed?—Well [*returning from the recess*], I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo—know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

Al. Rolla! my friend!—[*Embraces him.*] Heavens! how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit——

Rol. The guard withdrawn, there is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla——

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me!—No! rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is *thy* life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's, and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me—or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert: nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband, and a father. The being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hang upon thy life. Go! go! Alonzo!—Go! to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend—I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace!—devoting her you've sworn to live for—to madness, misery, and death! For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. O God!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfilment. And by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child are lost for ever.

Al. O Rolla! you distract me!

Rol. A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me: I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission—I shall gain time, doubt not; while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayst at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo! Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee!—Haste!—haste!—haste!

Al. Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

Al. Oh, my preserver! [*Embracing him.*

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek.—Go!—I am rewarded.—[*Throws the Friar's garment over* ALONZO.] There!—conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now—God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven, I return to save—or—perish with thee!

[*Exit.*

Rol. [*Alone.*] He has passed the outer porch. He is safe! He will soon embrace his wife and child!—Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me? This is the first time throughout my life I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again. Yes. There! [*lifting up his hands to Heaven*] assuredly, we shall meet again: there possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship—on earth imperfect and em-

bittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines.

[*Retires into the recess.*

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. No, not Pizarro's brutal taunts—not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in my harassed bosom which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land, yet shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide and valour guards.—Alonzo, come forth!

Enter ROLLA.

Ha!—who art thou? Where is Alonzo?

Rol. Alonzo 's fled.

Elv. Fled!

Rol. Yes—and he must not be pursued. Pardon this roughness [*seizing her hand*]—but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

Elv. What if I call the guard?

Rol. Do so—Alonzo still gains time.

Elv. What if thus I free myself? [*Shows a dagger.*

Rol. Strike it to my heart. Still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me—I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard nor cause pursuit.

Rol. At once, I trust thy word. A feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name? Speak freely. By my order the guard is removed beyond the outer porch.

Rol. My name is Rolla.

Elv. The Peruvian leader?

Rol. I was so yesterday. To-day, the Spaniard's captive.

Elv. And friendship for Alonzo moved thee to this act?

Rol. Alonzo is my friend—I am prepared to die for

him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

Elv. One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

Rol. And that is——

Elv. Love!

Rol. True!

Elv. Gallant, ingenuous Rolla! Know that my purpose here was thine—to save thy friend.

Rol. How!—a woman blessed with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

Rol. Not so—you are worse and better too than we are!

Elv. Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance—restore thee to thy native land—thy native land to peace—wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good?

Rol. To judge the action I must know the means.

Elv. Take this dagger.

Rol. How to be used?

Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps—the scourge of innocence—the terror of thy race—the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country.

Rol. Have *you* not been injured by Pizarro?

Elv. Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

Rol. And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep!

Elv. Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains? He that sleeps and he that's bound are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla—so may I prosper in this perilous act as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

Rol. The God of Justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

Elv. Peruvian! since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

Rol. Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest! Give me the dagger!

Elv. Now follow me; but first—and dreadful is the hard necessity—you must strike down the guard.

Rol. The soldier who was on duty here?

Elv. Yes, him—else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

Rol. And I must stab that soldier as I pass?—Take back thy dagger.

Elv. Rolla!

Rol. That soldier, mark me, is a man. All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers—refused my gold—denying to admit me, till his own feelings bribed him. For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man!

Elv. Then he must with us, be the hazard what it may.

Rol. Be that plainly understood between us: for, whate'er betide our enterprise, I will not risk a hair of that man's head to save my heartstrings from consuming fire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The inside of* PIZARRO'S *Tent.*—PIZARRO *on a couch, in disturbed sleep.*

Piz. [*In his sleep.*] No mercy, traitor.—Now at his heart!—Stand off there, you. Let me see him bleed! Ha! ha! ha! Let me hear that groan again.

Enter ROLLA *and* ELVIRA.

Elv. There! Now, lose not a moment!

Rol. You must leave me now. This scene of blood fits not a woman's presence.

Elv. But a moment's pause may——

Rol. Go! Retire to your own tent, and return not

here—I will come to you. Be thou not known in this business, I implore you!

Elv. I will withdraw the guard that waits.

[*Exit* ELVIRA.

Rol. Now have I in my power the accursed destroyer of my country's peace: yet tranquilly he rests.—God! can this man sleep?

Piz. [*In his sleep.*] Away! away! hideous fiends! Tear not my bosom thus!

Rol. No: I was in error—the balm of sweet repose he never more can know. Look here, ambition's fools! Ye, by whose inhuman pride the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing, behold the rest of the guilty! He is at my mercy—and one blow!—No!—my heart and hand refuse the act: Rolla cannot be an assassin! Yet Elvira must be saved! [*Approaches the couch.*] Pizarro! awake!——

Piz. [*Starts up.*] Who?—Guard!——

Rol. Speak not—another word is thy death. Call not for aid!—this arm will be swifter than thy guard.

Piz. Who art thou? and what is thy will?

Rol. I am thine enemy! Peruvian Rolla!—Thy death is not my will, or I could have slain thee sleeping.

Piz. Speak, what else?

Rol. Now thou art at my mercy, answer me! Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Didst thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet show mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now shalt thou feel—and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly!—a Peruvian's vengeance! [*Drops the dagger at his feet.*] There!

Piz. Is it possible! [*Walks aside confounded.*

Rol. Can Pizarro be surprised at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept. Thou seest, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice.

Piz. Rolla, thou hast indeed surprised—subdued me. [*Walks again aside as in irresolute thought.*

Re-enter ELVIRA (*not seeing* PIZARRO).

Elv. Is it done? Is he dead? [*Sees* PIZARRO.]

How !—still living ! Then I am lost ! And for you, wretched Peruvians ! mercy is no more !—O Rolla ! treacherous, or cowardly ?——

Piz. How can it be, that——

Rol. Away ! Elvira speaks she knows not what ! Leave me [*to* ELVIRA], I conjure you, with Pizarro.

Elv. How !—Rolla, dost thou think I shall retract, or that I meanly will deny that in thy hand *I* placed a poniard to be plunged into that tyrant's heart ? No: my sole regret is, that I trusted to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself. Too soon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direst cruelty to all thy race !

Piz. Guard ! quick ! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

Elv. Yes, a guard ! I call them too ! And soon I know they'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment ! Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injured heart, prompted me to this design. No ! had I been only influenced so—thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down. But though defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose—to have rescued millions of innocents from the bloodthirsty tyranny of *one*, by ridding the insulted world of *thee*.

Rol. Had the act been noble as the motive, Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

Enter GUARDS.

Piz. Seize this discovered fiend, who sought to kill your leader.

Elv. Touch me not, at the peril of your souls ; I am your prisoner, and will follow you. But thou, their triumphant leader, shalt hear me. Yet, first—for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness : even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admired thee for it. But 'twas myself provoked my

dom. Thou wouldst have shielded me. Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the spell-like arts by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud, he practised upon those in whom I most confided, till my distempered fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt——

Piz. Why am I not obeyed? Tear her hence!

Elv. 'Tis past—but didst thou know my story, Rolla, thou wouldst pity me.

Rol. From my soul I do pity thee!

Piz. Villains! drag her to the dungeon!—prepare the torture instantly.

Elv. Soldiers, but a moment more. 'Tis to applaud your general. It is to tell the astonished world that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of justice. Yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agonized the human frame; it will be justice. Yes, bid the minions of thy fury wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caressed, and——even have defended thee! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so soft—O God!—have hung with love and homage on thy looks; then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonoured bosom which was once thy pillow! Yet will I bear it all; for it will be justice, all! And when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unshrinking ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan, but to the last gasp my body's patience shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

Piz. [*Endeavouring to conceal his agitation.*] Hearest thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

Rol. Yes! And if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her: if true, thy barbarity cannot make *her* suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on *thee*.

Elv. And now, farewell, world!—Rolla, farewell!—Farewell, thou condemned of Heaven! [*to* PIZARRO]—for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart. We shall meet again. Ha! be it thy horror here to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches, hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloistered saint from whom you stole me. Then, the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murdered brother—murdered by thee, fell monster!—seeking atonement for his sister's ruined honour. I hear them now! To me the recollection's madness! At such an hour what will it be to thee!

Piz. A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives——

Elv. I have spoken, and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past.—And now, with an undaunted spirit and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not *live* nobly, has been Pizarro's act. That I will *die* nobly, shall be my own. [*Exit, guarded.*

Piz. Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant and renowned, shouldst credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury—oh! a wanton passion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my prisoner.

Rol. Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Piz. How!

Rol. I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard—I have succeeded;—*I* remain thy prisoner.

Piz. Alonzo fled! Is then the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

Rol. Dismiss such passions from thy heart; then thou'lt consult its peace.

Piz. I can face all enemies that dare confront me—I cannot war against my nature.

Rol. Then, Pizarro, ask not to be deemed a hero. To triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch

the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow; but in a contest with thyself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be victor.

Piz. Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to *thee* ungrateful or ungenerous. Return to your countrymen—you are at liberty.

Rol. Thou dost act in this as honour and as duty bid thee.

Piz. I cannot but admire thee, Rolla; I would we might be friends.

Rol. Farewell! pity and pardon Elvira! become the friend of virtue—and thou wilt be mine. [*Exit.*

Piz. Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have followed? where is the one delight which it has made my own? My fame is the mark of envy—my love, the dupe of treachery—my glory, eclipsed by the boy I taught—my revenge, defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a savage foe, before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued! I would I could retrace my steps—I cannot: I would I could evade my own reflections!—No! thought and memory are my hell. [*Exit.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A thick Forest. In the background, a hut almost covered by boughs of trees. A dreadful storm, with thunder and lightning.* CORA *has covered her* CHILD *on a bed of leaves and moss. Her whole appearance is wild and distracted.*

Cora. O Nature! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march; my wearied, shivering frame sinks under it. And for thee, my boy, when faint beneath thy lovely burthen, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest! Oh, my child! were I assured thy father breathes no

more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side—but down—down for ever. [*Thunder and lightning.*] I ask thee not, unpitying storm! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers will I disturb my sleeping cherub: though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds.

Song.

Yes, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire;
  Unawed, unsheltered, I thy fury brave:
I'll bare my bosom to thy forkèd fire,
  Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave!

O'er his pale corse then while thy lightnings glare,
I'll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
  Thy father never!——
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
  Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,
  Oh! safer lies from these chilled arms apart;
He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest wild,
  Oh! sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking heart.

Alas! my babe, if thou wouldst peaceful rest,
Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
  Thy father never!——
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
  Veils his for ever. [*Thunder and lightning.*

Cora. Still, still implacable! unfeeling elements! yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling cherub! O

death! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose? Sure I may shield thee better from the storm; my veil may——

[*While she is wrapping her mantle and her veil over him,* ALONZO'S *voice is heard at a great distance.*

Al. Cora!

Cora. Hah! [*Rises.*

Al. [*Again.*] Cora!

Cora. Oh, my heart! Sweet Heaven, deceive me not! Is it not Alonzo's voice?

Al. [*Nearer.*] Cora!

Cora. It is—it is Alonzo!

Al. [*Farther off.*] Cora! my beloved!——

Cora. Alonzo!—Here!—here!—Alonzo!

[*Runs out.*

Enter two SPANISH SOLDIERS.

First Sol. I tell you we are near our outposts, and the word we heard just now was the countersign.

Sec. Sol. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have discovered their secret passage through the rocks will prove a lucky chance to us. Pizarro will reward us.

First Sol. This way. The sun, though clouded, is on our left. [*Perceives the* CHILD.] What have we here? A child!—as I'm a soldier.

Sec. Sol. 'Tis a sweet little babe. Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

First Sol. It would so, indeed—I have one at home shall play with it; but mark me, comrade, how the child is dressed—this is no common toy. Come along.

[*Takes the* CHILD. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter CORA *with* ALONZO.

Cora. [*Speaking without.*] This way, dear Alonzo. Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot! Now will you look at him as he

sleeps, or shall I bring him waking with his full blue laughing eyes to welcome you at once.—Yes—yes. Stand thou there—I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfumed morn.

[*She runs up to the spot, and, finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the* CHILD *gone, shrieks, and stands in speechless agony.*

Al. [*Running to her.*] Cora !—my heart's beloved !

Cora. He is gone !

Al. Eternal God !

Cora. He is gone !—my child ! my child !

Al. Where did you leave him ?

Cora. [*Dashing herself on the spot.*] Here !

Al. Be calm, beloved Cora—he has waked, and crept to a little distance—we shall find him. Are you assured this was the spot you left him in ?

Cora. Did not these hands make that bed, and shelter for him ?—and is not this the veil that covered him ?

Al. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha ! yes, yes ! there lives the savage that has robbed me of my child.—[*Beats at the door, exclaiming*] Give me back my child—restore to me my boy !

Enter LAS-CASAS *from the hut.*

Las-C. Who calls me from my wretched solitude ?

Cora. Give me back my child ! [*Goes into the hut, and calls.*] Fernando !

Al. Almighty powers ! do my eyes deceive me ! Las-Casas !

Las-C. Alonzo—my beloved young friend !

Al. My revered instructor. [*Embracing.*

Cora. [*Returned.*] Will you embrace this man before he restores my boy ?

Al. Alas, my friend, in what a moment of misery do we meet !

Cora. Yet his look is goodness and humanity. Good old man, have compassion on a wretched mother, and

I will be your servant while I live. But do not, for pity's sake—do not say, you have him not—do not say, you have not seen him. [*Runs into the wood.*

Las-C. What can this mean?

Al. She is my wife. I, just rescued from the Spaniards' prison, learned she had fled to this wild forest. Hearing my voice, she left the child, and flew to meet me.

[CORA *returns.*

Las-C. How! did she leave him?

Cora. Oh, you are right!—right!—unnatural mother that I was—I left my child—I forsook my innocent—— but I will fly to the earth's brink, but I will find him.

[*Runs out.*

Al. Forgive me, Las-Casas, I must follow her: for at night I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

Las-C. I will not leave thee, Alonzo: you must try to lead her to the right—that way lies your camp. Wait not my infirm steps—I follow thee, my friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Outpost of the Spanish Camp. The background wild and rocky, with a torrent falling down the precipice, over which a bridge is formed by a felled tree.*

Almagro. [*Without.*] Bear him along—his story must be false. [*Entering.*

ROLLA (*in chains*) *brought in by* SOLDIERS.

Rol. False! Rolla utter falsehood!—I would I had thee in a desert with thy troop around thee, and I but with my sword in this unshackled hand!

Alm. Is it to be credited that Rolla, the renowned Peruvian hero, should be detected like a spy, skulking through our camp?

Rol. Skulking!

Alm. But answer to the general—he is here.

Enter PIZARRO *and* OFFICERS.

Piz. What do I see! Rolla!

Rol. Oh! to thy surprise, no doubt.

Piz. And bound too!

Rol. So fast, thou needst not fear approaching me.

Alm. The guards surprised him passing our outpost.

Piz. Release him instantly.—Believe me, I regret this insult.

Rol. You feel then as you ought.

Piz. Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarmed. Accept this, though it has been thy enemy's. [*Gives a sword.*] The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

Rol. And the Peruvian, how to forget offence.

Piz. May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

Rol. When the sea divides us—yes! May I now depart?

Piz. Freely.

Rol. And shall I not again be intercepted?

Piz. No—let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

Enter DAVILLA *and* SOLDIERS, *with the* CHILD.

Dav. Here are two soldiers, captived yesterday, who have escaped from the Peruvian hold—and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

Piz. Silence—imprudent!—Seest thou not——?
[*Pointing to* ROLLA.

Dav. In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems——

Piz. What is the imp to me? Bid them toss it into the sea.

Rol. Gracious Heaven! it is Alonzo's child!—give it to me.

Piz. Ha! Alonzo's child!—Welcome, thou pretty hostage. Now Alonzo is again my prisoner!

Rol. Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

Piz. Will I not! What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight think'st thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

Rol. I do not understand you.

Piz. My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo!—and this pledge may help to settle the account.

Rol. Man! man! Art thou a man? Couldst thou hurt that innocent?—By Heaven! it 's smiling in thy face.

Piz. Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

Rol. Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire. If thou dost harm that child think not his blood will sink into the barren land. No!—faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart, 'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on its accursed destroyer.

Piz. Be that peril mine.

Rol. [*Throwing himself at his feet.*] Behold me at thy feet—me, Rolla!—me, the preserver of thy life!—me, that never yet have bent or bowed before created man! In humble agony I sue to you—prostrate I implore you—but spare that child, and I will be your slave.

Piz. Rolla! still art *thou* free to go—*this boy* remains with me.

Rol. Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine! [*Seizes the* CHILD.] Who moves one step to follow me dies upon the spot. [*Exit, with the* CHILD.

Piz. Pursue him instantly—but spare his life. [*Exeunt* ALMAGRO *and* SOLDIERS.] With what fury he defends himself!—Ha!—he fells them to the ground—and now——

Enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life; and if he once gains the thicket——

Piz. Spare him no longer. [*Exit* ALMAGRO.] Their guns must reach him—he'll yet escape—holloa to those horse—the Peruvian sees them—and now he turns among the rocks—then is his retreat cut off.

[ROLLA *crosses the wooden bridge over the cataract, pursued by the* SOLDIERS: *they fire at him—a shot strikes him.* PIZARRO *exclaims*:

Now! quick! quick! seize the child!

[ROLLA *tears from the rock the stone which supports the bridge, and retreats by the background, bearing off the* CHILD.

Re-enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. By hell! he has escaped!—and with the child unhurt.

Dav. No, he bears his death with him. Believe me, I saw him struck upon the side.

Piz. But the child is saved—Alonzo's child! Oh! the furies of disappointed vengeance!

Alm. Away with the revenge of words—let us to deeds. Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret pass, which through the rocky cavern's gloom brings you at once to the stronghold, where are lodged their women and their treasures.

Piz. Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought draw forth a daring and a chosen band—I will not wait for numbers. Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day?

Alm. He is—and one request alone she——

Piz. I'll hear of none.

Alm. The boon is small—'tis but for the noviciate habit which you first beheld her in: she wishes not to suffer in the gaudy trappings which remind her of her shame.

Piz. Well, do as thou wilt; but tell Valverde, at our return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she is dead. [*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III.—ATALIBA'S *Tent.*

Enter ATALIBA, *followed by* CORA *and* ALONZO.

Cora. Oh! Avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom, but to her king, is the wretched mother to address her griefs? The gods refuse to hear my prayers! Did not my Alonzo fight for *you*?—and will not my sweet boy, if thou'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

Al. Oh! my suffering love—my poor heartbroken Cora!—you but wound our sovereign's feeling soul, and not relieve thy own.

Cora. Is he our sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

Ata. When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a king—when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

Voices. [*Behind.*] Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

Enter ROLLA, *bleeding, with the* CHILD, *followed by* PERUVIAN SOLDIERS:

Rol. Thy child!

[*Gives the* CHILD *into* CORA'S *arms, and falls.*

Cora. O God!—there 's blood upon him!

Rol. 'Tis my blood, Cora!

Al. Rolla, thou diest!

Rol. For thee, and Cora. [*Dies.*

Enter ORANO.

Orano. Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now the foe assails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

Al. Lose not a moment!—Swords, be quick!—Your wives and children cry to you. Bear our loved hero's body in the van. 'Twill raise the fury of our men to madness.—Now, fell Pizarro! the death of one of us is near!—Away! Be the word of assault, Revenge and Rolla! [*Exeunt. Charge.*

SCENE IV.—*A romantic part of the recess among the rocks.* [Alarms.] *Women are seen flying, pursued by the* SPANISH SOLDIERS. *The* PERUVIAN SOLDIERS *drive the* SPANIARDS *back from the field. The fight is continued on the heights.*

Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, *and* SPANISH SOLDIERS.

Piz. Well!—if surrounded, we must perish in the

centre of them. Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

Enter ALONZO, ORANO, *and* PERUVIANS.

Al. Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

Piz. Thou knowest the advantage of thy numbers. Thou darest not singly face Pizarro.

Al. Peruvians, stir not a man! Be this contest only ours.

Piz. Spaniards!—observe ye the same.

[*Charge. They fight.* ALONZO'S *shield is broken, and he is beat down.*

Piz. Now, traitor, to thy heart!

[*At this moment* ELVIRA *enters, habited as when* PIZARRO *first beheld her.* PIZARRO, *appalled, staggers back.* ALONZO *renews the fight, and slays him. Loud shouts from the* PERUVIANS.

ATALIBA *enters, and embraces* ALONZO.

Ata. My brave Alonzo!

Alm. Alonzo, we submit. Spare us! we will embark and leave the coast.

Val. Elvira will confess I saved her life; she has saved mine.

Al. Fear not. You are safe.

[SPANIARDS *lay down their arms.*

Elv. Valverde speaks the truth—nor could he think to meet me here. An awful impulse which my soul could not resist impelled me hither.

Al. Noble Elvira! my preserver! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee? If amid this grateful nation thou wouldst remain——

Elv. Alonzo, no!—the destination of my future life is fixed. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors which, however masked by shallow cheerfulness, have long consumed my secret heart. When, by my sufferings purified, and penitence sincere, my soul shall dare address the Throne of Mercy in behalf of others—for thee, Alonzo—for thy Cora

and thy child—for thee, thou virtuous monarch, and the innocent race you reign over, shall Elvira's prayers address the God of Nature.—Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity—avoid the foul examples thou hast viewed. Spaniards, returning to your native home, assure your rulers they mistake the road to glory or to power. Tell them that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.

[*Casts a look of agony on the dead body of* PIZARRO *as she passes, and exit. Flourish of trumpets.* VALVERDE, ALMAGRO, *and* SPANISH SOLDIERS *exeunt, bearing off* PIZARRO'S *body on a signal from* ALONZO. *Flourish of music.*

Al. Ataliba! think not I wish to check the voice of triumph, when I entreat we first may pay the tribute due to our loved Rolla's memory.

[*A solemn march. Procession of* PERUVIAN SOLDIERS, *bearing* ROLLA'S *body on a bier, surrounded by military trophies. The* PRIESTS *and* PRIESTESSES *attending chant a dirge over the bier.* ALONZO *and* CORA *kneel on either side of it, and kiss* ROLLA'S *hands in silent agony. In the looks of the* KING, *and of all present, the triumph of the day is lost in mourning for the fallen hero. The curtain slowly descends.*

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN

ERE yet Suspense has stilled its throbbing fear,
Or Melancholy wiped the grateful tear,
While e'en the miseries of a sinking state,
A monarch's danger, and a nation's fate,
Command not now your eyes with grief to flow,
Lost in a trembling mother's nearer woe;
What moral lay shall Poetry rehearse,
Or how shall Elocution pour the verse
So sweetly, that its music shall repay
The loved illusion which it drives away?
Mine is the task, to rigid custom due,
To me ungrateful, as 'tis harsh to you,
To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,
To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought,
To scare Reflection, which, in absent dreams,
Still lingers musing on the recent themes;
Attention, ere with contemplation tired,
To turn from all that pleased, from all that fired;
To weaken lessons strongly now imprest,
And chill the interest glowing in the breast—
Mine is the task; and be it mine to spare
The souls that pant, the griefs they see, to share;
Let me with no unhallowed jest deride
The sigh that sweet Compassion owns with pride—
The sigh of Comfort, to Affliction dear,
That Kindness heaves, and Virtue loves to hear.
E'en gay Thalia will not now refuse
This gentle homage to her Sister Muse.
O ye, who listen to the plaintive strain
With strange enjoyment, and with rapturous pain,
Who erst have felt the Stranger's lone despair,
And Haller's settled, sad, remorseful care,

Does Rolla's pure affection less excite
The inexpressive anguish of delight?
Do Cora's fears, which beat without control,
With less solicitude engross the soul?
Ah, no! your minds with kindred zeal approve
Maternal feeling, and heroic love.
You must approve; where man exists below,
In temperate climes, or 'midst drear wastes of snow,
Or where the solar fires incessant flame,
Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the same:
Vainly the Sophist boasts he can explain
The causes of thy universal reign—
More vainly would his cold presumptuous art
Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart:
A voice proclaims thee, that we must believe,
A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive;
That voice poor Cora heard, and closely prest
Her darling infant to her fearful breast;
Distracted dared the bloody field to tread,
And sought Alonzo through the heaps of dead,
Eager to catch the music of his breath,
Though faltering in the agonies of death,
To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once more,
And clasp his bosom, though it streamed with gore;
That voice too Rolla heard, and, greatly brave,
His Cora's dearest treasure died to save,
Gave to the hopeless parent's arms her child,
Beheld her transports, and expiring smiled.
That voice ye hear—oh! be its will obeyed!
'Tis Valour's impulse and 'tis Virtue's aid—
It prompts to all Benevolence admires,
To all that heavenly Piety inspires.
To all that Praise repeats through lengthened years,
That Honour sanctifies, and Time reveres.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF GARRICK

To the Right Honourable COUNTESS SPENCER, whose approbation and esteem were justly considered by MR. GARRICK as the highest panegyric his talents or conduct could acquire, this imperfect tribute to his memory is, with great deference, inscribed by her ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

March 25, 1779.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF GARRICK

SPOKEN AS A MONODY, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherished here,
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabled suff'rers and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest, indulge the comic vein,
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret—one tributary line!

His fame requires we act a tenderer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorned his hearse,
The throng that mourned as their dead favourite passed,
The graced respect that claimed him to the last,
While Shakespeare's image from its hallowed base
Seemed to prescribe the grave, and point the place,—
Nor these,—nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,—
So much are Garrick's praise, so much his due,
As on this spot—one tear bestowed by you.

Amid the hearts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient Fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:

Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminished awe his works are viewed:
E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touched by the tender hand of mellowing Time.

The patient Sculptor owns a humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achieved, though barbarous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptured ruin rise to-day,
Graced by defect, and worshipped in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the Poet's bosom fire;
Oh, proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendour gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
Attempt no prize but favouring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love—
Whate'er the theme, through every age and clime
Congenial passions meet th' according rime;
The pride of glory—pity's sigh sincere—
Youth's earliest blush—and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed, their honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The Actor, only, shrinks from Time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouched by proof—to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to Heaven resigned,
No fixed effect, no model leaves behind!

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranced attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confessed its own;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And clothed with orient hues, transcends the day!
Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the sense,
And every charm of gentler eloquence—
All perishable! like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame, and as they strike expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where, then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes—
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'Tis yours.

And oh! by every charm his art essayed
To soothe your cares!—by every grief allayed!
By the hushed wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeathed,—assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying Time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favoured rime,
O'er his graced urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossomed sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these,—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear—
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurelled shrine.

As Fancy, oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has viewed, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb—
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptured bier
With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear;
With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief;
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—He never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverent dust
Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

NOTES

THE RIVALS (Page 1).

This play is named, according to Mrs. Oliphant, from Captain Absolute, who, under the pseudonym of Ensign Beverley, was in fact his own rival; but some readers would claim a share of this distinction for Bob Acres, or Sir Lucius O'Trigger, or both. Mrs. Malaprop was near the truth in suspecting that Capt. Absolute was 'like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once'. The 'sentimental' scenes between Faulkland and Lydia went far to condemn the play on the first night of its performance, and were afterwards greatly curtailed.

Page 7. *John Trot.* A common phrase for an awkward person, familiar from its frequent use by Lord Chesterfield in his *Letters.* Dr. Birkbeck Hill suggested that it was originally a nickname for a running footman.

Page 11. *a mort o' merrymaking.* This word is in general dialectal use in most parts of England and Ireland for a quantity, a great number. See *Dialect Dictionary* for numerous instances. Prof. Wright quotes from *Plautus made English* (1694), 'They had a mort o' prisoners'; and he gives cognates in Old French and Old Norse.

Page 11. *wigs.* Dr. Thomas Campbell, in his *Survey of the South of Ireland*, p. 463, writing to Dr. John Watkinson, of London, says:—'No sooner were your medical wigs laid aside, than an attempt was made to do the like here [at Dublin]. But in vain! the faculty were not yet ripe enough for this *capital* improvement in the practice of physic. A consultation of the whole college was held upon it, and it was carried by the authority of the seniors, rather than a majority of the fellows, in favour of the prescriptive honours of the head.' He adds that 'old Malone . . . disencumbered his head of this load of bar-

barism, though . . . the Irish judges do not wear such immense volumes [of horsehair] upon the breast as those of England.' Hogarth had satirized the wearing of wigs in *The Five Orders of Perriwigs, as they were worn at the late Coronation, measured architectonically* (1761): see *Biographical Anecdotes of W. Hogarth* (ed. 1785, p. 373).

PAGE 12. *Gyde's Porch.* Mr. Gyde kept the Lower Rooms at this time; his rooms, and those of Mr. Hayward, are shown on 'an Accurate Plan of Bath for the Year 1776'. The North and South Parades are described in Peach's *Street-Lore of Bath*, p. 105; and Gyde's Rooms are also mentioned in *The New Prose Bath Guide for* 1778, p. 36, where they are compared unfavourably with the Upper Rooms. Bull's Circulating Library was opposite to them (*ib.*). After many vicissitudes, the Lower Rooms were finally burnt down on December 21, 1820 (Peach, *S.-L. B.*, p. 104).

PAGE 12. *Circulating Libraries* appear to have rapidly become popular in Bath. The first entry relating to them in the *N.E.D.* is an advertisement dated 1742, June 12: 'Proposals for erecting a *Public Circulating Library* in LONDON . . . Librarian, Samuel Fancourt'; and in 1783 the *Gentleman's Magazine*, p. 941, mentions a statement that 'the first circulating Library was opened by the Rev. Mr. Fancourt . . . 50 or 60 years ago. It was afterwards removed to Crane-Court, Fleet Street' (*N.E.D.* ii. p. 427). Mr. Fancourt died in poverty in London at the age of ninety in 1768. There is a full and interesting account of him and his projects in *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

PAGE 12. *She has a most observing thumb; and, I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.* There is probably an allusion here to the Latin phrase *ad unguem* or *in unguem*, used by Virgil, Horace, &c. = exactly, accurately, 'when anything is so smooth and even that the nail in passing over it finds no inequality.' [Scheller and Riddle's *Latin Lexicon*, s. v.] In Tanner MSS., vol. 40, is a letter from W. Dillingham, Sancroft's predecessor as Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in which Dillingham writes with regard to his Latin translation of Herbert's *Porch*: 'S^r^, I know that if these should be once published, it would be too late then to prevent, if not to correct, a fault; I therefore shall take it as a great kindness, if you will please *to put on your critical naile,*

and to give your impartial censure on these papers while they are but yet in the tireing roome; and I shall endeavour to amend them with one great or more lesser blotts.' To this Sancroft replies: 'As soon as I had read your letter, and got home, and leisure, I greedily took your original in one hand, and your copy in the other, of which I had suffered one nayl (though it pretends not to be a critical one) to grow ever since you bespoke its service.'

PAGES 12, 17. Mr. Brander Matthews has identified Miss Languish's favourite books for us. Two are translations from the French, and two original but forgotten novels, all published in 1773; *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* [Lady Vane] had been published long before by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle*, whose account of Bath in *Humphrey Clinker* must have fluttered the dovecotes, if any such there were, in that fair but scandal-loving city. (For Lady Vane, see Gray's *Letters* (ed. Tovey), i. 212. Gray writes to Walpole, March 3, 1751: 'Has that miracle of *tenderness* and *sensibility* (as she calls it), Lady Vane, given you any amusement? *Peregrine*, whom she uses as a vehicle, is very poor indeed, with a few exceptions.') Dr. Allestree, once Provost of Eton, is now generally accepted as the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*. At pp. 16–17, Lucy takes another set of books from under her cloak and from her pockets, which adds to the earlier list the second volume of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. Sotherne's *Fatal Marriage* has for sub-title *The Innocent Adultery*. James Fordyce, D.D., friend of Johnson, published many theological works, including *Sermons to Young Women* (1765). He died and was buried at Bath, 1796. For Mrs. Chapone see Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell*, iv. 246, *n*. 6; Hist. MSS. Comm. Report, XV. vi. pp. 573, 639. H. Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (1771) has lately received the honours of reprint.

PAGE 13. *blonds* = blond laces, produced from unbleached silk (*N.E.D.*). The word occurs also in *The New Bath Guide* and Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*.

PAGE 21. *a black padusoy*. According to the *N.E.D.* 'a strong corded or gros-grain silk fabric'. The word is probably an English corruption of *pou-de-soie* or *poudesoy*, apparently by association with Padua say, or serge, known in England since 1633 at least. It is used by Fielding, Gay, and Richardson among others.

PAGE 22. *minority waiters.* The origin and meaning of this phrase have never been satisfactorily explained.

PAGE 27. *music the food of love.* Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 1.

PAGE 31. *D——s have had their day.* Not so, according to Whitehead on Churchill, quoted by Mr. Tovey in Gray's *Letters*, ii. 257, where still that

'One epithet supplies their constant chime'.

PAGE 34. *Cox's Museum.* James Cox, of 103, Shoe Lane, London, was, writes Britten (*Old Clocks and Watches*, ed. 1899, pp. 263–5, 393), 'a clever mechanician, who opened at Spring Gardens a museum of quaint locks, singing birds, and costly mechanical toys. There were 56 pieces in the collection, and the charge for admission was half-a-guinea for each person; a regulation providing for the presence of but few visitors at one time was, needless to say, quite unnecessary. In the British Museum is a large centre-second élaborate watch by him, suited for the Oriental market (1765–88).' There is a contemporary criticism of this Museum in Miss Burney's *Evelina*, Letter xix. Cox was also the inventor of more than one 'perpetual motion' clock.

PAGE 36. For the North and South Parades, and many other allusions to the best-known buildings and sites in Bath of the eighteenth century, the late Mr. Peach's *Historic Houses in Bath* and his *Street-Lore of Bath* may be consulted. They are unfortunately incomplete; but much that they contain was based on personal knowledge, and can scarcely be superseded. Dr. Warner's *History of Bath* ends with the year 1800. The *Old Bath Guide*, *The New Prose Bath Guide* (1778),[1] and Anstey's *New Bath Guide* are of course indispensable, as well as Smollett's works, especially *Humphrey Clinker*, to all who wish to reconstruct Bath as it was when Sheridan and Walpole and a hundred others cast so great a lustre upon the city and its society

[1] The full title is:—*The New Prose Bath Guide for the Year* 1778. Dedicated to Lord N[orth]. By the author of 'A Year's Journey through France and Spain'. [Frontispiece of Felicity.] Printed for the Author: and sold in Bath, only by Mr. Wood, Hosier, opposite the Pump Room. [Price, 2*s.* 6*d.*]

in the eighteenth century. To the above works must now be added *The Eighteenth Century Architecture of Bath*, by Mowbray A. Green, A.R.I.B.A. (Bath: G. Gregory, 1904).

PAGE 38. *'you gentlemen's gentlemen'*. The first quotation in *N.E.D.* for this phrase is from Defoe's *Everybody's business is nobody's business* (1725). 'Gentlemen's men' occurs in *Stow's Survay of London* (1603), p. 538, where it includes 'the Sword-bearer's man; Common Huntsmen (2); Common Crier's men (2); Water-Bailiff's men (2); and the Carver's Man'.

PAGE 53. *Polishing your honour's boots.* According to Mr. Ashton's *Hyde Park*, 'one day a youthful beau approached Brummell, and said, "Permit me to ask you where you get your blacking." "Ah!" replied Brummell, "my blacking positively ruins me. I will tell you in confidence. It is made with the finest champagne."'

PAGE 53. *Allemande, cotillon.* The first was a piece of moderate rapidity, in common time. (*N.E.D.*, quoting Prof. Prout.) 'The second is still in the United States a generic name for quadrilles, a dance consisting of an elaborate series of steps and figures, called specifically the *German* Cotillon. The name is adapted from Fr. *cotillon*, a petticoat.' (*Ib.*) Acres's *balancing*, a few lines above, is explained by the same authority as = 'to move to and fro in converse directions like the draw of a balance; to *set to* a partner'.

PAGE 61. *No caparisons*, &c. Mrs. Malaprop had been partially anticipated by Dogberry in *Much Ado*, and by Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night.*

PAGE 66. *matters have taken so clever a turn.* With this use of 'clever' cf. Gray's *Letters*, i. 338 (ed. Tovey): 'If you could write directly, it would be clever'.

PAGE 68. Mr. Tovey points out (Gray's *Letters*, ii. 231) that Mrs. Malaprop had been anticipated by Lord Lempster (afterwards Pomfret) in her allusion to Cerberus. 'He ran very much into debt; when all was supposed to be paid, more turned up; and he wrote to his mother, that he was like *Cerberus*, who, when one head was cut off, had another sprouting in its place.'

PAGE 71. *King's Mead Fields.* At one time the garden attached to King's Mead House, having an unobstructed breadth to the river. See Peach, *H.H.*, p. 90; *S.-L.*, p. 85; and *Accurate Plan of Bath*, 1776.

PAGE 73, ll. 8-10. Faulkland is here adapting Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book VIII, l. 503, 'That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.' We are unable to follow Professor Smyth when he writes (p. 7) of 'the softened shade of thought thrown over the . . . audience, affecting the more refined portion of them even to tears, by the scenes between Faulkland and Julia'; 'sentimental' as were the age and the generation.

PAGE 74. *a wretch, whose life is forfeited.* There does not seem to be historical warrant for any recent penal legislation on duelling such as purports to be alluded to here. A similar liberty is taken by Goldsmith in chapter xxviii of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, where George Primrose declares that he is 'the first offender under the new statute', and that as he has sent the challenge he sees no hopes of pardon for his capital offence.

PAGE 78. *a Smithfield bargain* = a very doubtful one. A major-general told Swift (*Journal to Stella*, March 10, 1711), that 'a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain' [for a commission as captain-lieutenant]; Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 254, ed. 1768, '*Who goes to* Westminster *for a wife*, to Paul's *for a man, and to* Smithfield *for a horse*, may meet with a ——, a knave, *and a jade*.' See also Pope's *Works*, vii. 73; and references in Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present*, s.v. Smithfield.

PAGE 78. *Scotch parson*: see *Gretna Green and its traditions*, by 'Claverhouse' (Paisley: Gardner, 1906). This was Joseph Paisley, the celebrated Gretna Green 'priest', who is said to have died January 9, 1811, aged 79 (the date is uncertain). A singularly repulsive portrait of him was published in *The Lady's Magazine* (n.d.).

PAGE 80. *petrefactions* [sic]. It may be lawful to suggest that Mrs. Malaprop said *putrefaction*. The words were sometimes confused by printers: see e.g. Prof. Saintsbury's *Minor Caroline Poets*, i. 43 *n*.

PAGE 81. *A sword seen in the streets of Bath.* This immunity from duelling within the city had probably come down from the régime of Beau Nash; his epitaph, written by Dr. Oliver, claims that 'He kept the men in order; most wisely, | By prohibiting the wearing swords in his dominions; | By which means | He prevented sudden passion from causing | The bitterness of unavailing repentance.' Cf. the remark of Sir Lucius, p. 71. And Goldsmith

in his *Life of Richard Nash* (1762), p. 37, tells us 'He . . . for some time strove, but in vain, to prohibit the use of swords. Disputes arising from love or play, were sometimes attended with fatal effects. To use his own expression, he was resolved to hinder people from doing, *what they had no mind to,* but for some time without effect. However, there happened about that time, a duel between two gamesters, whose names were *Taylor* and *Clarke,* which helped to promote his peaceable intentions. They fought by torchlight in the *Grove* ; Taylor was run through the body, but lived seven years after, at which time his wound breaking out afresh, it caused his death. . . . From that time it was thought necessary to forbid the wearing of swords at *Bath,* as they often tore the ladies cloaths, and frighted them, by sometimes appearing upon trifling occasions. Whenever, therefore, *Nash* heard of a challenge given or accepted, he instantly had both parties arrested.' It may be suspected, however, that very often the *venue* was only changed to Claverton Down[1]; so Prankley in *Humphrey Clinker,* 'pointing to the clump of firs on Clarkendown, asked his opponent whether he had spirit enough to meet him there with a case of pistols.' Still, there can be little doubt that 'King' Nash discountenanced reckless duelling and high play in visitors to his dominions with a fair measure of success.

PAGE 85. *snug lying in the Abbey.* A deplorable account of the sanitary condition of the Abbey at this time is given in *The New Prose Bath Guide for* 1778, p. 30, showing the danger of attending divine service there.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY (PAGE 93).

Sheridan is said to have written this piece for the benefit of Clinch, who had saved the situation by undertaking Lee's place after the preliminary failure of *The Rivals.* It contains reminiscences of Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer.*

PAGE 95. *St. Stephen's Green, Dublin,* is described by Dr. T. Campbell in 1777 as 'having round it a gravel walk

[1] Here e.g. was fought the famous duel between Count Rice and Viscount du Barré in 1778.

of near a mile: here genteel company walk in the evenings, and on Sundays after two o'clock, as with us in St. James's Park.'

PAGE 112. *The gilded cane.* Dr. Radcliffe's 'gold-headed cane', successively carried by Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Matthew Baillie (presented by Mrs. Baillie), is still preserved at the Royal College of Physicians. It became the recognized token of a physician in the eighteenth century.

PAGE 118. *What a fine language it is!* Sheridan is here indebted to M. Jourdain in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Act iv. sc. 6: 'Tant de choses en deux mots!'

THE DUENNA (PAGE 121).

This Comic Opera—the merit of which, as compared with that of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, is *adhuc sub judice*, so far as either is still remembered—had a run of sixty-five nights during its first season, and was represented at least thirty times in the next year, thus more than rivalling the vogue of its perhaps greater and more original predecessor. A political parody bearing the same name (by Israel Pottinger) was published in 1776. The *Duenna* owed much to Linley's music, which was whistled all over London and was literally in the mouths of men. It will be remembered that Sheridan himself was altogether unmusical, but that by some strange faculty he was able to convey to the composer a general idea of the setting his words required, which stood him in good stead. The songs in the *Duenna* were, in more than one instance, adapted by Sheridan from early poems of his own.

PAGE 126. *roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage.* There are several old representations of this subject, and probably Sheridan had himself seen some of them in the print shops. A coloured print of 'Mossop in the character of Bajazet' [*not* in the cage] was printed for J. Gapperjat, 56, New Bond Street (n.d.). The story of Bajazet's cage is now relegated to the region of myth: see Prof. C. R. Beazley, *Dawn of Modern Geography*, iii. 361. 'Bajazet, Ottoman Sultan (reigned 1389–1440 ?), victor at Nicopolis, Schiltberger's master, was defeated and made prisoner at Angora by Timur. Schiltberger, though he refers to Timur's sack of the Turkish treasury

at Brusa, says nothing of the iron cage of Bajazet's captivity.'

PAGE 130. *as . . . Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain through the ears.* According to Herodotus, Book II, chaps. 85–6, the brain was extracted through the *nostrils.* (See Rawlinson's translation, ed. 2, vol. ii. pp. 112 sqq.).

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (PAGE 183).

For the general conception of this play, Sheridan was no doubt indebted to Molière's *Misanthrope,* as for the character of Joseph Surface to *Tartuffe.*

Walpole wrote to Robert Jephson, July 13, 1777 (*Letters,* x. 82), 'To my great astonishment, there were more parts performed admirably in *The School for Scandal* than I almost ever saw in any play. Mrs. Abington was equal to the first of her profession, Yates (the husband), Parsons, Miss Pope, and Palmer, all shone. It seemed a marvellous resurrection of the stage. Indeed, the play had as much merit as the actors. I have seen no comedy that comes near it since *The Provoked Husband.*'[1] (But see also xi. 77, 169–70, where Walpole's second thoughts are less favourable.) The *locus classicus* for Lady Miller's Academy at Bath-Easton will be found in Walpole's *Letters,* ix. 134. The end may be quoted:—'There are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them by Corydon the venerable, *alias* George Pitt; others very pretty, by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short, since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull, for you cannot read so long as I have been telling.' See also Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* ed. G. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 336 sq. and notes, for the opinions of Johnson and Miss Burney on Mrs. Miller's pretensions; and Walpole's *Letters,* vii. 55, as well as *The New Prose*

[1] *The Provoked Husband; or a Journey to London.* By Colley Cibber (1727).

Bath Guide (1778), p. 85, for a description of the Villa. Her husband was created an Irish baronet in 1778. She died June 24, 1781, and was buried in the Abbey Church. Miss Seward wrote the inscription on her monument.

PAGE 185. *A Portrait.* Horace Walpole writes (*Letters* x. 134):—'My nephew, George Cholmondeley, . . . dined here to-day, and repeated part of a very good copy of verses from Sheridan to Mrs. Crewe. . . . I trust they will not long retain their MS.-hood.' Miss Frances Anne Greville, only daughter of Fulke Greville, married in 1776 John Crewe, created Lord Crewe 1806. There are three engraved portraits of Lady Crewe after Sir Joshua Reynolds. (See *D. N. B.* for both Lord and Lady Crewe.) She died 1818. See also Gray's *Letters* (ed. Tovey), ii. 38 and notes.

PAGES 186-7. The Marchioness of Granby was Lady Mary Isabella Somerset, afterwards wife of Charles fourth Duke of Rutland. Like Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, she was famous for her beauty. She sat four times to Sir Joshua Reynolds. (See *D. N. B.* under her husband's life.)

PAGE 190. *Mrs. Clackitt.* 'Young Clackitt' was one of the characters in Garrick's *Guardian* (1759). See the report of a conversation between Prince Edward and the Duchess of Richmond, relating to 'Mr. Clackitt', in Walpole's *Letters*, iv. 259.

PAGE 190. *The Town and Country Magazine.* Sufficient information about this *chronique scandaleuse*, its terrible *tête-à-tête* portraits, and its victims, will be found in *Notes and Queries*: see especially Tenth Series, pp. 241 sqq.

PAGE 200. *The Old Jewry.* The Jews had ceased to inhabit it as long ago as Stow's time: see his *Survay* (ed. 1603), pp. 280 sqq. The whole context is of great importance for the history of the Jews in London.

PAGE 200. *Absentees and the Irish Tontine.* According to expectation, the Absentees Bill of 1773 failed to pass the Irish Parliament. On November 18, Horace Walpole wrote:—'It is still believed that instructions for damping it have been sent to Dublin. Mr. Fortescue Clermont, the intended mover, declares he finds it unpopular, and will not propose it. Commentators say he has been prevailed on to drop it. However, an account is come that Colonel Blaquière, who, contrary to usage, has opened the budget

instead of the Attorney-General, has mentioned a tax on absentees among the possible ways and means of replenishing the national purse. . . . He has talked of a tontine, too, still more likely to be obnoxious than the tax, as it must be provided for by a permanent revenue, a measure that would annihilate the necessity of Parliament.' It will be remembered that Arthur Young, c. 1769, estimated the total sum remitted yearly out of Ireland at £732,000 (*Tour in Ireland*, ed. A. W. Hutton, ii. 114).

Page 200. *an officer behind every guest's chair.* Cf. the famous, and at first derided, scene in Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*, Act iii.

Page 205. *The Pantheon.* See Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, iii. 24–5; and Walpole's *Letters*, with their many allusions to the 'Winter Ranelagh', under 'Pantheon' in Index of Places to the *Letters*.

Page 206. *vis-à-vis*, a vehicle in which two or four can sit face to face (*Stanford Dict.*). 'A pair of white cats' is not so easily paralleled.

Page 209. *Macaronies.* From the Italian paste so called: = a fop, dandy. 'This use seems to be from the name of the Macaroni Club, probably adopted to indicate the preference of the members for foreign cookery, macaroni being at that time but little eaten in England.' [Cf. the 'Beef Steak Club'.] The *N.E.D.* gives numerous instances from Horace Walpole, Boswell, Lamb, Thackeray, and other writers. The word appears in a very different sense in 'macaronic' verse. See also p. 53 above: 'we shall see the Devon *monkerony* in all the print shops in Bath', and Sir Benjamin Backbite's epigram at p. 209: 'Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies; Other horses are clowns, but these, macaronies.'

Page 211. *a character dead at every word.* A prose version of Pope's 'At ev'ry word a reputation dies' (*Rape of the Lock*, iii. 16).

Page 211. *puffing round the Ring.* Misson-Ozell, quoted in Ashton's *Hyde Park*, c. 1686, writes: 'The King has a Park . . . at the end of one of the suburbs of *London*. Here the People of Fashion take the Diversion of the Ring: In a pretty high place, which lies very open, they have surrounded a circumference of two or three hundred Paces Diameter with a sorry kind of Ballustrade, or rather with Poles placed upon Stakes, but three foot

from the ground; and the Coaches drive round this. When they have turn'd for some Time round one Way, they face about and turn t'other; So rowls the World.'

PAGE 213 (foot). *law merchant.* In 'law merchant', 'statute merchant', 'gild merchant', the position of the adjective is due to the imitation of mediaeval Latin or Anglo-French (*N.E.D.*).

PAGE 220. '*a heart to pity, &c.*' Quoted by memory from 2 *Henry IV*, iv. 4. 32: 'He hath a tear for pity, and a hand, Open . . .'

PAGE 223. *Annuity Bill.* The allusion is to 17 George III, cap. 26, which became law in this same year, entitled 'An Act for registering the Grants of Life Annuities; and for the better Protection of Infants against such Grants. By this Act, 'all Contracts for the Purchase of Annuities with any Person under 21 years of age were to be void: Any Person who should procure or solicit any Minor to grant an Annuity should be punished by Fine or Imprisonment; [as also] Solicitors, Scriveners, &c., who should take more than ten shillings per £100 for procuring Money Annuities.' See also ll. 4 sqq., and pp. 229, 244, 340. This Act seems to have proved as futile as its many precursors for the suppression of usury.

PAGE 228. *bag* = a small silken pouch to contain the back hair of a wig; cf. Bag-wig (*N. E. D.*); so 'his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuff-box,' at p. 343. Gray, writing from Paris in 1739, mentions 'the Men in bags; roll-up Muffs, and Solitaires'.

PAGE 237. Victor Hugo was probably indebted to the scene in the Picture Room at Charles's (Act iv. sc. 1) for the portrait scene in *Hernani.* For an earlier use of a fictitious auction as a vehicle of satire see '*An Auction of State Pictures*; containing a Most curious Collection of Original Low-Church Faces: Drawn exactly to the Life By a High-Church Limner. London: Printed in the Year MDCCX.' [With Frontispiece.]

PAGE 239. *when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.* Cf. Prologue to *Trip to Scarborough*, pp. 337–8.

PAGE 260. *pagoda.* A coin of gold or silver, formerly current in India, equal in value in 1818 to 3½ rupees, or about seven shillings English (*Stanford Dict.*).

PAGE 260. *Avadavát* (or Amadavát), corrupted from 'Ahmádabád', whence great numbers of these little song-birds (fam. Fringillidae) were imported into Europe (*ib.*).

PAGE 265. *a thrust in second.* 'Terme d'escrime. Estocade de seconde, ou, simplement, seconde, dite aussi tierce basse, semblable à la botte de tierce, excepté que la lame passe sous le bras de l'adversaire.'—LITTRÉ.

PAGE 265. For *Salthill* (Bucks) and the *Montem*, see Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte's *Eton College*, pp. 451–73. In and after 1758 the festival was held on Whitsun Tuesday, until it was finally abolished in 1847.

PAGE 279. *Mr. George Colman* [the elder] (1732–94), dramatist. No collected edition of his numerous works exists, and some are still unprinted. He was a connexion of the Pulteneys, and had 'a natural predilection for the drama, and a distinct knack for occasional pieces'. He was manager of Covent Garden Theatre from 1767 to May, 1774, and of the Haymarket Theatre from 1776 to 1784. (See Mr. Joseph Knight's very full article in the *D.N.B.*) The lines at p. 280 beginning 'Farewell the tranquil mind' and ending 'The spirit-stirring drum . . .' are adapted from *Othello*, iii. 3. 349 sqq.

PAGE 280. *Hot cockles.* 'A rustic game in which one player lay face downwards, or knelt down with his eyes covered, and being struck on the back by the others in turn, guessed who struck him. Gay, *Shepherd's Week, Monday*' (*N.E.D.*). See also *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xi: 'Hot cockles succeeded [to blind-man's buff], questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper.' Gray (*Letters*, ii. 62) exhorts Mason 'rather to play at hot-cockles with the children than either read or write'.

PAGE 280. *Card drums.* Explained by Smollett (1746) as a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. And by Mrs. Barbauld (1799): 'Do you know the different terms? There is a squeeze, a fuss, a drum, a rout, and lastly a hurricane, when the whole house is full from top to bottom' (*N.E.D.*).

PAGE 280. For the explanation of the technical terms at cards here given—*vole*, *spadille*, *pam*, *basto*, &c.—see *The Court Gamester* (1732), the Preface of which begins, 'Gameing is become so much the Fashion among the *Beau-Monde*, that he who, in Company, should appear ignorant of the Games in Vogue; would be reckoned low

bred and hardly fit for Conversation.' Another useful treatise on the same subject is Seymour's *Compleat Gamester*, 'Written for the Use of the Young Princesses' (London: E. Curll & J. Wilford, 1734).

THE CRITIC (PAGE 281).

As is well known, this play is indebted, in different degrees, to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (c. 1611); to Fielding's *Tom Thumb the Great* (1730); and above all to Buckingham's *Rehearsal* (1672). The device of a play within a play was of course already familiar; and Sheridan's farce does not lie open to any serious charge of plagiarism. The reader will no doubt have in his hands, for purposes of comparison, Prof. Arber's excellent little edition of Buckingham's play; which he will find invaluable, containing, as it does, a key opposite to the text. He will perhaps, too, remember Prof. W. Smyth's account of his own cure of tragedy-writing by Sheridan's suggestion that he should write a tragedy after the publication of *The Critic*: 'no one,' he adds, 'will ever write a tragedy if he once becomes as conversant with *The Critic* as I then was.'

Horace Walpole was disappointed with this play. On January 13, 1780, he writes to Lady Ossory: '*The Critic*, I own, was not so new as I expected; and ther [*sic*] my being ill versed in modern dramas, most of the allusions must have escaped me. Does not half the merit of the *Rehearsal* depend on the notes?' (*Letters*, xi. 101.)

PAGE 283. *Mrs. Greville*: see pp. 185-8.

PAGE 284. *The Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick* (1747-1813) is now best remembered as a leader of fashion, and the most intimate personal friend and political ally of C. J. Fox[1]. He published in 1772 *The Bath Picture: or, a Slight Sketch of its Beauties*; and in 1775 his *Dorinda: A Town Eclogue*, was printed in a small edition at the Strawberry Hill Press. He served in the army, attaining the rank of full general in 1803, and was for many years M.P. for Tavistock. (See *D.N.B.*, and references in Index of Persons to *Letters* of Horace Walpole.)

PAGE 284. *When Villiers criticiz'd what Dryden writ.*

[1] See Appendix I, for R. Fitzpatrick, &c.

The allusion is to the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* (1672), in which Dryden was satirized under the title of Bayes.

PAGE 286. '*Coxheath Intelligence.*' An encampment was formed at Coxheath, near Maidstone, when a French invasion was expected. It is mentioned by Horace Walpole in 1780 and 1782. *The Camp, A Dramatic Entertainment,* acted at Drury Lane, 1778, has been several times printed among Sheridan's *Works*, but is now generally attributed to his brother-in-law Linley, though it may contain touches from Sheridan's hand. This little piece may still be read with some amusement. Its success was due in great part to Loutherbourg's skilful scene-painting, which gave, according to the *Biographia Dramatica*, 'a most perfect representation of the late encampment at Cox Heath.' A new publication called *The Camp Magazine* is invented by Puff at p. 306 as a specimen of the 'puff-collateral'.

PAGE 286. *St. Kitt's.* The chequered history of this island is well told in Mr. Lucas's *History of the West Indies*, ch. iv. (Leeward Islands); see especially p. 49.

Sir Charles Hardy had been appointed to the command of the Channel Fleet on Keppel's resignation in 1779. The crisis was a very grave one, the Spanish and French fleets being far superior to the British, and a large body of French troops massed at St. Malo for the purpose of an invasion. The enemy's crews were weakened by sickness, and the invasion was averted; but Sir C. Hardy was not generally thought to have acted so energetically as the situation required. (See his Life in *D.N.B.*)

PAGE 288. The two Theatres Royal were at this time under the same management. '*The abstract, and brief chronicles of the time*', *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 548 (First Folio).

PAGE 291. The original of *Sir Fretful Plagiary* was Richard Cumberland, author of many plays now mostly forgotten. His *Memoirs* are still readable.

PAGE 293. *he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy and put them into his own comedy.* There is possibly a faint reminiscence here of the story how Cumberland took his children to see *The School for Scandal*, and showed great chagrin at their delight: 'What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? there is nothing to laugh at'; on which Sheridan remarked: 'It was ungrate-

ful of Cumberland to have been displeased with his children for laughing at my comedy, for, when I went to see his tragedy, I laughed from beginning to end.'[1]

PAGE 302. *Auctions and auctioneers* were the subject of almost yearly legislation from 1777 to 1807; the acts then passed were repealed in 1845. Mr. John Lawler, in his valuable *Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century* (Preface, p. xi), quotes a MS. epigram in the handwriting of Thomas Park the Antiquary, which refers to the rival firms of auctioneers King and Leigh in 1774.

'Tom King, the pomposo of book-auctioneers,
And no delicate hand at a puff,
Deem'd this modish edition[2] by George and compeers
Immaculate! . . . *erat quam suff.*
Now Leigh, the less pompous, some flaw brought to light,
In his Notes upon Dodd's ancient things;
So Farmer's whole pack of black letter and white
Were sent to break cover at King's.'

Mr. Puff would have looked with paternal pride on Robbins' Strawberry Hill Sale Catalogue, which was long regarded as the masterpiece of his gentle craft. References to many of the most important sales of the second half of the eighteenth century are brought together in the subject-index to Walpole's *Letters* (Mrs. Toynbee's edition).

PAGE 303. Puff's biography may be compared in certain particulars with that of Bampfylde Moore Carew, as related in his *Life and Adventures*, first published in 1745. This extraordinary book seems often to contain some more or less solid basis of fact when it is possible to check its statements.

PAGE 303. *The Marshalsea.* The Marshalsea prison, formerly in High Street, Southwark, was one of the five great prisons existing in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was finally abolished in 1849. It had long been 'a prison for debtors and for persons charged with contempt of H.M. Courts of the Marshalsea, of the Court of the Palace of Westminster, and the High Court of Admiralty'. An interesting account of its many literary and historical

[1] For the use made to Sheridan's disadvantage of this passage, see Appendix II, p. 492 *infra*.

[2] The reference is to George Steevens' *Shakespeare*.

associations will be found in Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present*, ii. 475–7.

PAGE 305. *Then for the performance.* This imaginary critique is an admirable example of the 'puff direct', several of the actors having taken part in the representation of *The School for Scandal* at Drury Lane in May, 1777; Mr. King, *e.g.*, the 'Sir Peter Teazle' of the *School*, now acting 'Mr. Puff'.

PAGE 306. It seems pardonable to conjecture that George Bon-Mot was George Selwyn, whose wit, so much admired and magnified by Walpole and his contemporaries, has lost much of its savour for later generations. Was 'the lively Lady Mary Myrtle' by any chance Lady Mary Coke (d. 1811)? See Gray's *Letters*, ii. 178 *n.*

PAGE 307. *tablature.* 'Pièce de musique qui est écrite sur un papier, qui est tirée a cinq ou six lignes, et qui est en notes, en chiffres ou en lettres, pour servir à apprendre la musique vocale instrumentale. Hence, figurative: Ne m'importunez plus de votre tablature; je sais bien ma tablature (Corneille); je suis fort aise que [M. de Grignan] ait la bonne foi d'avouer que je lui donne bien de la tablature pour savoir bien aimer. (Sévigné).']—LITTRÉ. Todd's *Johnson* quotes examples from *Proceedings against Garnett*, from Lovelace, and Shaftesbury (*Introduction to his Judgement of Hercules*).

PAGE 308. *Stucco*, though by no means 'new-invented', was in great favour for architectural and decorative purposes during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole writes concerning the Pantheon (*Letters*, viii. 28): 'Imagine Balbec in all its glory. The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico.* The ceilings, even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stuccos in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ball-rooms and the panels painted like Raphael's *loggias* in the Vatican.' Cf. also Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, II. vi. 192. Gray, in *Letters*, ii. 225, 239, assures Wharton that he never saw Gothic papers in colours but such as were to look like Stucco.

PAGE 308. For John Paul Jones (1747–92) see article in *D.N.B.*, and a brilliant sketch in Prof. Laughton's *Studies in Naval History*, pp. 363–411. His remains were exhumed in Paris and taken to America with all naval honours in 1905. He is mentioned in Walpole's

Letters, x. 231: 'An American privateer has attempted Whitehaven, and plundered Lord Selkirk's house. This is a little ungrateful, for the Americans certainly owe their independence to the Scots; though to be sure in strictness it was not what the Scots intended for them.' See also xi. 28, 30, 51. Vice-Admiral John Byron was the grandfather of the poet, whose Patagonian adventures are supposed to have supplied his grandson with hints for the shipwreck scene in *Don Juan*. The article in the *D.N.B.* should be consulted for the details of the Vice-Admiral's life and career.

PAGE 317. *the guarded rose*: *guarded* = striped, faced, trimmed, ornamented. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hen. VIII*, Prol. 16, 'a long motley coat guarded with yellow'; 'to guard a title that was rich before,' *K. John*, iv. 2. 10. It is often spelt 'garded'.

PAGE 320. *flankonade*, i.e. a thrust in the side (*N.E.D.*).

PAGES 323-4. *I'll print it, every word.* So, but yet more maliciously, Bayes, *Rehearsal*, Act v: 'I must reserve this comfort to myself, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? Igad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'l be revenged on them too: I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, Igad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrist I am.'

PAGES 326-7. *Perdition catch my soul, &c.* See *Othello*, ii. 3. 90.

PAGE 332. Tilburina (*mad, according to custom*) vaguely recalls Donne's *Progress of the Soul* as expounded by Mr. Gosse (*Life and Letters of Donne*, i. 132-7). 'Macaroon' at the former page is used by Donne for 'fop'.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH (PAGE 335).

It will be remembered that Jeremy Collier, in his *Short View of the Prophaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*, directed some of his sharpest arrows against Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, on which the *Trip to Scarborough* is confessedly based. Vanbrugh acknowledged the substantial justice of Collier's assault; and it must be admitted that Sheridan has to a considerable extent 'deodorized' the play—the word is Mr. Brander Matthews'—while closely

following it in many details and modes of expression. The most brilliant and popular summary of this memorable controversy is that given in Macaulay's well-known essay on 'The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration'.

PAGE 337. Beau Nash 'had seen flaxen bobs succeeded by majors, which in their turn gave way to negligents, which were at last totally routed by bags and ramillees'. *Life of Richard Nash*, ed. 1, p. 74.

PAGE 338. *That graceless wit.*

'What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!'
Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, II. i. 288.

Messrs. Elwin and Courthope raise the question whether 'the want of grace' in Vanbrugh is a moral, or an aesthetic and literary, defect, but incline to the second alternative.

PAGE 374. *Practice of Piety.* This book, by Bp. Lewis Bayly of Bangor (d. 1631), had a great vogue before it was practically superseded by *The Whole Duty of Man*. The date of the first edition is unknown; the third was published in 1613.

PIZARRO (PAGE 399).

This long-forgotten play had a highly successful run, and is said to have brought £15,000 to the treasury of Drury Lane in its first season. At least nineteen editions were printed during the first year. There is no copy in the Bodleian Library of either of the translations referred to by Sheridan in his brief advertisement; and Leigh Hunt's criticism of its literary quality is well known, that, 'in its highest flights, it is downright booth at a fair —a tall, spouting gentleman in tinsel.' The Prologue seems singularly inappropriate to a tragedy; and little wonder, as it had already done duty in Lady Craven's *Miniature Picture* (1780); see Walpole's *Letters*, xi. 178-80. At p. 419, ll. 20-34 and elsewhere, Sheridan inserts passages from his own Begum Speech, which are possibly his most solid contribution to this piece. The translator is unknown. See *Caricature History of the Georges*, p. 557, for skits by Gillray and others on the success of *Pizarro*.

PAGE 402. The 'whisky' in which the Cit basked was 'a light one-horse chariot without a hood' (*Dictionary of Slang*).

PAGE 462. Grosvenor Gate, Hyde Park, was incorporated into Park Lane, 1872. Mr. Wheatley quotes Canning's *Loves of the Triangles* for the busy scene there on 'vernal sabbaths'. The New Road (made c1756–7) retained the name for above a century. See *N. & Q.* 10 S. vi. 277.

PAGE 463. William Lamb (1779–1848) became second Viscount Melbourne. His history is written in the chief memoirs and historical writings of his time. He was Prime Minister 1834, and 1835–41, and the political instructor of Queen Victoria.

PAGE 464. *Pizarro* closes the list of Sheridan's plays. Among other dramas, some of which were never finished, were: *The Vicar of Wakefield*; *The Glorious First of June*; *The Forty Thieves*; *Robinson Crusoe*; *The Foresters*; *Affectation*; and perhaps *The Iron Chest* (Smyth, p. 60). It is probably well for his reputation that they should be forgotten.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF GARRICK

(PAGE 465).

PAGE 466. Margaret Countess Spencer was the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz, created Viscount and Earl Spencer. She died in 1814. Her daughters were Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and Henrietta Countess of Bessborough. The second Earl married Lady Lavinia Bingham, daughter of the Earl of Lucan; she died in 1814. See her life in *D. N. B.*, v. 51. Almost all are familiar from the biographies of the time, were known to Horace Walpole, and are familiar to posterity through portraits by Reynolds or Gainsborough. Garrick died January 20, 1779, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on February 1, among the mourners being Burke, Johnson, Fox, and the members of the Literary Club. He retained for far more than a century the distinction of being the last actor buried in the Abbey, until the funeral of Sir Henry Irving on Oct. 20, 1905. 'There,' writes the *Westminster Gazette*, 'under the statue of Shakespeare, overlooked by the effigies of Burns and Southey, and side by side with the tombs of Garrick and

Johnson, the ashes of Irving lie. It was remarkable that the burial space next to Garrick should have remained vacant since the death of Irving's greatest predecessor on the stage in 1779, until Irving's own tragic end.' The most effective lines in the *Monody* are said to have been inspired by a remark of Burke at the graveside :—

'While Shakespeare's image, from its hallowed base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave and point the place.'
(p. 467.)

The *Monody* was recited on the second of March by Mrs. Yates, at Drury Lane. Mr. Brander Matthews points out that Garrick himself, in the Prologue to *The Clandestine Marriage*, had already drawn attention to the contrast between the histrionic and other arts.

APPENDIX I

THE HON. RICHARD FITZPATRICK, 'THE BATH PICTURE,' ETC. (PAGE 284).

In the Bodleian Library, 8vo B. S. N. 162, is a volume containing (1) *Clio's Protest ; or, The Picture Varnished*, by the late Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan, 1819. '*Clio's Protest* and *The Ridotto* were delivered by Mr. Sheridan himself, when a resident at Bath, to the late Mr. Crutwell, for the purpose of publication in that Journal [*sic*] so far back as the year 1771.' The former was written in answer to a wretched scribbler of the name of Fitzpatrick, who had published a ballad, called *The Bath Picture*, in celebration of the principal local beauties of that period. A note to p. v says : 'There are a few still living who recollect him [R. B. S.], when a very young man, walking about Bath in a cocked hat and scarlet waistcoat, the then fashionable costume ; much in the situation, with regard to finances, of his own Sir Lucius O'Trigger.'

Other pieces in the same volume are *The Bath Picture*, 1771 (named above) ; *Clio's Protest to Lady Margaret Fordyce* ; *The Ridotto of Bath* (*Ridotto* being described as the Italian name for an entertainment of music and dancing, where the company are regaled with all kinds of sweetmeats, macarons, choice wines, fruits, &c.) ; and

Verses addressed to Laura; on the death of her former admirer, Col. M., who was killed in the battle at the Helder during the British expedition to Holland under H.R.H. the Duke of York.

APPENDIX II

The Stranger (Page 293).

The | Stranger: | A Comedy. | Freely translated from | Kotzebue's | German Comedy | of Misanthropy and Repentance. | Seventh Edition. | London: Printed for C. Dilly in the Poultry: [&c.] 1799.

Address to the Publick.

'The following Free Translation of Kotzebue's much-admired Comedy of *Misanthropy and Repentance* is the fruit of the leisure hours of one whose pursuits are altogether distinct from the Stage. It was not undertaken with the hope of fame or emolument: but in consequence of the pleasure experienced by having seen it performed in its Native Language. When finished, it was offered, about a year and a half since, to the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre; who, after having had it in their possession eight or ten days, returned it with an answer, politely signifying "That they did not think it would succeed in representation." With this answer the Translator rested fully satisfied; the more so, as he thought it not impossible that Mr. Cumberland's very excellent, and deservedly applauded Play, *The Wheel of Fortune*, might be supposed, in some measure, to have adapted one of the principal Characters to the English Stage, in manner far more interesting than any Translation could hope to do.—His surprise, therefore, was not small, when *The Stranger* was announced for representation, and when he saw it acted with scarcely any alteration from his own Manuscript, except in the names of the Characters, and with the addition of a Song and some Dancing, entirely unconnected with the subject, he could not help feeling that he had been ungenerously treated. Under these circumstances, he considered it as a point of justice due to himself, to submit his Play to the candid judgment of the Publick, as early as possible; And

to endeavour to secure, at least some part of the Credit to which he was vain enough to think himself entitled. It is here printed from the Copy which was sent to the Managers; and on its merit the impartial Reader is left to decide. His indulgence is requested for such slight inaccuracies, as, it is presumed, might have been easily remedied, had there been any inclination to act with that candour and ingenuousness, which ought to characterise the conduct of those, who preside over the amusements of the Public.

'That the Managers should have refused his piece was not, at first, matter either of surprise or regret to the Translator.—Had another and more perfect translation of Kotzebue's play been *previously* put into their hands, and had they signified their intention of bringing that forward, the writer of this Address would have withdrawn his claim in silence: well aware that the present Translation did, in fact, require that revisal, which appears to form almost the only, and that a very slight, difference between the play represented, and that he reprinted.—But on comparing all circumstances, he may perhaps stand excused for supposing that a Manager "who writes himself," may sometimes (as SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY says) "serve the thoughts of others as gypsies do stolen children: disfigure them to make them pass for his own."—And though the Writer might have been well content, had "the best Thoughts in his Tragedy, been put into the Manager's own Comedy," he cannot rest altogether quiet on the undisguised appropriation of the whole of his play.

'In this translation, most of the nonsense, which was hissed on the stage, is omitted. The last scene, now so admirably performed by Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, is considerably shortened from the German; in which it appears even tediously long. The Translator has also ventured to deviate from the original plot in one delicate particular.—He has not made the wife actually commit that crime which is a stain to the female character, tho' she was on the brink of ruin by eloping from her husband.

'28th March, 1798. ST. ***K.'

Another version of *The Stranger*, translated . . . by Benjamin Thompson, Esq., Printed under the Authority of the Managers [of Drury Lane Theatre] from the Prompt

Book, with remarks by Mrs. Inchbald, was published by Longman, &c. (n.d.), the cast including Mrs. Siddons as Mrs. Haller.

There does not seem to be a copy of either English translation of Kotzebue's *Spaniards in Peru* in the Bodleian Library. There is an account of August v. Kotzebue (1761–1819) in the Oxford edition of Scherer's *History of German Literature* (vol. ii. p. 176).

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